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"A-H-O-O-Y!!!" sounded a mighty but mellow voice, over a broad reach of billowy brine, as divinely hyacinthine-hued as the wave-sweeps on a canvas of MR. BRETT's, and leaping as merrily as WORDSWORTH's daffodils in the welcome sunshine of a genuine British June.

MR. PUNCH was paddling in his own improved "Boyton" about the stretches of the Silver Streak. TOBY, in a reduced copy of his Master's wave-proof, was dutifully dittoing in the rear.

"Methinks 'I hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn,'" said the sea-disporting Sage, pausing in mid-stroke.

But it was the voice of NEPTUNE himself, summoning the All-Accomplished One to a friendly conference, and MR. PUNCH was soon in the presence of the Trident-bearer and his Court, at a sort of nautical "At Home."

"Well, *you're* an odd-looking fish!" said the Sea-God, genially. "Hardly knew you at first in that get-up."

"There are odder in your own deeps, if SCHILLER's Diver reported correctly," responded the Sage, with a pleasant wink.

"SCHILLER," said NEPTUNE, "got decidedly out of *his* depth in the poem you refer to. Don't you think it would be more practical to make the best use of my abounding and palpable wealth, than to brood over my hidden and quite conjectural horrors?"

"Just what we're trying to do," returned the Sage, promptly. "You've heard, of course, of our Great International Fisheries Exhibition, of the Piscicultural Conferences, of the combination thereof of the science of learned Professors and the sense of Royal Princes?"

"Rather!" said NEPTUNE. "But the brine seems to have perched your eloquent lips. What do you say to a liquor up?"

"Do you see any Blue—in my button-hole?" queried the Sage, significantly.

NEPTUNE nodded to a juvenile Triton, a sort of briny "Buttons," who, turning suddenly tail upwards, like a duck, dived and brought up—a bottle!

"Message from the sea," suggested AMPHITRITE, archly. THETIS, with her own shell-pink fingers filled a conch-shell with the sparkling contents, and commended the sea-chalice to PUNCH's willing lips.

"Sure, nothing on earth half so sweet is,
So hard for mere mortal to beat is,
As a beaker of wine
From the depths of the brine,
And the hand—may I kiss it?—of THETIS!"

improvised the Sweet Singer of Fleet Street, taking the Nymph's consent—quite justifiably—for granted.

"See you have been reading HUXLEY's Address," said MR. PUNCH, presently.

"Yes," said NEPTUNE. "*He's* an A.B. among land-lubbers, if you like. But *what* lubbers you most of you are! I envy CERES. You *do* make better use of her land than of my water. And yet, as the Professor proves, the yield of a well-farmed sea-acre is much larger, and *might be* indefinitely greater than that of the finest and fattest of land-acres. How is it?"

"There are queerer fish on land than in sea," said MR. PUNCH, reflectively. "A piscatorial guide to humanity would be a curious volume. The Monopolist Land-shark is greedier than the 'Tiger of the Sea,' and the flat fish of ocean's depths are not comparable—in stupidity—with the 'flats' who allow Monopoly to feed and batten on them. Your eels are

not such wrigglers as are Vested Interests when the hand of Honesty closes on them; and your oyster is about as easy a creature to stir into self-defensive activity as the ordinary British Citizen, who sits still for the gluttons of Trade to gobble him up."

"Think of my inexhaustible herring shoals and my 'cod mountains,' one hundred and twenty million fish to the square mile!" said NEPTUNE. "Can't you teach men to make a little better use of the Harvest of the Sea?"

"It is my business and pleasure to teach *everything*," replied the Sage. "And I teach, as THOMAS of Chelsea wrote history, by flashes of lightning; only *mine* is the harmless, lambent, summer lightning of unvenomed humour."

"How nice!" sighed AMPHITRITE.

"Tremendous creature, your Master!" whispered THETIS to TOBY, of whom the silver-footed Nymph was making a prodigious pet.

TOBY wagged his tail and winked significantly.

"His bark is on the sea," said the old Sea-God, with the shame-faced smile of the unpractised punster.

"Bit behind the age—in the matter of jokes, eh?" suggested the Sage, cheerily.

"Why, ye-es," admitted the Trident-wielder. "Fact is—don't let AMPHITRITE hear!—we're a bit dull since the days of THETIS's great son and those delightful Greeks. Electric Cables and ugly Iron-clads 'molest our ancient solitary reign,' and make things precious slow and stupid into the bargain. I like BRITANNIA, there's a dash of the sea-nymph about her. I like Fishermen, they're not quite Cockneyfied into commonplace. I like *you*; you've the depth of my seas and the sparkle of my billows. That's why I hailed you with such energy."

"Couldn't have done anything better or more opportune," responded the Sparkler. "I have here what instructs and illumines the World of Men, and will keep you and your Court amused for six months to come."

"You don't say so!" cried NEPTUNE.

"How awfully nice of you!" murmured AMPHITRITE.

"I could kiss him!" whispered THETIS in the archly-cocked ear of TOBIAS.

The younger Tritons, like veritable sea-urchins, turned brine-splashing "catherine-wheels" of riotous rapture which caused AMPHITRITE to call them sharply to order.

"I'll tell the world, FATHER NEP, what you wisely say about their folly, in the matter of Fish and Fisheries," said MR. PUNCH. "In return, this will tell you what *I* say upon that and every other subject."

And the joy-disseminating Sage presented to the delighted Sea-God his

Eighty-Fourth Volume!





Skates invented by the Dutch
—XVIIIth Century.

JANUARY xxxi Days.

AQUARIUS.	
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4	U. C. 1. 1. 1.
5	U. D. 1. 1. 1.
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27	U. Z. 1. 1. 1.
28	U. A. 1. 1. 1.
29	U. B. 1. 1. 1.
30	U. C. 1. 1. 1.
31	U. D. 1. 1. 1.

FIGURES.	
1	1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
2	2. 2. 2. 2. 2.
3	3. 3. 3. 3. 3.
4	4. 4. 4. 4. 4.
5	5. 5. 5. 5. 5.
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28	28. 28. 28. 28. 28.
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31	31. 31. 31. 31. 31.

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

Parliament opens. Her Majesty's Workbox.

MOORE MODERNISED.

SONG FOR A THIN-THATCHED DANDY.

AIR—"One Bumper at parting."



ONE more try at
parting! Not
many
Locks circle my
head, I regret;
But a few, the most
hardy of any,
Are left on the
crown of it yet.
'Tis a ticklish task
to divide them,
In well-balanced
head-central
fringe;
These patches cost
labour to hide
them,

Give vanity many a twinge.
But come—every sproutling I treasure—
Thine aid, O Macassar! I beg;
Though I own—who can face it with
pleasure?—
I'm getting as bald as an egg!

As older we grow, how unpleasant
To pause and reflect, with distaste
That the few scattered spikes seen at present,
Must merge in wide calvity's waste!
But Time, a most pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and mows off one's
crop.

Ah! never does Time travel faster
Than when one desires him to stop.
No, Age cannot trip to Youth's measure,
With paunch and a spindle-shanked leg,
And I own—though it is not with pleasure—
I'm getting as bald as an egg!

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter;
Watery spirit to icy splinter.
Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring;
Dust and gust that choke and sting.
Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer;
Sunless, funless, rummer, glummer.
Summer, Winter, Spring, Autumn;
Wet alike, St. Swithin's brought 'em
Underneath his watery spell,
One from t'other none can tell.

UNCLE BULGER'S MORAL TALES.

No. I.—BILLY AND THE BEE.

"ALWAYS be kind to bees, my son," said BILLY's Papa. Ever study them as patterns of industry, energy, and thrift. Now BILLY minded what was told him, so as he sauntered along to school, he bore the paternal exhortation in mind. He saw a great blooming busy Bee, which hummed, buzzed, made a prodigious fuss, and advertised to all men what an exemplary and industrious Bee it was. BILLY pursued it eagerly. It flew into Squire TOPHAMPER's garden, and BILLY followed. He could not find the Exemplary One for a long while; at last he thought he heard a faint drunken buzz. He looked down, and, in a luscious and over-ripe peach that had fallen down, he saw the pattern insect absolutely wallowing. BILLY was grieved, for he felt that, if this fact were known, the Bee was disgraced for life. He gently shook the Bee out of the peach into his handkerchief, cleansed its legs and its wings by dipping it in the running stream, and allowed it to crawl over his coat in the sunshine to get dry. It could not walk, so BILLY kindly carried it to the hive. Within

a few yards of the hive the Bee suddenly recovered, began to buzz furiously, stung his little benefactor in the eye, and sailed



proudly home, as if it were the most praiseworthy and well-conducted member of all Beedom. BILLY could not see for a week, and was severely punished for playing truant. When he grew up to be a clever man, he read a paper at the Royal Institution, which made a great sensation. It was called "Entomological Humbugs, with some Remarks on Dr. WATTS."

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

Household Ginger Beer.

EMPTY the kitchen spice-box, two pounds of washing-soda, a pint of petroleum, and all the wine left in the dining-room decanters, over night, into the cistern, and stir freely in the dark with a mop from the staircase window. When the water comes in in the morning, the whole household will be supplied from every tap for four-and-twenty hours with capital ginger beer.

BATTERIE DE CUISINE.—Shelling peas.



THE TRIAL OF THE MONTHS.

Magistrate Punch, as Father Time, pronounces sentence:—

"THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER, APRIL, JUNE, AND NOVEMBER; FEBRUARY HAS TWENTY-EIGHT ALONE; ALL THE REST HAVE THIRTY-ONE!"



FORM.

First Masher. "LET'S STOP AND LOOK AT PUNCH AND JUDY, OLD CHAPPIE! I'VE HEARD IT'S AS GOOD AS A PLAY!"
Second Masher. "I DESSAY IT IS, MY BRAVE BOY. BUT WE AIN'T DRESSED, YOU KNOW!"

A NOCTURNE.

TOES all a-freeze,
 Nose a tomato;
 Breathing a wheeze,
 Speaking *staccato*;
 Smoking a sham,
 Odourless,—cruel,
 Sniff Alkaram,
 Gobble down gruel,
 Read? Deuce a bit,
 Optics both bleary;
 Characters flit,
 Lines all look smeary.
 Talk? M's all B's,
 Most idiotic!
 Earthquaky sneeze,
 Room gone chaotic!
 Glass? *That* damp guy.
 Type of humanity?
 Self-respect fly!
 Hook it, oh, Vanity!
 With a catarrh,
 What were Apollo?
 MALLOCK won't jar,
 Life is all hollow.
Couleur-de-rose
 Views of the universe,
 Sage,—with red nose—
 Holds fit for puny verse.
Whush! What imports
 Life or its issues?
 All snuffs and snorts
 Coughs and ah-tisshoos!
 OMAR KHAYYAM
 Knew life all dolour,
 A sh—sh—sham,
 Ah—*rash-hoo!* Oh, lor!
 Nitre!—strong dose,
 "Sweet spirit" cure me!



IRRESISTIBLE.

Irish Beggar-Woman (to Dignitary of the Church). "BUY A BOX O' LUCIFERS, YER RIV'RENCE?
 OCH, SHURE, WID SUCH ILIGANT CALVES, YE CAN'T HAVE A HAR-ED HEART!"

Head, eyes, and nose!
 Slumber insure me!
 Plunge into bed,
 Tuck bed-clothes tighter,
 Oh! my poor head.
 Good night! good nitre!

MASTER TOMMY'S
RECEIPTS.*The Fair Weather Barometer.*

THIS is a pleasing and simple experiment. The mercury is removed, and divided in equal portions between the cat, the parrot next door, and the interior of grandpapa's forty-guinea repeater. This may cause some local disturbance, but the barometer, relieved of undue pressure, and set at "very dry," may be relied on to indicate, without further attention, permanent fair weather.

INQUIRY FOR EVOLUTIONISTS.—Can the long-lingering belief in the virtue of the divining-rod be regarded as the survival of the fit test?

THE BEST TOAST TO PROPOSE.—To gentlemen who have not already drunk more than is good for them—an anchovy toast.



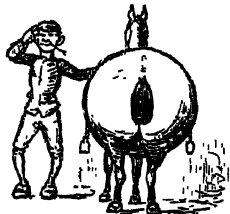
Wind Instruments occur to the
Scotch—date unknown.

MARCH xxxi Days.

APRIL xxx Days.

"All Fools' Day."

A RUN WITH THE BARKSHIRE.—By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Horse was brought Round.



Got quickly into the Saddle.



Gave it its Head.



Took a five-barred Gate.



Caught up the Hounds.



Found Reynard at Home.



Hounds thrown out.



Ran into him in the Open.



Drew Rein.



Got the Brush.



A Smart Run.



A Fresh Horse.



THE BRITISH DRAMA, 1883.

Tout. "EER Y'ARR, GENTS! BILL O' TUE PLAY AN' DIXH'NARY IN SIX LANGUAGES!"

SONG OF THE HIGHER SENTIMENTS.

I LIVE a mild domestic life,
Devoted dearly to my Wife,
So much so, that from her extenas
My fond affection to her friends;
And first of all—no Spooney raw—
Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

My Pet's old Parent's rather stout;
I just might clasp her waist about:
Some three yards round, and not
much more.
I've thoughts of widening my
front-door.
I shouldn't mind the expense one
straw.
Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

At times I may myself forget,
Which, if she thinks, she tells my
Pet;
But when I don't do all I should,
Her telling tends to make me good:
I'm pleased to have her find the
flaw.
Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

The servants that upon her wait
A pleasure have which must be
great.
And yet can we get none to stay.
I grieve so when she goes away!
Tears from my eyes her turned
heels draw.
Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

A sweet old soul, how pleased I
feel
To see her at the social meal



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

New Beauty (just out, and fresh from Clapham). "AND ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY?" Chatty Old Gentleman. "NO, I HAVEN'T THAT HONOUR!" N. B. "THEN, WHAT'S THAT BIG BLUE RIBBON YOU'VE GOT ON?" C. O. G. "WELL, IT'S CALLED THE RIBBON OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER!"

Of dinner sit, her mouth a chink
Ne'er opened save to meat—and
drink!

And I'll ne'er grudge (I am so free)
Her gin and brandy in her tea.
I hold her in such filial awe;
Oh, don't I love my Mother-in-law!

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

The Self-Protecting Poultry.

WHEN on a visit to a country-house where the occasional loss of a hen by theft at night has been referred to, you can easily undertake to safeguard the rest. On being commissioned to do so, send, but without mentioning the fact, to Limehouse for a gallon of luminous paint. Then take your opportunity, and with a large white-wash brush go over the whole brood, being careful to give the cocks a double coat. The poultry will now not only be visible in the dark, but restless and wide awake all night. In the morning, at breakfast, you can boast that you have rendered them *self-protecting*.

NECK OR NOTHING.—A fellow was caught stealing cravats. When collared, he excused himself on the ground that he was "only taking stock."

EDUCATION IN CUNNING.—At the School of Art and Design. Open to ladies. It will give a girl a few "wrinkles" long before they're required.

LIVING UP TO A TEAPOT.

(A Tale of Lonely Life.)

WISHING not to appear eccentric, but to follow the fashion, I resolved to live up to a Teapot. Therefore, my own little tin-plated one, price sixpence, having sprung a leak, I bought me another, a blue-and-white Japanese Teapot at a grocer's shop in the Strand—cost five shillings.

I had previously lived on a scale of living up to a sixpenny Teapot only—on oatmeal-porridge for breakfast principally, and sometimes bread-and-butter. A legacy from a lamented distant relation enabled me to live up to a superior Teapot—a crown Teapot.

So I not only began to breakfast on eggs, but added bloaters likewise to my morning meal, kippered herrings also, and smoked salmon, salt haddock, sardines, ham and tongue, brawn, potted meats, and rashers of bacon; besides a considerable variety of other little tiny kickshaws and toys. I did, I flattered myself, live up to my Teapot in some measure.

But very soon the Teapot I had been living up to as well as ever I was able by the gratification of my appetite with all manner of good things, came to grief in the kitchen. My maid-of-all-work broke off the tip of its spout. The jagged edges of the fracture caused the tea to dribble on to my tablecloth, and then that Teapot was to be lived up to no more. Never trust a Teapot to which you intend living up, to the care of Servants.

She to whom I had unwisely confided my Teapot supplied me, pending doubt as to procuring another, with a temporary substitute in her own. This was a moderately-sized, globular, glazed black Teapot of earthenware.

There was no painting upon it at all, but the Teapot itself, I discovered, drew admirably. When I say "drew," I mean that it extracted the soluble constituents of my tea so effectually as to make my tea twice as strong again as it used to be made in the Teapot I had chosen to live up to.

I will not, therefore, now purchase a new expensive Teapot for my servant to break, but shall stick to this old one—cost eighteen pence—a Teapot which she will probably take good care of, and which in future will be decidedly the Teapot to live up to for my money.

THE GARDEN-PARTY OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—A Lawn illuminated by the Electric Light.

Young Lady (to Scientific Old Gent). Ah, Mr. McFUNGUS, we may now indeed say, with TENNYSON, that "the black bat Night hath flown." Scientific Old Gent. Ya—as. Your only "nocturnal bat" now

is not the Tennysonian, but a tennis bat. Fact is, Science will compel the Poets to lay in an entirely new stock of images.

Fred. Poor Diana! Awfully out of it. Can't fancy Endymion being kissed on the Q.T. by a Brush-Light, can you, though? Modern Science doesn't lend itself to Poetry.

Long-Haired One (languidly). Bah! Uttawly Philistian ideal, that. Art can absorb and transmute into Beauty, everything—even Science. See germ of quite too lovely new Mythos even in your seemingly absurd suggestion. Electric Light—poetically personified—brilliant new Avatar of the Ineffable Firstborn of created things, Primeval Love,—subtler Cynthia, more terrible Artemis, more perilous Lamia, whose glance is fascination, whose kiss is DEATH!!! Supreme! (Aside.) Must suggest subject to POSTLETHWAITE.

Sweet Gusher, in Terra-Cotta twists (effusively). Science sublimated into quintessential Sweetness! Dull Prose poetised into supernal Light. Oh, how quite too utterly Too!

Old Buffer (yawning) to other Old Buffer. Sleepy? Eh, my boy?

Old Buffer Number Two (gaping). Ye-es. Turning night into day in this fashion doesn't suit me.

Young Lady (to Mamma, who has been nodding in a corner). What, asleep, Mamma?

Mamma (starting erect). Not at all, my dear—not at all. Only this light is just a little strong, you know.

Edwin (to ANGELINA, suggestively). It has one drawback, dear. So few snug shadows, you know!

Angelina (softly). Ah, yes, dear. Moonlight has its advantages, after all.

[They retire to play Diana and Endymion—old style—in the Conservatory.]

A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.—A Vale of Tears.

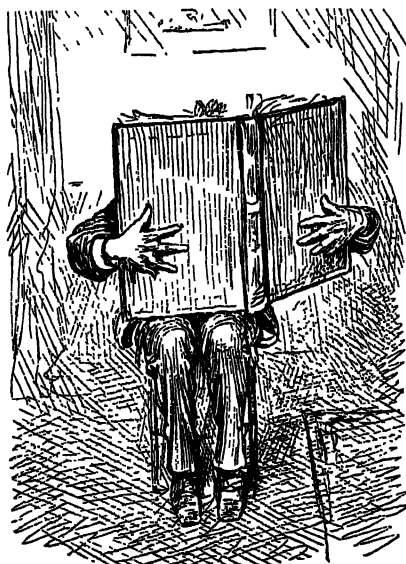


"THE MAN THAT HATH NOT MUSIC," &c.

Brown (musical) invites his Highland friend, M'Clanky, to stay a few days with him. But M'Clanky was musical too!

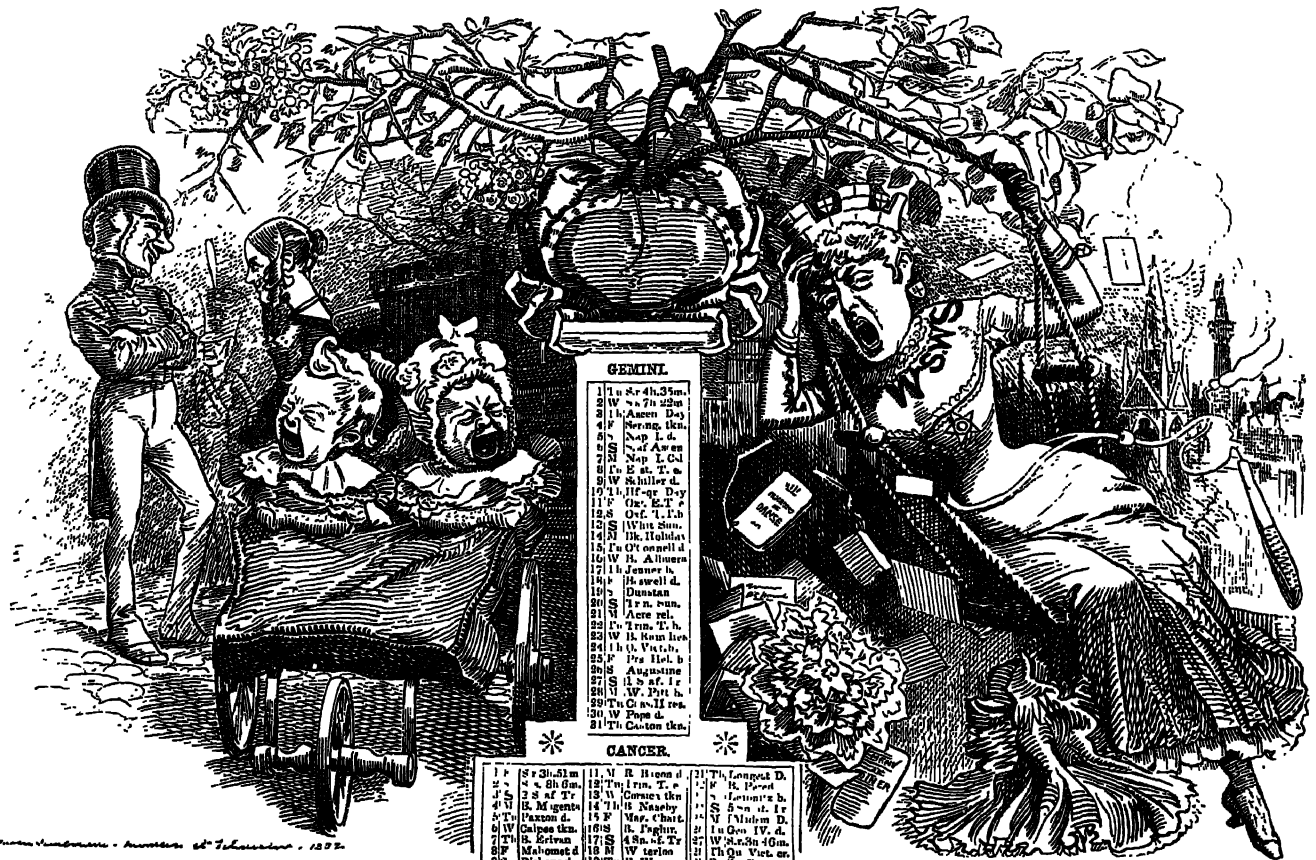
M'Clanky (the next morning). "WILL I GIVE YOU A CHUNE?"

Brown (he had wondered what was in that Green Bag!). "OH—EH? THANKS, VERY MUCH!" (Puts on invalid expression.) "BUT MY DOCTOR TELLS ME I MUST ON NO ACCOUNT INDULGE MY PASSION FOR MUSIC FOR SOME TIME!"



THE "ÉDITION DE LUXE."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ALMANACK.]



Perambulators and Police
come in together

MAY xxi Days.

JUNE xxx Days.

London Season in Full
Swing.

MOORE MODERNISED.

SONG FOR A DWELLER IN A QUIET STREET.

Air—"Sail on, Sail on!"



SCALE on, scale on,
oh! tuneless
strummer,
Rum-tum-ti-
tidy-iddy-
tum!
You've thumped
and twangled
all the summer,
You tootle still
now winter's
come.
The notes you
thrum out seem
to say,

"Though out of time and tune we be,
Less flat we are, less false than they
Whose clang shall rack thy wife and thee."

Scale on, scale on—through endless time—
Through morn, noon, evening—stop no
more!

To slaughter you were scarce a crime,
Oh plaguy and persistent bore!
Were there indeed some quiet street
Where ne'er piano maddened men,
Where never "Scales" this ear should greet,
Then might I rest,—but not till then.

APRIL 1.—A juvenile Naturalist discovers
a Cuckoo's nest in a quickset hedge, the nest
containing six eggs, and the hen Cuckoo
sitting on them. Tells a playmate to go
and see.

NEW READING.

(By a Poor Clerk.)

It is bad to be seedy and cold,
It is bad to be short in your screw,
It is bad to be off with the old top-coat,
Before you are on with the new.

UNCLE BULGER'S MORAL TALES

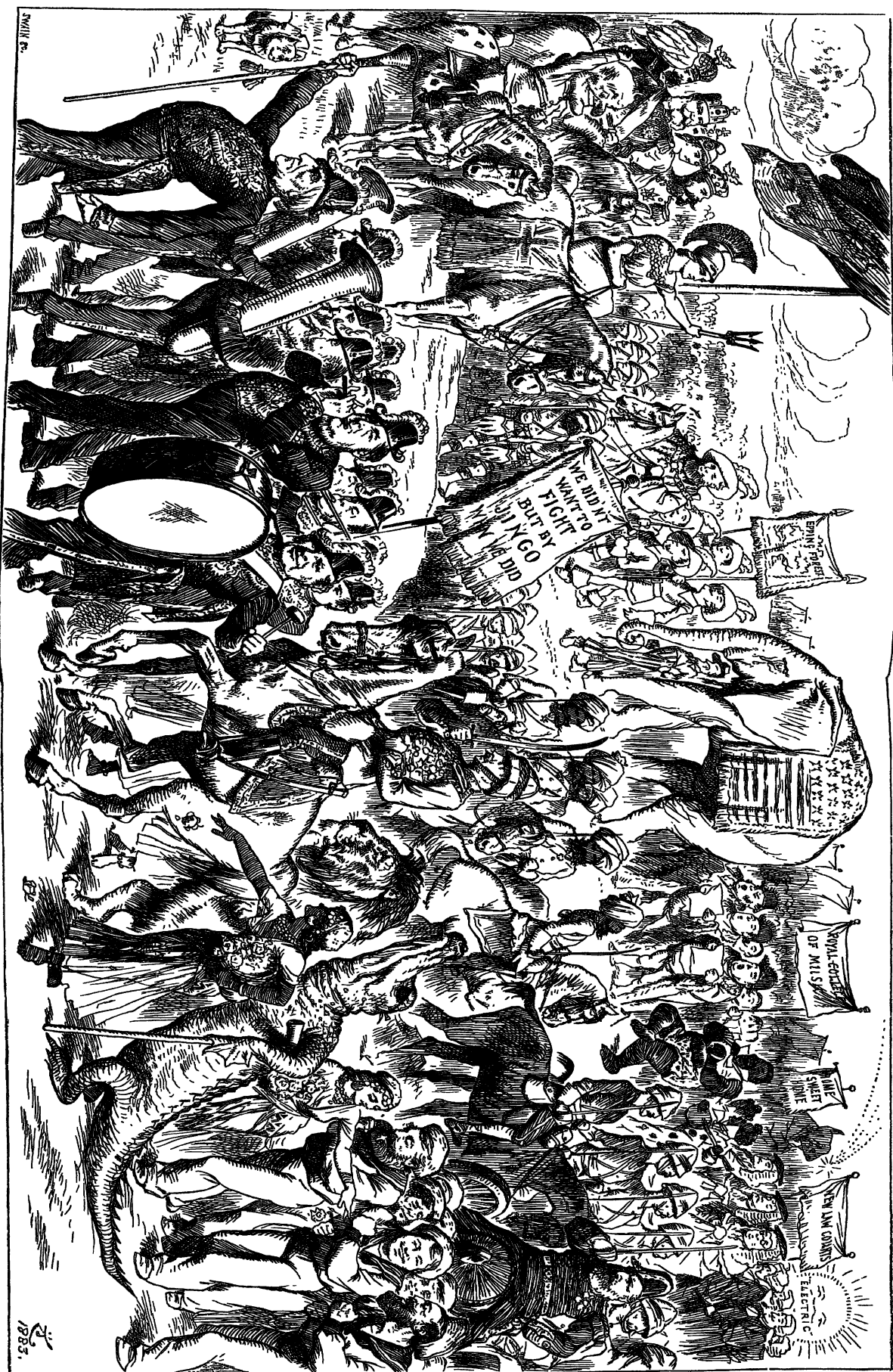
No. II.—GERTIE AND THE GOAT.

GERTIE was at school at Miss PRIMROD's
at Brighton, and GERTIE's Papa was one of
the most influential members of the Goat
Society. Though she was too big to ride in
a goat-chaise, she had a kindly feeling
towards all goat-kind. Her favourite of the
whole tribe, however, was a great, fierce,
tawny, crumpled-horn, green-eyed, shaggy-
coated monster, whose name was Ramjoggle.
Every morning when the young ladies
walked along the Marine Parade two and
two, did she secrete in her muff, a crisp
lettuce, a cold tea-cake, or a stale sponge-
cake. And every morning might Ramjoggle
be seen wagging his wicked old head, and
hanging its disreputable old tongue out of
his mouth in anticipation of the banquet.
This always caused a pause in the pro-
cession, and annoyed Miss PRIMROD very
much. She had commanded that such con-
duct should not be repeated, but the child
was such an enthusiastic goatophile that
she declined to obey. As a last resource,
GERTIE was compelled to walk in charge of
Miss PRIMROD herself, who took very good
care that no contraband goatesque refresh-
ment was provided. The first morning of

the new arrangement Ramjoggle shook his
head furiously and could not make it out, the
second he raised a plaintive bleat, that
brought tears into GERTIE's eyes, the third
he had evidently found out all about it, and
breaking away from his driver, smashing



his chaise all to pieces against a post, he
went for Miss PRIMROD pretty straight. The
whole procession was thrown into confusion.
The goat, however, singled out Miss PRIM-
ROD for special vengeance. He chased the
poor lady, and she only escaped by popping
through the turnstile of the Aquarium. Miss
PRIMROD was very angry, and in the after-
noon GERTIE was severely punished. Eventu-
ally she wrote to her Papa; he came down
and was very indignant, removed her from
the school, and bought the goat. Ramjoggle
is now in clover, he has a beautiful silver
collar, and fares sumptuously; he never for-
gets the kindness of his young mistress, nor
what she suffered on his account, and if
he could only have half an hour's straight
butting at Miss PRIMROD, he would probably
die happy.



IO TRIUMPH! MARCH PAST OF THE OLD YEAR.



Newtonian Origin of
Cricket.

JULY xxxi Days.

LEO.	
1	8th of Tr.
2	10th of Tr.
3	12th of Tr.
4	14th of Tr.
5	16th of Tr.
6	18th of Tr.
7	20th of Tr.
8	22nd of Tr.
9	24th of Tr.
10	26th of Tr.
11	28th of Tr.
12	30th of Tr.
13	1st of Tr.
14	3rd of Tr.
15	5th of Tr.
16	7th of Tr.
17	9th of Tr.
18	11th of Tr.
19	13th of Tr.
20	15th of Tr.
21	17th of Tr.
22	19th of Tr.
23	21st of Tr.
24	23rd of Tr.
25	25th of Tr.
26	27th of Tr.
27	29th of Tr.
28	31st of Tr.

VIRGO.	
1	1st of Tr.
2	3rd of Tr.
3	5th of Tr.
4	7th of Tr.
5	9th of Tr.
6	11th of Tr.
7	13th of Tr.
8	15th of Tr.
9	17th of Tr.
10	19th of Tr.
11	21st of Tr.
12	23rd of Tr.
13	25th of Tr.
14	27th of Tr.
15	29th of Tr.
16	31st of Tr.

AUGUST xxxi Days.

Virgo Neptune's
Innings.

MOORE MODERNISED.

SONG OF THE PAUNCHY TENNIS-PLAYER.

AIR—"The Time I've Lost in Wooing."



THE time
I've lost in
"screwing,"
In watching
and pursuing
The ball that flies,
On fall or rise,
Has been my trade's
undoing.
Though Business
hath besought
me,
I've shirked the
truths she taught
me,

I left my books
To partner SNOOKS,
And ruin's what he's brought me.

By Tennis still enchanted,
Of late I've puffed and panted,
I once was light,
And slim and slight,
Ere Anti-fat I wanted,
But now young Beauties shun me,
For stoutness grows upon me;
When asked to play,
They turn away,
Old BLOBS can now outrun me!

And is my good time going?
And is my figure growing
So huge in size
That sparkling eyes
Brim o'er to see me "blowing"?

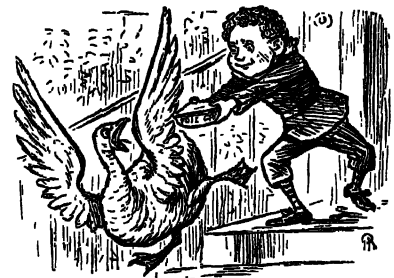
Yes—vain alas! th' endeavour,
To charm with back-play clever,
Love nevermore—
Save in the score—
Shall bless me—never! never!

UNCLE BULGER'S MORAL TALES.

No III.—GEORGE AND THE GOOSE.

THE Geese on Dumbledore Common have always been noted for their size and savageness, but they knew GEORGE very well. He was one day walking home with one of his schoolfellows, and they were talking about the approaching holidays. "Isn't it jolly!" said GEORGE. "On Michaelmas Day, Papa is going to let us have for dinner one of the very largest gee—" He had not time to finish his sentence. He saw his companion fall head-first into a furze-bush. He had a vision of a long neck and a terrific beak; he heard a hiss like a serpent and a steam-engine combined, and he ran for his life. The faster he ran, the faster the Goose ran. The Indignant Bird was close upon him, hissing like an angry tea-kettle, or the Bishop of Bullock-Smithy at a Galety burlesque. He ran in at the garden-gate, but was too frightened to shut it. The hall-door was open, he sprang up the steps, and the Goose flew up after him. GEORGE was nearly giving up all hope. Suddenly, a thought struck him. He knew there was a *Pâté-de-foies-gras* for luncheon. To dart into the dining-room, to seize it from the table, and to confront the pursuing Goose with the *Pâté* was the work of a second. The effect was marvellous! The Goose shut its mouth, hung its head, and then suddenly

bolted. It rolled over and over down the steps, it flew over the garden-railings, and went screaming across the Common. When



GEORGE now takes his walks abroad, the Dumbledore Geese all turn their heads the other way, and pretend they do not see him.

MARRIAGE AT MATURITY.

SHE is just fifty-four, I'm eleven years more,
And a fellow at my time of life
Ought at once to decide that the knot shall
be tied,
Or against ever taking a wife.
To the Parson we go, and a white satin bow
At his breast every man will display,
And the ladies all wear orange-bloom in their
hair;
While the street-children holloa "Hooray!"
Then, in Fashion's full fig, O, the Brides-
maids—my wig!
None much past Life's average span;
And the old buck so gay, who's to give her
away,
And that still older buck, my best man!



TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Host (famous for his Cellar). "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! DON'T DRINK THAT CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S FOR THE CHILDREN!"

THE END OF AN EPICURE.

I, WHEN a schoolboy, used to stuff
Myself with cakes, buns, pies,
and tarts;
Of which I never got enough:
So loving are our youthful
hearts!

The lumps of goodness lush with
jam,
The creams confectioners expose,
The custards, oft I longed to cram,
As many as I liked, of those!

Cheap were at present such a treat;
My stomach now has lost its tone:
As much as I can do to eat
Some of a broiled and devilled
bone.

More than on Sweets I once laid
out
I now on Physic spend, for ills;
Dyspepsia, bile, bronchitis, gout:
Indulge in drugs, and draughts,
and pills.

FOLK-LORE.—"Tinker, tailor,
soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough-
boy, thief." (Classification in
a category traditional amongst
schoolboys of the old school.) Why
Apothecary (respectable medical
practitioner) on a plane with
Thief? Perhaps, because he lives
by pillage.

DONKEY RACES A. 1.—Asscot.

RUSTIC WIT.

Farmer Hodge (beaming). Guess, GILES, your SUEY soon 'll be a
bride.

Farmer Giles (darkly). If BILL doan't blow his brains out fore the
bridal.

Farmer Hodge (astonished). He! Whoy?

Farmer Giles (chuckling). He's always at eour SUEY's side,
Which shows his tendencies are *Suey-side-all!*

ANECDOTE OF THE COURT OF CHARLES THE SECOND.—Mr.
SAMUEL PEPYS was mighty proud of his Wig. The King one day
remarked that there were wigs and wigs. At the Duke of YORK's
invitation, His MAJESTY explained that he meant periwigs and earwigs.
Everybody present, Mr. PEPYS inclusive, tried as hard as they could to
laugh as loud as they were able at the merry Monarch's joke.



THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

A SKETCH AT ALDERSGATE STREET STATION.

A MOSAIC ARABESQUE.

(From "The Loves of the Levites.")

MISS RACHEL, come out of the
roses;
And sit in the summerhouse, do.
Don't shrink from the suit of your
MOSES,
Which he'd make as a suitor to
you.

I'm already worth some little
money;
And grandfather NATHAN is old;
He's got shares, he's got shekels,
my honey:
He's got talents of silver and
gold.

There's bills, too, my dear, I'm
discounting
At fifty and sixty per cent.,
And a pack of post-obits, amount-
ing
To ten times as much as I lent.

So RACHEL, come out of the roses;
And sit in the summerhouse,
pray,
At your feet to accept from your
MOSES
The addresses he's dying to pay!

FISHY BUT FACT.—The Court of
Aldermen and the Common Council
may not be commonly aware of
the circumstance that Whitebait
are in season to be had at, having
been caught off, Cowes. Whitebait
and Isle of Wight bait.



THE IMPENDING CHINAMAN.

Policeman (who had been whistling down this Arca all the Morning). "ULLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING 'ERE? IS THE COOK IN?"
 Chinaman (bludgly). "ME ASK COOKEY!" ["You might have knocked him down with a Peacock's Feather!" he said.]

DON'T DEW IT!

"BRUSHING with hasty steps the dew away,"

Sings GRAY of his poetic early risor.
Chi bono? Litter of the languid lay,
 Far better to lie still and let it lie,
 Sir.

Why, Sir,
 I know it, I have tried it, it's a sell.
 Dew is the greatest do; your cold
 foot squashes
 Through acres of chill drops, which
 wet it well
 (Unless you wear goloshes.)
 Fact is the bard's conventional ecstasies,
 When realised, mean ague and rheumatics.
 Rise in *due* time, but don't let bardlings bubble you
 To spell it D-E-W!

SCANDINAVIA AND COCKNEYDOM.
 —A Viking was a Norseman. He was a Norse Marine. Thor is the name of the Scandinavian Mars, or God of War; and he carried a 'ammer with which he gave it his enemies 'ot. In a good old-fashioned English winter, when a thaw occurred, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors used to say that Thor was a-knockin' up Jack Frost.

HEAT AND COLD.—The Glacial Period returns during the Dog-days, and is manifested in the prevalence of iced-cup and iced-cream formations.



RESPECTFUL.

Sir Gorgias's Footman. "WHERE HAVE YOU DROPPED FOUR PEOPLE, MR. PLUNKETT?"
 The Duke of Stilton's Footman. "OH, I SHOT MY RUBBISH AT PRINCE'S GATE. WHERE HAVE YOU SHOT YOURS?"

A POET'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"HOLMES'S Siren Fog-Signals are already introduced by the Trinity House to upwards of seventy of their Stations."

THE sea that our island environs
 Becoming infested with Sirens?
 O wonderful news,
 That must comfort the Muse,
 And inspire modern Shelleys and Byrons!

Eh? What? Only Fog-Signals?
 HOLMES'S?
 They *don't* carry harps and gold combses?

There now, that *is* hard—
 Prose-pursued the poor bard
 Wheresoever he rambles or roams is!

I pictured myself as Ulysses;
 I dreamed of those musical Misses
 At Ramsgate or Dover,
 And I as their lover,
 Seduced by their songs, curls, and kisses.

But shrieking Fog-Signals? — Disgusting!
 Instead of my ears to them trusting,
 I, swiftly levanting,
 That wax will be wanting
 To keep my poor ear-drums from busting!

A DISTINGUISHED Novelist observes that he would like to hold an official position in a Cathedral, as he would then never be at a loss for a Chapter; and as for scribbling-paper, there would always be a Quire ready at hand.



Early Banking—Settling Day.

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

Long Vacation ends. Mistress of Arts.

CAMOMILE TEA.



It was many and many a year ago,
In a cot by the Irish Sea,
A decoction I knew of which you may know
By the name of Camomile Tea;
A stuff which was brewed with no other end

Than to plague and be drunk by me.

I was a child, a mere bit of a child,
When I lived in that cot by the sea;
But I hated with hate which was more than hate

That horrible Camomile Tea,
A hate which was visible, I have no doubt,
To the eyes of my—Aunt MAGEE.

And this is the reason, I happen to know,
Why she always was down on me.
Whenever I had the least malady, filling
A tumbler with Camomile Tea,
And drenching me three times a day with the same—

The horriest bore that could be,—
And shutting me up in my bedroom for hours,
With a tract and more Camomile Tea.

The slays, not half so weary at work,
Went whispering, pitying me.
And what was the reason, I'm blowed if I know
Why they left me with Aunt MAGEE,

A wretched young shaver, by day and by night,
Swilling and swilling her Camomile Tea.

But my hate it was stronger by far than the hate

Of a Templar for neat *eau-de-vie*,
Of a Jew for a piggy-wig-gee;
And neither my Aunt, who strove early and late,
Nor her myrmidon old Doctor B.,
Was ever so clever as me to inspire
With a liking for Camomile Tea.

Even now, strange it seems, I have hideous dreams

Of that horrible Camomile Tea;
Of its taste when I think I still shudder and shrink

At that nauseous Camomile Tea;
And I muse in amaze at that old woman's craze,

On the loathing, the loathing I felt in those days,
When I lived in that cot by the sea,
In that cot with my Aunt MAGEE.

CON. FOR DR. CARPENTER.

WHY is a Young Lady who is very much
opposed to tight-lacing, like a seller of pens,
ink, and paper?

Because she is a Stay-shunner, to be sure!

He could talk about nothing but Hives, if you please,

And of Honey, discoursing me on it,
Till I said to myself, "On the subject of Bees
He has surely a 'Bee in his bonnet.'"

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

Impromptu Juvenile Party.

A CHILDREN'S gathering during the holidays having been objected to on the score of expense, a capital substitute may be furnished in the height of the season by the following simple method. A "crush" being given, the performer, who has borrowed a large pair of tailors' shears for the occasion, stands in a convenient position at the foot of the stairs, and cleverly removes at one snip the tails at the waist from the coat of each male visitor as he is about to mount. When some hundred guests, thus prepared, gradually discover in the blaze of the drawing-room that they have all come in jackets, the host has good-humouredly to confess that, though he did not intend to do so, he has given a most effective *impromptu juvenile party*.

He would read her SHAKESPEARE, and p'raps that was hard,
For she always declared that she hated the Bard:
But she had her revenge, for one night after supper,
She gave him three hours of her favourite TUPPER.

A TRUE SPIRIT MEDIUM.—A Publican who deals in Spirits which are what he calls them.

A FALSE QUANTITY IN MECHANICS.—The Horse-Power of a Donkey Engine.



PROGNOSTICATION.

WHEN MRS. TUBBLES AWOKE (SHE SLEEPS VERY SOUNDLY), THE MORNING AFTER THAT FARMERS' DINNER, SHE FOUND JOHN BY HER SIDE WITH HIS BOOTS ON AND THE UMBRELLA OPEN! HIS EXPLANATION WAS THAT, BESIDES BEING VERY TIRED, HE PERHAPS "FANSH'D THERE WASH 'SHTORM COMIN' ON!" [It came!]

TOBACCO!

(A Rhapsodist's Rhymes.)

THRICE-blessed weed! Soother of weary
brains
Beneath the Councillor's wig, the Soldier's
shako,
Purger of sorrows, anodyne of pains.
Tobacco!

The Ancestral Ape smoked not; in that at
least
Man has ascended from the primal Jacko.
Without thee he'd sink back toward the
beast,
Tobacco!

The young world knew thee not. What
misery
May we to that extremely luckless lack owe?
For apples Adam had not pined had he
Tobacco!

The early kings and conquerors—CYRUS, CÆSAR,
The swart Hun, ATTILA, Norwegian HACO,
Were destitute of passion's best appeaser,
Tobacco!

The votaries at Eleusis held divine
The God Wine-giver, hailed him "O Iaccho!"
But they knew not the sweeter mysteries—thine
Tobacco!

But, Heaven be magnified, thou now art known
From China to Peru, from Kent to Cracow,
And there is hope where'er thy cloud is blown,
Tobacco!

We to thy soft, benignant, opiate spell
Rapture in rest, ease when on trouble's rack, owe.
There are not rhymes enough thy charms to tell,
Tobacco!



SITTING UP TO SEE THE COMET.

- 12:30 P.M.—Ah! All in bed at last! Now, this is jolly.
Philistines think the *savant's* zeal all folly.
- 1 P.M.—Stir up the fire. Ah! *hope* that isn't fog.
No! *How* it startled me. I'll mix some grog.
- 1:30 P.M.—Capital article this one of PROCTER'S.
Late hours are bad for me?—oh! hang the Doctors!
- 2 P.M.—When at its peri-wink—*no*—hellion.—Thinking,
Does make one drowsy, feel like forty-winking.
- 3 P.M.—How solemnly it strikes! A sort of chilly,
Grim, ghostly creep—oh! hang it, this is silly.
- 3:30 P.M.—Br-r-r! How they snore, the whole domestic quorum.
Gr-r-r! Think I'll venture on just *one* more jorum.
- 4 P.M.—Only annurrer hour. For all the chaff of 'em,
To-morrow morn'g I sh-sh 'ave the laugh of 'em.
- 4:30 P.M.—Mush shoon be here. Jesh keep tha' fire alive.
Ish that hish tail? No,—wait till—hic!—pass-five.
- 8 P.M.—*H-a-a-w!* Fire's gone out and—hillo!—*what's* that? *Eight!*
Confound it all! I've been asleep. *Too late!!!*

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

To Cure a Smoky Chimney.

GET out on to the roof of the house with a good-sized feather
bolster and eighteempennyworth of putty. Insert the bolster longways
into the chimney, taking care to plaster it all round tightly with
the putty. Now sit on it. The chimney will no longer smoke.

SHE sang, and she said, "Papa, what are you at,
That you do not applaud when I touch the B-flat?"
The Father replied, 'mid the singing and riot,
"Instead of B-flat, dear, pray try to be quiet."

ORTHOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.—A foxhunter, one wet day, sent to
a circulating library, and ordered *Kenilworth*, under the impression
that it was a sporting novel.



SIR GORGIUS MIDAS'S PIC-NIC.

THE HOSPITABLE SIR GORGIUS THINKS THAT "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN" OUGHT NEVER TO WAIT UPON THEMSELVES OR EACH OTHER.

SMOKERS AND WORKERS.

His pickaxe whilst a Navy drives,
I marvel at the sight;
How all the while he still contrives
To keep his pipe a-light.

My own, when I both smoke and
read,
Recumbent as I fume,
Keeps going out, which makes me
need
Its light oft-times relume.

He has a gift which, all I can,
I try, but fail, to gain;
Then whilst I watch that Working
Man,
Ah, how can I be vain?

JANUARY 8.—Plough Monday.
—LORD MAYOR goes in state to
Guildhall, presides there at Court
of Wardmote, and receives from
the several wards returns of elec-
tions to Common Council made on
St. Thomas's Day. To Guildhall
on Plough Monday? Yes; and
not, as a simpleton might suggest,
to the Corn Exchange, Mark Lane,
or the Royal Exchange, Cornhill.

"I win at races money without
end.
I've the straight tip, that all
men will allow, Sirs."
Said I, "Then p'raps you can ex-
plain, my friend,
Why 'tis you wear such shabby
coats and trousers!"

MASTER TOMMY'S RECEIPTS.

To make an Uncle come down handsomely.

If the Uncle is from the Country, and has stayed in the house a whole fortnight without proposing to tip the performer half-a-sovereign, this is easily managed. The Uncle's spectacle-case having been carelessly tossed on to the ledge of the drawing-room cornice, he is persuaded to mount to the top of a tall pair of steps to recover them. The performer now cuts the rope. The Uncle instantly comes down hand-
somely.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Illustrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Carrying Over.



Waiting for the R'se.



Market Falling.



Market Firm.

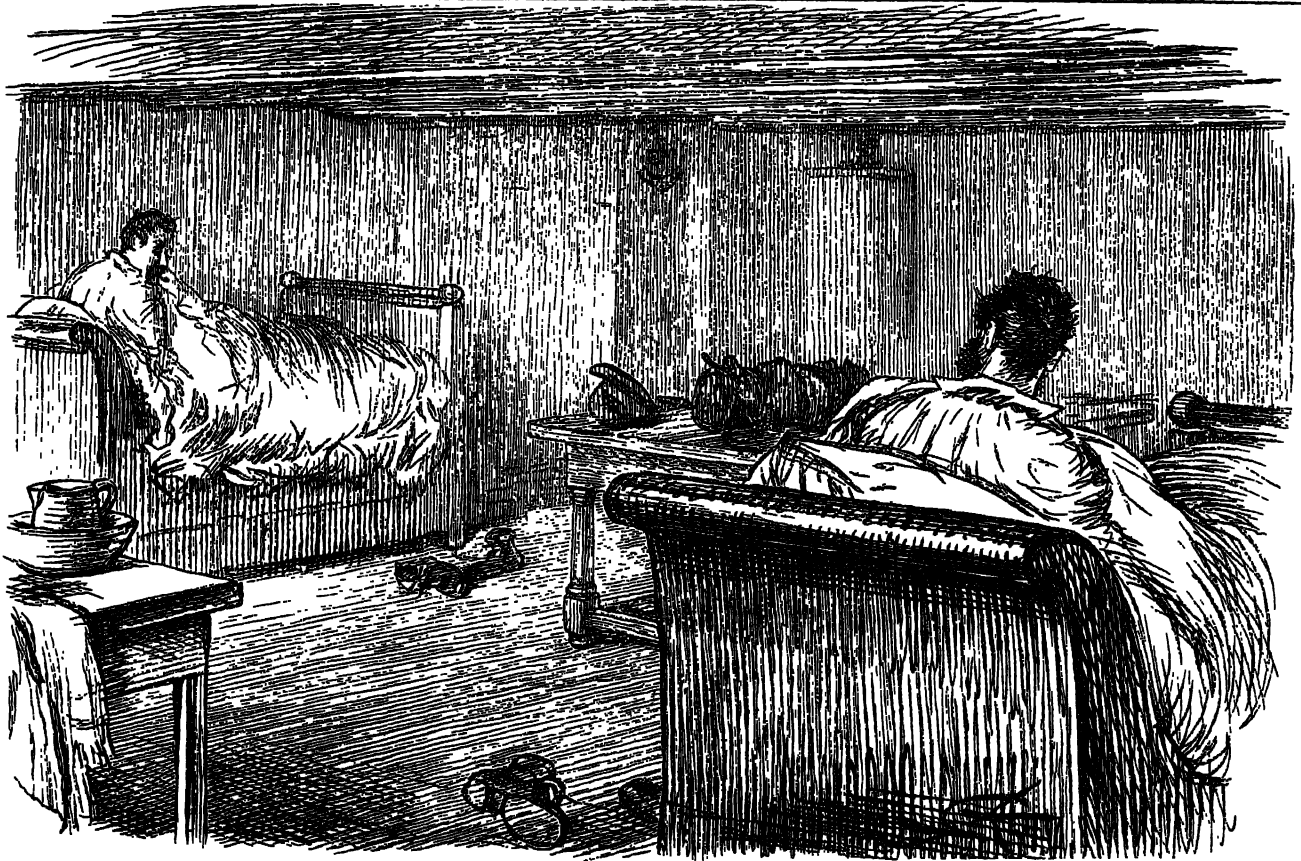
POINTS OF POCKET
ECONOMY.

NEVER carry abroad with you
more money than you need to.
Carry what you must, not in a
purse, but loose in your pocket,
which will then be the less liable
to be picked of it all in a lump.
See, however, that your pocket has
no hole in it.

Don't be mean. Provide for the
occasional exigence of unavoidable
or at least, expedient tips and
gratuities. Two half-sovereigns
are better than a sovereign, half-
crowns than crowns, florins than
half-crowns, shillings than florins,
sixpences than shillings; and,
besides sixpences, you should
always be sufficiently well provided
with threepenny and fourpenny
bits, pence, and half-pence. Por-
ters and others whom it may be
necessary to remunerate for small
services, or to bribe, can seldom or
never give change.

If ever you happen to have any
considerable sum about you, never
pull out any more of it at a time
than you can help, in the presence
of company. Your associates,
seeing you produce a large handful
of money, may want to borrow
some of it.

MYTHOLOGY FOR THE MILLION.
—The Titans—were Giants who
warred against Jupiter. Bacchanals
—tight 'uns of another description.



"ASTONISHING THE NATIVES."

First Alpine Tourist. "I SAY, WILL, ARE YOU ASLEEP?" *Second Tourist.* "ASLEEP? NO, I SHOULD THINK NOT! HANG IT, HOW THEY BITE!"
First Tourist. "TRY MY DODGE. LIGHT YOUR PIPE, AND BLOW A CLOUD UNDER THE CLOTHES! THEY LET GO DIRECTLY. THERE'S A LOT PERCHED ON THE FOOT-BAR OF MY BED NOW—COUGHING LIKE MAD!"



A STRAIGHT TIP.

Spinster (Visitor). "DEAR OLD FELLOW! WHY, MORGAN, HE'S FRIENDS ALREADY!" (Pause.) "HE QUITE LOVES ME!"
Morgan. "LOR' BLESS YER 'ART, MISS, 'E KNOWS THE RIGHT SORT, 'E DOES! IF 'E C'UD SPEAK, 'E'D BE AFTER SAYING, 'REMEMBER ME AN' JIM'—(THAT'S ME, MISS)—WHEN YER GOES AWAY. 'E'S ARTFUL, 'E IS—VERY!"

BATTLE BRAVURA.

Go where the Bayonets are
battling;
Go where Glory calls.
Go where the rifles "rat-
tling"
Co-operate with the Gatling,
Hailstorms of sharp-shot
scattering;
And the Shrapnel, squad-
rons shattering;
And their banners tearing
and tattering;
And the big guns booming
and battering;
And the bombs blowing
down the walls!

SINGULARITIES OF THE
HEAVENS.—The Great
Bear is provided with
Pointers, but, as distinct
from the rest of the con-
stellation, has no Setters.
The principal Setters in the
sky are the Sun and Moon.
The Dog-star is no Setter
in the canine sense of the
word.

MATRIMONY AND
MEANS.

MARRIAGES rise with fall
of bread
Among the working-
classes;
That's right, boys; always
look ahead
Before you take your
lassies.

JOTTING FOR JUNE.—
Periwinkles are now in
bloom; but those peri-
winkles are not zoophytes,
—and you may gather
them, but don't you eat any.



MARGATE.

Chatty Visitor. "I LIKE THE PLACE. I ALWAYS COME HERE. 'WORST OF IT IS, 'TS A LITTLE TOO DRESSY!'"

THE THOROUGH GOOD
TEMPLAR.

(Who abstains from all Sti-
mulants whatever.)

SOME gives their minds to
ginger beer,
And some to soda-water;
On tea and coffee some got
queer:
But I shuns that self-
slaughter.
Your brains with Zoedone
may whirl;
I'll be no awful warning:
I reglar takes my Temper-
ance Purl,
At six o'clock in the
morning.

THE POETRY OF PLANTS.
—*Ophelia*, to CHANCELL-
LOR of the EXCHEQUER.
"There's yew for you—
that means your Finance.
You may call it *Tueus*."

TO A LADY WITH A
LITTLE MOUTH.

THEY say your mouth is
like to Cupid's bow;
I think it more resembles
Cupid's dart:
It is a (n)arrow opening,
and I know
It makes an arrow open-
ing in my heart!

SEASONABLE CHARITY.
—In a severely hot Mid-
summer:—Ice-Kitchens in
Leicester Square.

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.
—A knife and fork for you
always at the Mansion
House.

THE NEOGAMS—A WARNING.

NEWLY married,
Railway carried;
Sighing.
At the Station
Osculation;
Crying.



Smiling, parting;
Hands at starting
Gripping.
Cozy quarters,
Guards and Porters
Tipping.
On the journey
Glances yearny,
Mooning.
Closely sitting,
As is fitting,
Spoonng.

Destination;
Forced cessation.
Pity!
Porters poking
Fun, and joking,
Witty.
On arriving,
Carriage driving;
Kissing.
Lovely scenery,
Lakes and greenery,
Missing.



Hotel, table
d'hôte a rabble.
Shun it!
Private cover
Sooner over—
Done it.

Champagne drinking;
Waiter winking.
Curious!
People smiling;
Very riling;
Furious.



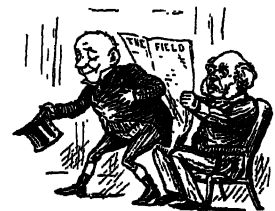
After dining,
Arms entwining,
Walking,
Sipping honey—
What's there funny?—
Talking.
So time passes;
Grinning asses
Guess 'em
Newly married,
Sorely harried—
Bless 'em!

SQUIB MOTTO.

For Mr. Fawcett. — Post-Office
fairy! Nay, these boons of thine
Are better far than fairy's golden
gift. Free largesse may corrupt;
tis more benign To smooth for
Poverty the road to Thrift.

NEW READING,

(By a Member of the "Psychical" Society.)
I HOLD it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I shudder most,
Better be frightened by a ghost,
Than never see a ghost at all.



BACKING THE FIELD.

CLASSIC DERIVATION.—Jackson
is certainly a Greek name, origin-
ally. Ajax; then the Son of Ajax,
or Ajax' son. Then, in England,
'Arry Jackson, A. Jackson. Q.E.D.



SAGITTARIUS.

1	Th. A. G. H. 18m.
2	Per. Leigh
3	24 S. at Tr.
4	Liberman
5	Leonard
6	W. A. Mootian
7	27 S. at Tr.
8	Prof. W. H.
9	M. Lutherb.
10	28 S. at Tr.
11	Basan
12	Britius
13	Leibnitz d.
14	Washington
15	Erckens d.
16	Hugh H. P.
17	29 S. at Tr.
18	H. Amos
19	St. Andrew
20	St. Andrew
21	St. Andrew
22	St. Andrew
23	St. Andrew
24	St. Andrew
25	St. Andrew
26	St. Andrew
27	St. Andrew
28	St. Andrew
29	St. Andrew
30	St. Andrew

CAPEICORUS.

1	Pr. W. H. b.
2	3 S. in Adv.
3	Brushburn b.
4	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
5	18 a. h. 50m.
6	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
7	Pr. W. H. b.
8	3 S. in Adv.
9	Brushburn b.
10	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
11	18 a. h. 50m.
12	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
13	Pr. W. H. b.
14	3 S. in Adv.
15	Brushburn b.
16	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
17	18 a. h. 50m.
18	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
19	Pr. W. H. b.
20	3 S. in Adv.
21	Brushburn b.
22	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
23	18 a. h. 50m.
24	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
25	Pr. W. H. b.
26	3 S. in Adv.
27	Brushburn b.
28	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.
29	18 a. h. 50m.
30	Tu. 24 7h. 48m.

Gunpowder accidentally discovered by the Chinese.

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

Mistletoe Instituted by the Druids.

DYNAMO-ELECTRIC DANGERS.



I'm a keen amateur Electrician ;
I like to give people a start ;
So went to the new Exhibition
Of Electrical Science and Art.
British, Gallic, Italian, Germanic,
Yankee notions, moreover, and means

For all sorts of arrangements galvanic,
And of dynamo-electric machines.

Now it can't be too often repeated,
That if people don't take proper care,
Circuit wires, apt at times to get heated,
Wax red-hot now and then—so beware !
Where the lights to which gas are as rushlights
Were by night turning darkness to day—
Siemens, Edison, Jablochhoff, Brush Lights—
I wandered, exploring my way.

Apparatus, a little short-sighted,
As I stooped on, betwixt wire and wire,
In connection my watch-chain, ignited,
In a wink set my waistcoat on fire.
Then the stem of a lamp, which, to work it,
Had a wire laid below to the fore,
I grasped, and completed the circuit,
Intervening, in person, through floor.

Dash my buttons, just didn't I holla !
That is, try all I could to cry out ;
But a feeble moan only would follow
My fruitless endeavours to shout.
And my muscles were paralysed nearly,
All throughout me ; my heart was oppressed,
And my lungs acted on so severely,
I had scarce any breath in my chest.

My face was convulsed and distorted,
And contracted so hard was my hand,
That a friend, to my help who resorted,
Couldn't loosen it off the lamp-stand.
But to strike him a happy thought chancing,
He lifted my legs from the ground,
And broke circuit, whence sparks of flame glancing,
Burnt my hand whilst its gripe was unbound.

I had had a charge sent right slap through me
That ten lamps was then serving to light ;
And the current that very nigh slew me
Being stopped, put out eight of them quite.
'Mid electrical works ye who wander
Mind you how their machinery behaves,
And my pitiful story well ponder,
That you mayn't be shocked into your graves.

FROM OUR MANIACAL METEOROLOGIST.

WHY is a Storm-signaller like an asker of riddles ?
Because he's a Cone-and-drummer !

A REAL GHOST STORY. — Say you've seen one.

A PUNT POEM.



I'm a Fisherman bold,
And I don't mind the cold,
Nor care about getting wet through ;
I don't mind the rain,
Or rheumatical pain,
Or even the tic-douloureux !

I'm a Fisherman damp.
Though I suffer from cramp,

Let weather be foul or be fine,
From morning till night
Will I wait for a bite,
And never see cause to repine !

I'm a Fisherman glad,
And I never am sad ;
I care not to shoot or to hunt ;
I would be quite content
If my whole life were spent
From morning to night in a Punt !

I'm a Fisherman brave,
And I carol a stave
In praise of the rod and the line !
From the bank, or a boat,
Will I gaze on my float—
What life is so happy as mine ?

MR BIBBLE HUNTS the STAG

ON Exmoor

WAITS 2½
HOURS FOR A
WARRANTABLE
STAG TO
BREAK

NOISES AFAR
OFF — THE
CHASE HAS
BEGUN

MR B. WILL
FOLLOW THAT
KNOWING-LOOKING
OLD GENTLEMAN

OUT ON TO THE WILD MOOR

BUT THE STUPID OLD
G. DOES NOT TAKE
THAT BIT OF NICE GREEN TURF — MR B. WILL

THE
NICE
GREEN
TURF?

CROSSED A COMBE

WISHES
HE'D SEEN
THE STAG
BUT, HAVING
GOT THROUGH
WITHOUT ANY
HURT,
ABANDONS

HAVING LOST SIGHT
OF EVERY BODY

KNOCKED ABOUT
FOR A COUPLE OF
HOURS
MR B. GIVES
UP THE
CHASE

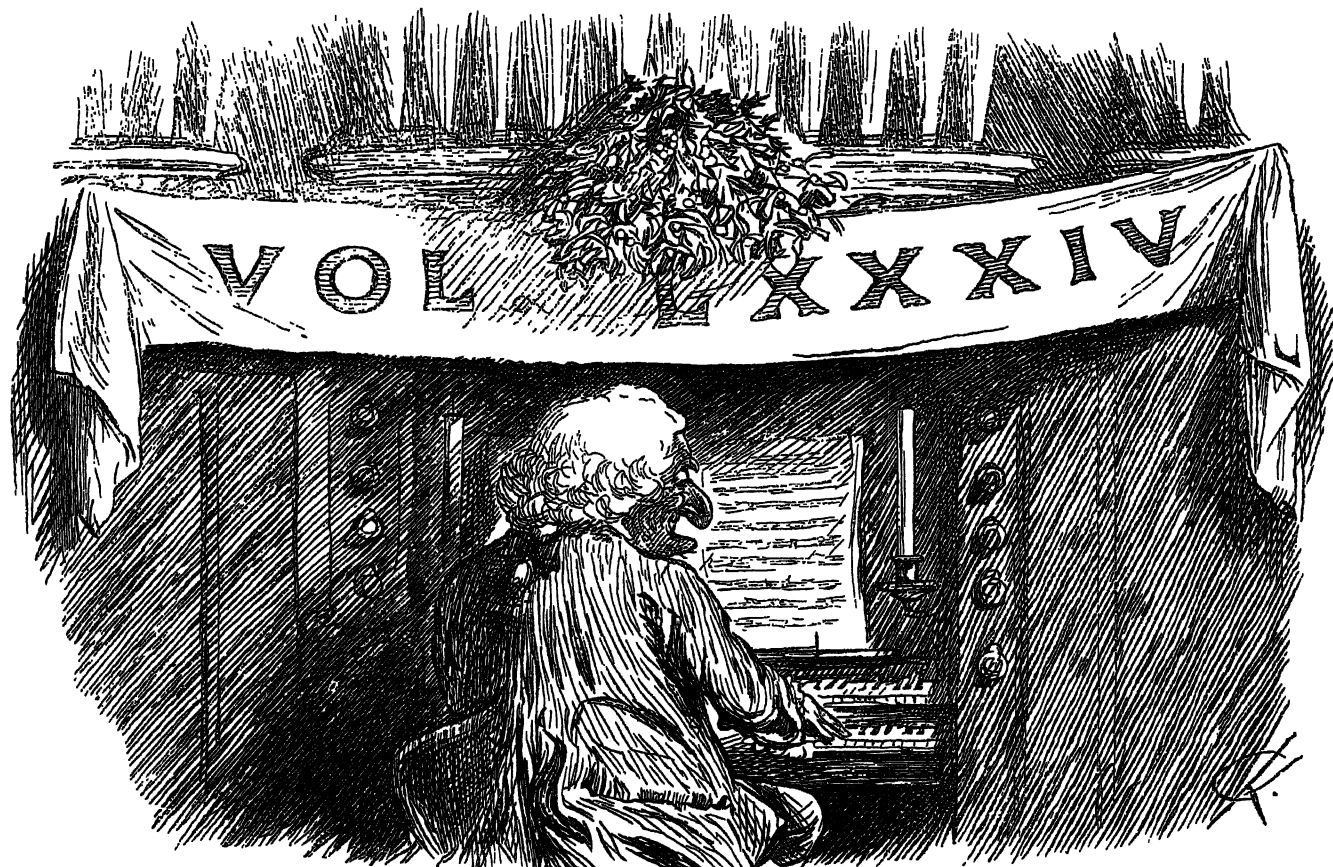
WONDERS IF
IT WOULD BE
UP SPORTSMAN LIKE
TO
GET OFF

HORSE SHIES. — DOES SEE
THE STAG
BROW, BAY, TRAY,
& ALL

MR BIBBLE AT BAY

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE — & DEATH
OF THE STAG





MEMS. OF A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR.

(Extracted from his Diaries.)

Christmas, 1849.—A most important year. Early in the Spring made my first appearance as *Richard the Third*. Told by the local reporter of the *Mudstone Mercury* that it reminded him of the elder KEAN. No doubt it did. Badly supported by the other Amateurs taking part in the Dashover Hall Amateur Theatricals.

Midsummer, 1852.—Have certainly matured my style since I made my first appearance as *Richard the Third*. Then decidedly crude, although told, by persons who certainly ought to have known, that I was far better than the elder KEAN. Have added to my repertoire, *Hamlet*, *Claude Melnotte*, *Othello*, *Belphegor*, *Dazzle*, and *Macbeth*. Have seen MACREADY, CHARLES MATHEWS, PIERCE, WEBSTER, G. V. BROOKE in these parts—well, I don't want to be hard upon them, but they certainly don't play them quite in my manner!

Christmas, 1854.—Have recently turned my attention a good deal to Low Comedy. Played in some garrison theatricals, *Tony Lumpkin*, and *Box and Cox*. Local reporter of the *Cabbageville Courier* insists that "BUCKSTONE is not a bit like me!" Well, although I say it who shouldn't, but frankly—he isn't!

Midsummer, 1856.—Got back to the "legitimate" again. Played *Wolsey*, in selection from *Henry the Eighth* at Mrs. TREVOR TAUNTON's Theatricals, at 142, St. Augustine Villas, Kensington New Town. Stage rather small, as Mrs. T. T.'s back drawing-room is only nine feet by twelve. However, was magnificent. At least, so said an Oxford Undergraduate who insisted that I was better than CHARLES KEAN. Well, well, CHARLEY is not bad.

Christmas, 1860.—Still hard at work at my acting. I really do believe I have played everything in my time. I have got sixteen large scrap-books full of favourable provincial notices. Rather annoying I cannot obtain recognition at the hands of the London Press. However, to quote a well-known line, "A time will come!" Have recently added *Ruy Blas* to my repertoire. My creation is considered by the best judges to be infinitely grander than FICHTER's. But then allowances ought to be made for FICHTER's shortcomings. It must be remembered that he is a foreigner!

Midsummer, 1865.—Still delighting the provinces. The *Gushingon Gazette* insists that my reading of *Lord Dundreary* is infinitely preferable to SOTHERN's. Well, I daresay to some people it is, although

it is only fair to SOTHERN to say, that he is a very promising Comedian who one day will turn out an Actor!

Christmas, 1868.—Taken recently to Irish character. Have played with "startling success" (I quote from the intelligent columns of the *Corney Hatch and Hanwell Sentinel*) *Shaun*, *Myles na Coppaleen*, and other parts of a similar nature. I am told that DION BOUTICAULT came to see me one evening. They say that I made him cry!

Midsummer, 1872.—During the last six months have been appearing in a round of CHARLEY MATHEWS's characters. Everybody delighted. Representative of *Humborough Herald* told me at supper that my reading was "replete with humour, pathos, sentiment, fun, and deep and almost painful feeling." Representative of *Humborough Herald* is a most sensible person, and I set an especial value upon his opinion. Of course I have an awful respect for CHARLEY MATHEWS, but his reading is not always mine!

Christmas, 1880.—Still playing. Really may call myself "the Grand Old Man of the Amateur Stage." More than thirty years ago since I first made my appearance, with something actually approaching nervousness, as *Richard the Third*. But even in those days it was universally conceded that I was immeasurably greater than the elder KEAN. Well, well, perhaps I was, perhaps I was. My favourite characters at the present moment are *Romeo*, *Bob Brierly*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, and *Manfred*. They say I could not be better in any of them! Well, well, perhaps not, perhaps not! I only want one thing to complete my satisfaction—a notice in a London paper.

Christmas, 1882.—At last! The other evening, when I was playing at Lady LOAFER's, I saw SLATER of the *Proscenium* taking notes. There is sure to be a notice! And here it is! Silly I did not see the *Proscenium* before. Let us read:—"Mr. —, as —, has yet to learn how to act. He is the worst amateur that we have ever seen."!!!!!!

Diary breaks off abruptly.

"Sweetness and—White."

THE *Daily News* says—"With all these blue, yellow, and scarlet ribbons for temperance in drink, will no one start a white ribbon for temperance in costume?" We find that since these lines have been published there is not half a yard of white ribbon to be bought in London, and the dyers have been busier than ever.



LINLEY. J. AMBROSE. INV. - ET. DEL. R.

Queen of Hearts, Her M-J-S-X; King of Arts, Mr. P-N-O-K; Prince Charming, Prince of W-L-S; The Warrior Bold, Lord W-L-S-L-Y; Will Watch, Mr. G-L-D-S-T-N-E; Hop-o'-my-Thumb, Lord R-N-D-L-P-H C-H-R-C-H-L-L. Other Characters by Sir C-H-R-I-S D-I-K-E, Mr. C-H-M-B-E-L-E-N, Mr. T-N-N-S-N, King C-T-W-Y-O, Mrs. L-N-G-R-E-X, &c., &c.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL DIRT.

A STORY TOLD TO THE MARINES.

(ABOUT THE YEAR 3000 A.D.)

THERE stood a City in the Western Isle,
 (This is a tale of Eighteen Eighty-Three, Sirs.)
 A City basking broad in Fortune's smile,
 With wealth like CÆSÆSUS, power as wide as CÆSÆR'S:
 A City populous, where forum, mart,
 And fane all flowered in tower and florid pinnacle;
 Where common souls talked gushingly of Art,
 Where taste was fine, and even Faith was finical,
 A Sybaritic City, whose *élite*
 The crumpled rose-leaf held abomination;
 A City of two gods, the "Light" and "Sweet,"
 And one great rite, the "Tub," which meant Salvation.
 "An enviable City!" Ah! rush not
 Precipitately to a rash conclusion.
 That City had one Malebolge-blot,
 One foul fatality there wrought confusion,
 An Incubus inchoate, palsyng, there held away,
 Whose mind—they called it so!—was crass, chaotic;
 With this result: that City proud and gay
 Was half the year submerged 'neath mud Nilotic;
 Nilotic! Nay, much nastier; for the slime
 'Midst which their civic Dragon ramped and straddled,
 Outstank, outstuck the stuff where in earth's prime
 Its saurian prototypes wallowed or paddled.
 It clasped that City like a clammy shroud,
 It lay, a common curse, on road and pavement,
 Stirred by the trappings of the stumbling crowd,
 But slab, adhesive, unrelieved by lavement;
 As though some mud-volcano had spumed forth
 Its spreading spout of foulness o'er it wholly.
 Whelming it East, and West, and South, and North,
 In one vast muck-pall black and melancholy.
 The citizens went forth, with smoke-red eyes,
 And through the stodgy slime-slough feebly floundered,
 And now they slipped o'er sheets of iced size,
 And now in gulfs of mire they splashed or foundered.
 It stuck, oh, how it stuck! to heels and soles,
 It splashed and sputtered over coats and trousers;
 It lay in pools, and dark insidious holes,
 Fit wallowing-pits for Circe's witched carousers.
 It stank, oh, how it stank! scarce Tophet's reek
 Were more unsavoury unto dainty nostrils.
 Rain fell anew, and then it ran to seek
 Confluent floods in wheel-whirled, wind-betost rills.
 Or slab or sloppy, it was simply Muck,
 Miry, malodorous, unmitigated,
 In which, o'er that strange City, splashed or stuck
 The matutinal cit or clerk belated.
 They bore it, ah! they bore it. It was strange!
 A mystic spell was on them, that seemed certain.
 They had had vision of Elysian change,
 Loss of mire-sheet and lifting of fog-curtain,
 Vain, vain! That Incubus huge, formless, void,
 As the Miltonic Death held empire steady.
 Squeegees abounded, and the unemployed
 In hosts to handle them stood ever ready.
 Taxation's yoke was heavy on that land,
 Laws had they, and life's servitors, the Sciences.
 Alert and eager ever stood at hand
 To champion Cleanliness with 'cute appliances,
 And yet—Oh! ultra-classic tragic doom
 That might have moved Eumenides to pity—
 Nought, down from Science to the simple broom,
 Aailed to lift the curse from that great City.
 Stately and spacious, but slime-fouled, it spread,
 Mighty, yet a morass of slush and puddle;
 Unswept, unscaped, unpurged, uncomfortable,
 A helpless, hopeless prey to Mud and Muddle.
 So that for all its splendour and its fame,
 Its miles of streets, its piles of bullion ruddy,
 It passed, and earned a pitiable name
 In History's page as—"Babylon the Muddy!"

[Whereupon, adds the Scholiast, the Audience of the Myth-Singer dispersed, some with looks of compassion, but the most with smiles of derisive incredulity.]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has a great difficulty in finding a pen to suit her. She thinks she will try some of the new Cocoa Nibs, that she sees so extensively advertised.



FUTILITY OF Q. E. D.

Mamma (who has been vainly struggling to help Tommy with his Euclid). "WHAT RUBBISH IT IS, TO BE SURE! ALL THIS BOTHER TO PROVE THAT A B C IS EQUAL TO C B D! AS IF ANYBODY IN THEIR SENSES WOULD EVER SAY IT WASN'T!"

TRIAL BY JUDGE.

(Second and Concluding Portion.)

ON the Court reassembling after the Holidays, Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, who presided on the Bench, supported by quite a bevy of Duchesses, proceeded to sum up in the great case of *Strap v. Rules*, which, it will be remembered, turns upon the question whether the Plaintiff, a professed cook, was libelled by the Defendant for insisting that he, the Plaintiff, could not make his own pastry.

Before the formal commencement of the hearing, Mr. BIBSTER, Q.C., asked his Lordship whether he thought he would be very long in concluding his address to the Jury. The trial had now lasted about six months, and as he (Mr. BIBSTER), with the greatest possible respect to his Lordship, thought that he (the Judge) might cut it short.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME was pained at the suggestion. If Mr. BIBSTER, who was certainly one of the brightest ornaments at the Bar—(Applause, in which Mr. SLAVEY joined heartily.) His Lordship was greatly surprised at this demonstration; did not Mr. SLAVEY (who was a stuff-gownsmen certainly, but yet a member of the Bar) know that the Court was not a theatre?

Mr. BIBSTER rose to explain. His friend and Junior in this case, Mr. SLAVEY, had been of the greatest possible service to him in this action, and he seized the opportunity of personally thanking him for his exertions. (Renewed applause, which was immediately suppressed.)

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, who regarded Mr. BIBSTER as one of the brightest ornaments of the British Bar, was delighted to find that he (Mr. BIBSTER) had a feeling heart even for an inferior.

Mr. BIBSTER had nothing further to add, except that he trusted that his Lordship would make his concluding remarks as brief as possible. His Lordship would notice that, for a reason it was unnecessary to mention, his learned friend, Mr. BUSTLE, Q.C., had already left the Court. He trusted, earnestly trusted, with the utmost respect to the Judge, that his Lordship would not so prolong his remarks that other counsel might be forced, reluctantly forced, to follow the example which had been set so excusably by his learned friend, Mr. BUSTLE, Q.C.

Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME was most anxious to render himself agreeable to all persons of distinction. He trusted that he had been amusing and instructive

to the Ladies of Title who had done him the great honour of sharing the Bench with him?

A Duchess was here understood to murmur that his Lordship had carried personal courtesy to its utmost limit.

Mr. Baron MUNDLESOME was believed to return his heartfelt thanks, but as the remarks of his Lordship, although offered with gratified gesticulation, were uttered *sotto voce*, their exact meaning did not reach the box reserved for the reporters of the Public Press.

Mr. BIRSTER, with the greatest possible respect, would be glad to learn whether his Lordship thought that he would be able to offer his concluding observations by Easter?

Mr. Baron MUNDLESOME had no doubt that he would finish his remarks at that very sitting. (*Applause, which was with difficulty suppressed.*) He was pained, deeply pained, at that demonstration. It must be remembered that it was his duty to address the Jury on many points of interest. He might here mention that he trusted that the twelve Gentlemen who had so patiently followed this case in this Court, had enjoyed themselves at a recent ceremonial.

The Foreman of the Jury, on behalf of his colleagues, acknowledged gratefully the courtesy extended to them by his Lordship in obtaining for them tickets of admission. He wished to add that the summing-up of his Lordship so far had been quite up to the mark.

Mr. Baron MUNDLESOME was much gratified at this observation. As to the tickets, it would be obvious to the Gentlemen of the Jury that his position in Society enabled him to exert some influence in obtaining favours of a pleasing character.

Mr. BIRSTER, with the greatest deference to his Lordship, would suggest that, after all this interesting but desultory conversation, a fitting opportunity might now be offering itself for an adjournment for luncheon.

Mr. Baron MUNDLESOME, after consultation with those associated with him on the Bench, ventured, with their Graces' permission, to differ with Mr. BIRSTER. He would now continue his observations on the case. (*Applause, which was immediately suppressed.*) It would be remembered that he had already expended some time in explaining the French of some of the *maynoos* that had been put in. And here he might remark that it was to be hoped that, if any of the Gentlemen of the Jury had dined out during the trial, they would preserve their *maynoos*, as, considering the deeply interesting character of the proceedings which had been honoured by the attention of so many persons of distinction, those cards would be of great historical value. (*Laughter.*) He would now turn his attention to the evidence of the experts. It would be remembered that the Defendant had called several professed cooks, who, on account of their great ability in the culinary calling, had been awarded the title of *Cordongs Blues*. These *Cordongs Blues* had declared that the dishes said to have been made by the Plaintiff could not possibly have emanated from his hands. Now he (his Lordship) regarded this testimony with much suspicion. It was no doubt true that they had devoted their lives to the pursuit of cookery, but for all that he regarded their testimony with the gravest suspicion. In this case many persons of the highest distinction and the noblest birth had been present in the kitchen while the Plaintiff was actually employed in putting artistic merit, in the shape of sauce and other ingredients, into the various dishes that had occupied their attention for so long a time. He had no doubt that Her MAJESTY and the Princess BEATRICE were perfectly competent to give an opinion upon a *plat*. He might whisper, with the greatest possible respect to the Throne, that he had been in a position to learn ocularly that the QUEEN herself occasionally condescends to visit the palatial *koosine*, to stir the Christmas pudding! (*Enthusiastic applause.*) Under these circumstances, he could but come to one conclusion—that however competent *Cordongs Blues* might be to make a *maynoo*, their evidence could be of no sort of value when weighed in the scales with the evidence of the general Public. (*Renewed enthusiastic applause.*) Why, it was quite possible that a *Cordong Bleu* might be called SROOKS! As a peroration, he would only quote the opinion of the greatest literary man of the present day, who had written—"Physicians can tell best the merits of other physicians, and scientific men can best judge of scientific matters; but the public, if fairly educated, are seldom wrong in their verdicts." So with the intimation that he (the learned Judge) intended, for the future, to listen only to the voice of the Public when he felt out of sorts and required a doctor's prescription, he dismissed them to consider their decision.

Almost immediately the Jury found for the Plaintiff, and the distinguished audience dispersed, after exchanging congratulations with the utmost cordiality.

PISCICULTURAL PROGRESS.

We recently read that the Union Steamship Company were sending out from Southampton, by their steamer *African*, to the Government of Natal, "a further supply of trout ova." So the Government of Natal would receive a regular ovation.

DRURY LANE AND ELSEWHERE.

Sinned-badly, and my Pretty Jane—Eyre. The Imperial and Gaiety.

WHAT has become of our Pantomimists? Wherever they may be, they do not come to the front at Drury Lane. Even Mr. and Mrs. D'AUBAN do more in the speaking and singing than in the genuine pantomimic line, and young LAURI is rather a clever acrobat than a pantomimist. Mr. HARRY PAYNE is the last of the Pantomimists, and so very much the last, that, even when four Scenes had been omitted on Boxing Night, he did not make his appearance as Clown until a quarter past eleven.



Arthur Roberts. Retired from Music-Hall, and he's "Never done anything Since." But he will.

We sincerely sympathised with Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS on that terrible first night, when the Pit was angry, the Gallery tired, and nothing would go right on the stage. No doubt by this time everything works smoothly, and the Pantomime, including the "comic business"—as if the first were the "serious business" of the evening until the Clown comes on and says, in effect, "Now we'll play the fool!"—is probably all over at a reasonable hour.

But to what was this first night's failure attributable? It began well enough—indeed, brilliantly; but it went, as far as acting and singing were concerned, from indifferent to bad, and from bad to worst, until the climax came in an utterly idiotic scene, where comic music-hall talent, represented by ARTHUR ROBERTS, JAMES FAWN, HERBERT CAMPBELL, NELLIE POWER, VESTA TILLEY, associated with one ordinarily good comedian, HARRY NICHOLLS, appeared to be doing anything that came into their heads at the moment, without rhyme or reason, until it resembled rather the impromptu



Katti Lanner's Little Kittens.

charade got up at Christmas-time by a party of young children, one of whom starts up, and putting a pocket-handkerchief over his head, says, "Look here! Let's play at being a Judge!" and the others echo, "Oh, let's!" than any pantomimic or burlesque scene performed by well-known professionals.

The loudly expressed disapprobation warned the music-hall Favourites, that, off their own peculiar platform, it was dangerous to presume on their exceptional popularity. We are quite certain that could we have the PAYNE Family back again in such a Pantomime as was *The Forty Thieves*, or if the VOKES Family could be once more what they were in *Aladdin*, the vast London Public, which dearly loves this form of harmless Christmas entertainment, would throng to Old Drury in their tens of thousands, and the Manager would reap a far greater harvest with far less outlay, than he will even now, with the one scene of gorgeous spectacle which leavened the almost intolerable amount of stupidity exhibited on the Boxing Night performance of *Sindbad*.



Lauri in his game of Four-feet.

What became of the story after the first Scene we haven't the slightest idea. We saw the *Old Man of the Sea*, who, however, did not get on *Sindbad's* shoulders, as he might have done had his representative been a boy "got up" as an old man; and then, after

an interval, we saw the Gigantic *Roc*, with a deal of fumbling, fly off with *Sindbad*, who then and there disappeared from the story, as we next recognised him dressed up as *Britannia*, singing a patriotic song, and subsequently in the wig and gown of a barrister, doing nothing particular in an Egyptian police-court. Occasionally we heard a line or two, and occasionally somebody mentioned the name



Manager Harris driven wild by the "Waits" between the Acts. A Christmas Subject.

the Author may have been called in to suggest the wit and humour suitable for pantomime, which the unassisted music-hall intellect evidently cannot invent for itself.

Much better another time to engage Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who is really funny, alone, as one of a regular pantomimic troupe. The music lacked spirit, specially the performance of "*God Save the Queen*" in the Overture. Former Conductors, like Mr. LEVEY or Mr. KARL MEYDER, have turned round, faced the audience, and led the National Anthem with a Jullien-like enthusiasm that carried the audience a quarter through the Pantomime; but this "go" was lacking on Boxing-Night. Again, whenever there is a "stick" on the stage—and how many "regular sticks" there were!—a sharp Conductor should be ready to fill up the *hiatus*, and drown delay with a storm of wind, and sink disapprobation by a display of brass; but, unfortunately, when there was a hitch in the scenery or in the action, there was a corresponding stoppage in the Orchestra, which made the deficiency all the more noticeable.

And now for the brilliant side of the Show. The Grand Scene of the Procession of the Kings of England, which royal personages, to judge from their masks, were all of them closely allied to the ancient Hebrew race, and the review of the little soldiers, played by children, and therefore all infantry, is one of the most complete spectacular effects ever seen at Old Drury. It is magnificent—*c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le pantomime*—it is sufficient of itself, however, to draw all London, and delight all the children.

The prettiest and at the same time funniest thing, specially for children, and children are the *raison d'être* of all our pantomimes—is the dance of KATTI LANNER's pupils, carrying their dolls, which they alternately fondle and smack.

Young LAURI's four-footed feat of going round the house is the acrobatic hit of the piece. The transformation scene, by H. EMDEN, is very effective, and, if less splendid than heretofore, it has the advantage of depending less on mere mechanism.

As is usual in Pantomimes, all sorts of advertisements are introduced on the stage; but it was a curious kind of compliment—whether suggested as "business" by Author, Manager, or Actor—to the Proprietors of the journal with the Largest Circulation in the World, for ARTHUR



The real Old Man of the Sea; or, Sindbad overweighted by the Music-Hall Singer.

ROBERTS to haul up the *Daily Telegraph* for a very small sail!! What did Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD mean? It doesn't, on the face of it, seem very complimentary, does it?

As a Giant and four scenes were deliberately omitted on the first night, and, as we couldn't stay for Mr. HARRY PAYNE's Harlequinade, we may fairly say that we have not as yet seen the Pantomime as a whole. After a second visit we hope to be able to give a far more favourable report of the Drury Lane Annual than we could conscientiously do, judging from what we saw of it on Boxing Night. Still, whatever may be the present result, we are sure that all, speaking for the children, for themselves, and for the Art associated with the Christmas traditions of Old Drury Lane, will join

us in asking Mr. HARRIS to give us another time more of the genuine old Pantomime and less of the modern Music-Hall.

My *Pretty Jane—Byre*, at the Globe, is not a pleasant piece. It is confusing to those who have not read the novel from which it is avowedly taken, and to those who have, the "confusion becomes worse confounded," as Mr. Rochester would no doubt say, did he not generally use an even stronger expletive in conveying his meaning. Following the directions of Mrs. GLASSE, Mr. WILLS has "first caught his *Byre*" in the person of Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, who is no more like the plain, undersized little creature in the novel than Juno of Olympus is like the female Midget lately exhibiting at the Westminster Aquarium. Mr. CHARLES KELLY, on the other hand, no doubt has the personal peculiarity inseparable from Mr. Rochester, still on this occasion his face is not sufficient in itself to constitute his fortune. Of the other characters little need be said. Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ, as *Lady Ingram*, obtains a good deal of fun out of an eccentric bonnet; and Mr. A. M. DENISON, as *Lord Desmond*, gives quite a Christmassy flavour to the production by treating his part *à la mode de pantalon*. Mr. H. E. RUSSELL, as the *Rev. Mr. Prior*, looks and acts like a Wesleyan Archbishop gone wrong.

For the rest, the piece leaves an impression on the mind of aimless exits and entrances, feeble dialogues, old—very old—Joe Millers, diluted sermons, and stale sentimentalities. But there is one startling exception to all these amiable little weaknesses. At the end of the Second Act the scream and appearance of Miss D'ALMAINE as Rochester's maniac wife, are simply terrifying. The effect of the fearful peal of laughter, with the subsequent awful apparition, upon the house is electrifying. So powerful is the sensation produced, that when the cry is repeated in Act III. *pur et simple*, the Curtain falls amidst thunders of surprised applause.

With the exception of the scream just mentioned, there is absolutely nothing remarkable in the new play. Consequently, Mr. WILLS might choose, as an appropriate second title to his drama (as there is already a play bearing the same first name in existence) the well-worn line—*Vox et præterea nihil!* Or why not have big heads, and play it as a Pantomime?

Imperial.—The special attraction here is the Ballet of Equestriennes.

Gaiety.—Several capital songs. The story of *Valentine and Orson* somewhat muddled. Dresses charming. Dance by

Miss ELLEN FARREN and CATHERINE VAUGHAN delightful. Mr. E. TERRY and his mother, the bear, funny.



Imperial.—Ballet of Equestriennes. Pantomime well mounted.

CHARITY BALLS AND CONCERTS.

FROM a letter addressed by the Local Government Board to the City of London Union, it appears that "at some of the Metropolitan pauper infirmaries and asylums for the sick it is the practice at certain seasons of the year to permit entertainments to which the friends of the officers are invited, and at which music and dancing are allowed." This practice is discommended by the L. G. B., as likely to produce a "prejudicial effect" on the sick poor. Possibly so, if the Matron, Master, and Beadle, with their guests, are accustomed to dance over the patients' heads or elsewhere near enough to disturb them.

But the newspaper paragraph above quoted bears the heading of "Music and Dancing in Workhouses." Now, to these relaxations in those institutions at certain seasons of the year there can be not the least grave objection. For instance, at the present festive season might not even paupers be permitted to enjoy the festivities of music and dancing if they have the heart to? The idea of a Workhouse Ball at least once a year—a Workhouse Annual Ball—might even seem to any benevolent Board of Guardians a happy thought. Sets of Workhouse Quadrilles and Workhouse Waltzes might be composed expressly for such entertainments, and the dance-music might include a *Menuet de la Maison d'Industrie*. It might do the hearts of some of the parishioners good to attend, and see the more youthful of the gallant inmates of a Workhouse salute their partners in a country-dance under the mistletoe-bough, at a *bond fide* Charity Ball.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.—A PROUD MOMENT.

UP A FAMILY TREE!

MR. G. A. HAIG, of Pen Ithon, Radnorshire, has been supplying the papers with some strikingly interesting facts relating to the pedigree of Lord WOLSELEY; but, as he only connects the illustrious soldier directly with WILLIAM the Conqueror, CHARLES the Bold, CHARLEMAGNE, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, and a few dozen other distinguished historical personages, it must be obvious that his account is as sadly garbled as it is meagre and incomplete. Turning, however, to *Burke's Stranded Gentry*, Chap. XXIX., p. 371, Section 5, we find a good deal more to the purpose, in the graphic account there given of how the first notable WOLSELEY, a twenty-fifth cousin in the third degree to the present Baron, saw the Ark off, and was curiously enough never heard of again. But so remarkable, even in those remote times, seems to have been the recuperative powers possessed by the family, that a WOLSELEY is referred to by profane historians as having appeared suddenly among the plagues of Egypt. And this is probably the same LINSEY WOLSELEY, who, according to the Chairman of the Arundel Society, is known to have beaten CONFUCIUS at Backgammon, settled in the Isle of Wight, and, after looking on at the Battle of Blenheim, founded the fifth Merovingian Dynasty in conjunction with an Irish gentleman of distinction, whose name has, by some mischance, not been handed down to posterity. Indeed, the hereditary record of the family at this stirring period of its history is most interesting, and no apology is needed for quoting it bodily as it stands in STANGER's excellently compiled quarto edition of MILLER's *Genealogia Jocosæ*, which furnishes the following significant table:—

TRIMOUR the Tartar (forty-first Baronet)

CHARLES the Bald	OLIVER CROMWELL=MARGARET of Wapping	HENRY THE NINTH
	Mr. O'BRIEN (Waterford Branch)	
	Madame TUSSAULT=PHILIP of Sweden	
NAPOLÉON	Admiral HOWE	Mr. D'O'LYX CARTE
	HELIOGABALUS=JANE EYRE	

The Deputy Chairman of the North-Eastern Railway Company,

from whom, by different branch lines, ARABI PACHA and the present Baron WOLSELEY are both respectively descended.

From the above it will be seen at a glance how profoundly interesting and historically important is the nature of the information collected by Mr. G. A. HAIG—information which these few additional but most material facts, it is to be hoped, will not only amplify but elucidate. Mr. G. A. HAIG deserves the appreciative thanks of all reasonable men. We hope to hear from him on this subject again.

THE NEW PASSENGER.

Guard Punch, loquitur:—

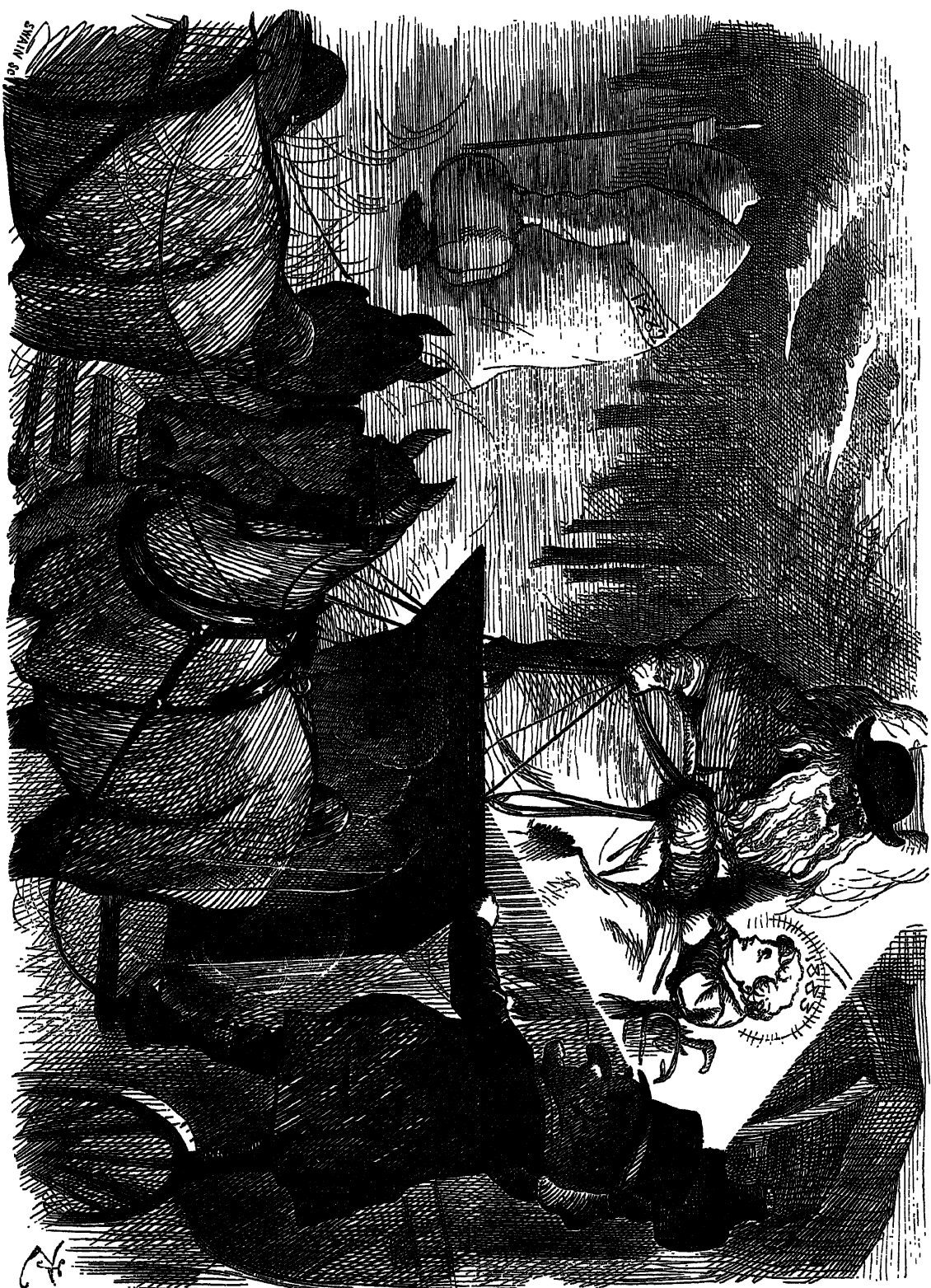
COME, up with you, youngster! The box-seat at night
Seems a little exposed for so youthful a traveller;
However, your Jehu will see you all right.
Whither bound? That's a *crux* of which *he*'ll be unraveller.
Old Edax is certain to tool you right through,
He'll not spill the coach, boy, nor leave you the lurch in;
But, as for the weather that's waiting for you,
Who knows, my poor urchin?

Most probably mixed. That old gentleman there,
Like a ghost through the darkness phantasmally hooking it,
Would tell you his stage had its shifts, foul and fair.
Could he take a fresh seat, he'd scarce hurry at booking it.
But *you*, boy! to youth on a box-seat there's bliss;
Tchick! Rootletetoot! Tally ho! and all that is
A rapture whose capture what youngster would miss?
'Tis Age says "*Jam satia*."

Up! Edax won't wait, and his tits won't stand still.
You've a long spin before you,—I hope you'll enjoy yourself.
The world sees your start with a world of good will,
With wonder, hope, fear, as to how you'll employ yourself.
Bon voyage! be sure, is the general wish.
Edax gathers the ribbons, and calls to his cattle,—
One mellow "root-tootle," one dexterous "swiah,"
And we're off with a rattle!

SONG OF THE ANTI-TRAMSTERS.—"We never use a Big, Big T!"


PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 6, 1883.



THE NEW PASSENGER.


OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 1. SHAKSPEARE.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete.]




JANUARY 1.
How now, you wanton calf!

JANUARY 2.
I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.



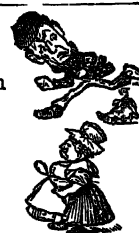

JANUARY 3.
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

JANUARY 4.
I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false.




JANUARY 5.
Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia.

JANUARY 6.
Ha! a fat woman!

JANUARY 7.
A very dishonest paltry boy.

JANUARY 8.
Wife, thou art a fool!



JAN. 9.




O you beast!
O, faithless coward!
O, dishonest wretch!

JAN. 10.





That such a crafty devil as his mother Should yield the world this ass!

JANUARY 11.
This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd, At suit of his grey beard.





JANUARY 12.
I swore as many oaths as I spake words.



JANUARY 13.
This man has marr'd his fortune.

JANUARY 14.
Thou hast never in thy life Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy.


JANUARY 15.
O, most false love!

JANUARY 16.
'Tis infer'd to us His days are foul, and his drinks dangerous.





JANUARY 17.
I'm worse than mad.


JANUARY 18.
A drayman, a porter, a very camel.




JANUARY 19.
A woman impudent and mannish grown.




JANUARY 20.
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts!




JANUARY 21.
I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness.




JANUARY 22.
Take the fool away!



JANUARY 23.
So young and so untender!





JANUARY 24.
O, then, by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage?




JANUARY 25.
My wife, Sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour.

JANUARY 26.
Thou shouldst be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine, Smarting in ling'ring pickle.


JANUARY 27.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

JANUARY 28.




Her life was beastly, and devoid of pity, And, being so, shall have like want of pity.


JANUARY 29.
A fool in good clothes.



JANUARY 30.
I will go seek Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits My latter part of life.



JANUARY 31.
I am a very foolish fond old man.



MIDWINTER ANNUALS.

"CHARITABLE Appeals," so-called—really, appeals to charity—in seasonable dearth of news, serve to fill space in the morning papers. Among them may have been noticed an "Appeal" on behalf of the "North Pole Mission District Sunday School." A very useful charity, perhaps; but has missionary enterprise, then, succeeded in making the discoveries in the polar regions which may be conceived to constitute a reason for the existence of a Mission and a Sunday School operating in a sphere of usefulness corresponding to the Arctic Circle? Of course, if the northern ice-fields are not too far North to afford Missionaries a field, there may be some people sufficiently blest with money, and not too far North themselves to subscribe some of it to North Pole Missions.

DIES NON.

In an occasional leader, the other day, a morning contemporary made the passing observation that:—

"The Puritans, who first imported into the weekly anniversary of the Resurrection, the austerity and gloom of the Pharisaic Sabbath, did their best at one time to suppress the annual commemoration of the Nativity."

A substantially just remark, no doubt; but how can Sunday or any other day be made out a "weekly anniversary?" The journal in which Sunday is so denominated is evidently one whose staff has been selected entirely without heed to the principle of the illiberal intimation that "No Irish need Apply."

A GLAD NEW YEAR!

(By Our Own Dyspeptic.)

"A Glad New Year!" a hundred bards are shrieking,
But since I feel intolerably queer,
While doors and windows are
insanely creaking
In the East wind, is this a
Glad New Year?

A Glad New Year! I grow
still more dyspeptic,
The doctor's presence seems
extremely near;
'Tis only in a trance that's
cataleptic
That I can summon up a
Glad New Year.

A Glad New Year! I'm very,
very bilious;
Blue pill is imminent. Ex-
cuse a tear.
Is life worth living? MAL-
LOCK, supercilious,
Would answer No, and scorn
a Glad New Year!

A Glad New Year! Ah, no!
a time of sadness
Looms o'er me, for the doctor
says, "No beer."
Fain would I get up surrep-
titious gladness,
But he denies me any Glad
New Year.

A Glad New Year! Those
words of mockery find me
With rates and taxes sadly
in arrear;
I can't be cheerful, but pray
do not mind me,
And welcome, if you can—a
Glad New Year!

WHEN MRS. RAMSBOTHAM
heard that her daughter re-
sembled Lady JANE GREY,
she immediately searched a
modern Peerage for the pedi-
gree of that Lady.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 117.



THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., LORD
BISHOP OF TRURO.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP. HE SAID "*Nolo Episcopari*;" BUT THEY NAMED
THE PIECE IN WHICH HE WAS TO TAKE A PRINCIPAL PART, AND IT
WAS—"TO OBLIGE BENSON."

A DISHCLAIMER!

MR. PUNCH, SUR,
I REQUESTS as you will
kindly inform the Publick as
I am not the "ROBERT" so
unkindly eluded to in your
last Number of all, page 310,
as having become "Defunkt"
and walked off with every-
think I could lay my too ands
on, but on the contrary that I
am as much alive as ever I
was, and has as fine a nappy-
tight as ever I had, and as to
walking off with everythink
as I could lay my ands on, tho'
Goodness nose it wouldn't be
much, and ardy worth the
trubble, I trusts as my Cha-
rakter not only from my last
placce but from every plaice
as I have had and kep 'till
kyind fortune offered me a
betterer, is suffishint to pre-
serve me from any such rib-
bled slarnder.

I am, Sur,

Yours respectfully,
YOUR OWN "ROBERT."

HARD LINES.—The lines that
would have to be described
in schools if the plan proposed
at the late Head Masters'
Conference were adopted, of
teaching "exactly what places
a straight line drawn be-
tween London and Exeter, or
London and Carlisle would
pass through." Very hard
lines indeed for the schoolboys
required to draw them.

If the Proprietor of the
Holborn Restaurant were to
start for the Derby, why is it
more than probable that he
would win it?

Why? Because he always
gets so much a-head.

NOTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(By a Gentleman on the look-out for something to turn up.)

JANUARY.—Twelfth Day on the 6th. Why not apply to leading Stationers to be made "Designer-in-chief for Twelfth Night characters"? 9th, Fire Insurance expires. Surely, ought to be able to secure office of "Inspector-General of Arson" to some of the Companies? 13th, Cambridge Lent Term begins. Post of "Backer of Bills (for a consideration in ready money down) to impecunious Cantabs" should be lucrative. Failing all these schemes, write to my Mother for an advance.

FEBRUARY.—1st, Pheasant and Partridge Shooting ends. Idea for a Company (of which I am to be Managing Director), "The Country Squires' Game Protection Society." If the Squires don't bite, try the other interest with "The Association for the Encouragement of Poaching in all its Branches." If the above doesn't turn up trumps, apply to my Father for a remittance.

MARCH.—21st, Hilary Law Sittings commence. Why not ask the LORD CHANCELLOR to make me "Repairer in Ordinary to the Wool-sack"? Duties: See that somebody keeps it nice and tidy, and receive myself five hundred a-year for the trouble. Surely, there are lots of snug little posts of this sort flying about. If this idea fails, apply to my Sister for a little money to go on with.

APRIL.—5th, Dividends due at Bank. Organise a "Personally-conducted tour to Italy and back for £5." Distribute Coupons franking my party (per long sea-route) as far as Boulogne, and see them comfortably on board. Devote some of the remainder of the proceeds of my enterprise to a ticket taking me safely out of

reach of my constituents—on their return to look after me! Should this capital notion come to nothing lucrative, apply to my Brother for a small loan, to be returned at two days' date, bearing sixty per cent. interest.

MAY.—9th, Half-Quarter Day. This suggests an eight-aquatic. Get up a Champion Contest for International Crews from all parts of the world. Magnificent Cup (supplied by advertising jeweller) to be given to the Eight that wins the race (an annual one) sixteen times in succession. Until the Contest is decided, keep the Cup (valued at one thousand guineas) myself. For fear of accidents, deposit it (on loan) with Mr. ATTENBOROUGH. 13th, Whit Sunday. On the Monday apply to Mr. GLADSTONE, or Mr. SPURGEON, or Lord SHAFTESBURY, or Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE, for funds with which to start a comic paper. If none of these celebrities quite "see their way" to adopting my idea, utilise my introduction to them by obtaining orders for a wine merchant on commission. If these capital notions come to nought, write an earnest letter to my Aunt, begging her to save me from starvation.

JUNE.—18th, Battle of Waterloo. Something to be done in the Military Line. Why not start a "Staff College for Officers of Volunteers?" Easily obtain applicants by designing a smart uniform for the students—gold epaulettes, scarlet tunics, and plumed cocked hats. Students to be allowed to wear their uniforms at Fanny Balls. In event of failure, write a letter to my Uncle, threatening to commit suicide on his doorstep, when he will have all the pain and discomfort of an inquest on his premises, unless he immediately forwards to me a letter, post paid, containing a Five Pound Note.

JULY.—13th, The Berlin Treaty signed, 1878. Write to BRIMABOX, offering services as a spy. If accepted, obtain employment at the



"PERDU."

Visitor. "Oh, ho! HERE YOU ARE! FOUND YOU OUT! WHAT A SNUG LITTLE DEN!"

Recluse (chuckling). "YES, HERE I AM, WITH MY PICTURES AND MY BOOKS; AND HERE I CAN SIT AND READ ALL DAY LONG, AND NOBODY A BIT THE WISER!"

Foreign Office at tenpence an hour, and supply His Highness with copies of any secret despatch that may be given to me to be copied. Should my proposal be "declined with thanks," take a top-floor in St. James's Street, and start a new institution to be called "The Senior Whites and Boodles Club." Collect Entrance Fees and First Years' Subscriptions, and wind up the affair as speedily as possible. If I find these ideas a blank, write to my Cousins a circular letter commencing, "You are the only person in the world from whom I would ask a favour," soliciting pecuniary contributions.

August.—11th, Dog Days end. Get up a Canine Show, not under the patronage of the Kennel Club. This should obtain the hearty support of hundreds of unsuccessful dog-breeders. Sell all the exhibits to fanciers living abroad, and depart with the proceeds to South America. *24th, St. Bartholomew.* Suggests a hospital. Obtain admission to one of these institutions, and, after I have been there a fortnight, threaten the resident staff with exposure unless I am fed with all the game presented to the patients by illustrious sportsmen. If neither of these plans yield anything, write to the richest Mr. SMITH I can find, claiming relationship with him through a recently deceased nobleman.

September.—9th, Sebastopol taken, 1855. Appeal to the public to provide funds for a good dinner to be given to Crimean heroes. When I have collected the contributions, dine with myself, having failed to discover the warriors in question. Anything that may be over, devote to a "benevolent object," remembering that "charity begins at home." If I again find my ideas unproductive, write to my dearest friend asking for my passage-money to Australia—and promising on my arrival at that distant colony to stay there.

October.—10th, Oxford Michaelmas Term begins. Go shares with the President of any South American Republic to establish a new

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW PRIMATE.

W. E. G. Should have liked CHURCH or LIDDON. But what's the use of thinking of it? BENSON safe, and respectable.

Any Bishop. BENSON? Really, I think there has been a slight want of discrimination.

Several Deans. Shows poverty of invention always to select Primate from the Episcopal Bench.

The High Church School. Now we shall have the Church "as by LAUD established."

The Low Church Party. We feel RYLED.

The Broad Church Ditto. Wonder if he's ever read TYNDALL or HUXLEY?

Spurgeon. Ah, well, what's the odds so long as they're happy?

Dean of St. Paul's. If those newspapers hadn't said I had been appointed, I do believe I should have been offered it.

Old Wellington Boys. Won't the Curates catch it now? Oh, no!

FOG ON THE BRAIN.

Fogs, that have lately smirched the sky,
And turned, oftentimes, our day to night,
Ye London Fogs, inform us why
You're yellow, some, and others white.

The Fogs are deaf, the Fogs are dumb,
But each Professor, prompt, replies,
"Fogs, white, of Nature simply come;
But London smoke Fog yellow dyes."

What makes the Fog, then, white one day,
But turns it yellow on the next,
Smoke equal, either? Sages say,
And clear the mind by Fog perplex.

THE CIVIC FESTIVE SEASON.—Dinner at the Mansion House:—A substantial repast of real turtle-soup, fish, flesh, fowl, and innumerable other delicacies, besides the good old English Christmas fare, roast-beef and plum-pudding.

FINANCIAL REFORM.—Begins at home with every financier not a fool.

University to be called by the same title as the Dark Blue School of Learning. Then sell Degrees freely to anyone who will purchase them. "M.D.'s" and "D.D.'s" should find a good market amongst the ambitious but unlearned. If my coffers are still unfilled, write to the best-known philanthropist I can remember, asking for a donation, and promising to spend half of his contribution in advertising his bounty.

November.—9th, Lord Mayor's Day. Make a grand effort to obtain something from the City. Offer to teach Aldermen when and how to use the aspirate, in return for election to the post of Remembrancer. If I promise to regard the post as ornamental rather than useful, I should have no difficulty in securing their suffrages. *26th, Prince TECK born.* "Teck" suggests "tick." Start a Co-operative Store on the credit system. Send circulars to the inmates of Colney Hatch and Hanwell—from whom I may expect cordial support. If I fail once more, write a letter (as a very last resource) to the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society.

December.—21st, Shortest Day. Devote it to making up my gains for the past year. No doubt I shall find plenty of time for this probably purely honorary occupation. Lastly, to show that my hopeful impudence has no bounds, enclose in a letter a contribution to Mr. Punch—for his waste-paper basket—and ask to be paid for it!

SHELTER FOR THE STEED.

ACCORDING to Galignani, one Herr THEODOR BUEHLMANN, has invented an umbrella for carriage-horses, called the *Pferde-parapluie*. This *parapluie* also serves as a parasol, so as to protect the horse from the sun, as well as to shield him from the showers, and render him comfortable under the rein.

ROBERT'S CHRISTMAS STORY, WHICH IS A FACT.

THIS being rather a slack time with Gents of my perffeshun, I was a-setting alone in our cosy little dining-room afore the fire, a-reading of your emusing Publycashion, when a Gentleman rushes in and he says to me, says he, "Waiter, can I make you my friend?" "Why, suttently, Sir," says I, a-glancing naterally at his weskit pocket, but he didn't seem to understand the delicate elusion. "Well, then," says he, "wat's the best thing for a bad cold—starving or feeding?" I natrally, without the slitest hesitashun, says "Feeding." "What food?" says he. "Why," says I, "a good bason of hot thick Turtel soup and half a pint of punch." "Then, bring it," says he, and I brort it. "What's to foller?" says he. "Leave that to me, Sir," says I. "So I will," says he.

So I gos and gives the orders, I then cums back, and, while he ate his boiling hot soup, took the opportunity of having a good look at him. He was a fine tall handsome fellow about 35 years old, quite the gentleman in every way, with the whitest hands as I ever seed on a man's arms, but with such a fearful cold on him as beat all I ever heard. Lawks how he did sneeze and corf and blow, and then blow and corf and sneeze! It was summatt a'most awful to witness and lissen to.

Presently, wile I was handing him his *cutlette o tomari*, he says, "What's your name?" "ROBERT, Sir," says I. Then says he, "ROBERT, can I have a bed here?" "Certainly," says I; "about as cosy a one as in all London!" "Then let me have the best you've got," says he; "and make a roaring fire in the room, and take off the sheets and put on 2 extra blankits." "All right, Sir, says I," and I orders it.

I then gave him a salmy of woodcock, which he said was the best he had ever tasted, and which he finished off to the werry last, together with a pint of our dry monopoly. I followed this up with a lovely cut of mutton, and that again with a Fezzant and a pint of our werry finest Burgundy, and he didn't leave much of either. I then gave him a nice little plum pudding about the size of a cannon ball, with brandy sauce, and a pint of our '31 port with his cheese.

By this time such a change had cum over my poor patient as one could ardy credit if you didn't see it. His sneezin and his coffin and his blowing was amost stopt, and his cheeks was as rosy red as a peech, and his eyes was as bright as dimens, and he larft as he eat, and he larft as he drunk, and aeshally made me take a glass of wine with him! Drecly he had finished his dinner, without waiting another minnit, I sees him up to bed, when, first telling me to call him percisely at 8, he littorally tears his close off, and then jumps in between the blankits and is fast asleep, as I could werry distinctly hear, afore I could have said Tom Robinson, if I had wanted to say it, which of course I didn't. I tucked him up comfortable, took his candle away for fear of accidence, and so left him.

The nex mornin, at 8 o'clock punkshal, I knocks at his door, but gitting no anser, I gently opens it, when as the Post says, "Oh ye Gods and little Fishes, what a site met my view!" for there was nobody there! To rush down stares was the work of only a few minutes, though I has a great dislike to hurried stares, but nobody could give me any noose of my runaway with the bad cold. Of course when I began to think, when it was two late as usual, nothink is easier than for a reel Gentleman to walk out of his hotel of a mornin without paying his Bill. If anybody seed him would they like to stop him and say, hi! where are you a-going to? Of course not, speeshally if the said Gentleman stands 6 feet 1 in his 2 stockings.

Need I say as how as the Guv'nor was that angry that he used langwidge to me that in his carmer moments I dessey he repented on, tho' somehow he has forgotten to menshun it. Well, as may be supposed, what with the 'oyance of being swindled, let alone losing my own little fee, and the chaff and sarkasm of my fellow men, that day was the longest to me, altho one of the werry shortest to all other people, that I efer spent.

But what says our great Philosefer, "When things are got to there wust they're allus sure to get mended." And so it was with me, for the following morning I received a letter to this remarkable effec:—

"MY GOOD DEAR ROBERTO, —, Herts.

"YOUR wise counsel and your judicious and fatherly treatment of me yesterday, enabled me to keep the most important engagement of my life with the most perfect satisfaction to all concerned. I awoke thoroughly well and in excellent spirits just in time to catch my train, but much regret that in my necessary haste I forgot to pay my little bill. I enclose a £10 note with which please settle it, and accept the balance as a small recompense for a most important service. Yours most truly,

"C—B—M—."

Something in the ring of the tone of the letter awoke my suspicions, and looking in a certain collum of the *Times* for 2 or 3 days sucksessively I ewentually read the following enouncement:—

"On the — inst. at —, Hertfordshire, by the Right Rev. the

Bishop of BULLOCK SMITHY, assisted by the Reverend J. CHANDRAND, M.A., and the Reverend E. STIGGINS, A.M.; C—B—M—, Esq., younger son of A—B—M—, Esq., of — Hall — shire, to — only daughter of Sir GORGUS MIDAS, Knight, of — Place, Herts."

Of course my natteral dellicassy suggests the consealing of the reel names, but in every other respect I can say with the sillybrated Prestodigyertatos, "There is no decephahun!"

ROBERT.

P.S.—Should any one of your many hundreds of thowsens of readers be a sufferer from the same calamitty as Mr. C. B. M., Esq. was a-sufferin from, weather in the same hintristing condishuns or not don't matter, and will communkate with me at the old edress, Fleet Street, I shall be happy to treat him on the same liberal terrums, which he will find nicer, effectiver, cumfertabler, and cheaper in the long run than taking all the nasty Doctor's stuff in Herpothecarry's Hall.

R.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL BOGIE;

OR, WHAT IT MAY SOON COME TO.

SCENE—An Enterprising Publisher's Sanctum. Enter a Spirited Literary Executor.

Enterprising Publisher (with caution). Ha! Good morning, Mr. SPYLASHUM. Well, since I wrote to you yesterday, I've been thinking the matter well over, and I want you to understand, before we go further into it, that though your late distinguished Uncle was unquestionably a striking and notable public figure,—that alone, in these days, is not enough to warrant us in anticipating a marked success. To put a plain business-like question in plain business-like language,—Are you sure that your materials, valuable and interesting as they doubtless are, are also sufficiently spicy to tickle the market?

Spirited Literary Executor (with confidence). There is not a reputation in London, my dear Sir, that is not more or less smirched—badly smirched; while several—believe me, I am not putting it too strongly—are fairly blasted out of Court. It will be one of the most taking and widely-read biographical high-class memoirs ever put out.

Enterprising Publisher. Well, you give an encouraging account of it, certainly; and, if it's all you say, it's just the sort of thing I should like to get hold of. Could you give us a specimen now? How, for instance, does the Pendulum Controversy come out? There ought to be some rare pickings on that?

Spirited Literary Executor (with enthusiasm). There are! Shall I read you a page or two? I have the MS. with me. [*Produces it.*]

Enterprising Publisher (much interested). Do. I am all attention. [*And is, while Spirited Literary Executor gives several racy extracts from a journal which, after detailing how a well-known Cabinet Minister, now living, was met on one occasion being carried on a stretcher by four policemen to Bow Street, relates the manner in which a very exalted foreign Personage was found picking pockets in the hat-and-cloak-room at a memorable Admiralty Reception.*]

Spirited Literary Executor (continuing and finishing a neat and naïve narrative, compromising the honour of several illustrious and noble families). "And, with the Aquarium ticket in her pocket, the Duchess was found under his table; and though the Cabinet entirely condoned the matter, B— told me that the Duke would be satisfied with nothing short of a run down to Windsor with the whole particulars, and was only pacified, on getting J—'s place and £1500 hush-money, from X— into the bargain."

Enterprising Publisher (with enthusiasm). Capital! Just the style! "Pointed, pithy, and pungent." But you'll do better to drop initials. They're weak. [*Warning.*] Stick in names, my boy. The Public like 'em. So do I.

Spirited Literary Executor. Quite so: and you shall have them. *A propos*, when this is placed,—I've got something better to follow! Something much better.

Enterprising Publisher (quite carried away). Gad, Sir! bring it to me when this is floated, and whatever it is, hang me! if we won't have it out, and, if need be, face a thundering good action for libel, and get heavily cast together!

[*But, fortunately for the dignity of letters, and the sacredness of private social life, to the satisfaction of all right-minded people, they wait a bit first—and think it over.*]

A SERIOUS SELL.—Title of a new book lately published:—*Amusement and Instruction on a New Plan. Happy Sunday Afternoons.* A promising announcement. But O, it doesn't imply either the approaching repeal of Sunday Closing Legislation, or the prospect of an Act for the Opening of Museums and Art-Exhibitions on Sundays!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



A TRAITOR.

Fare (noticing the decoration). "OH! SO YOU BELONG TO THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY!"

Cabby. "YES, SIR, I WEAR THE RIBBON. IT INDOOCES GEN'LEMEN TO TEMP' ME WITH A DRINK, WHICH I GENERALLY ACCEP'S, SIR!"

THE MODERN KING PEST.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

How I got there I cannot precisely tell. But it was a singular scene, and strange was the companionship into which I had fallen; fallen unawares, and, as yet, it appeared unheard and unnoticed.

A convivial gathering it seemed. Convivial! So is HOLBEIN's grim masquerade of *Mors* called a *Dance*. Yet merry enough the oddly assorted *convives* appeared, merry with sardonic mirth and metallic cackinnation. They sat, or rather sprawled, around what seemed a trestled-board. The place reeked with a miasmatic mist, through which their grotesque forms gleamed fitfully, shiftingly, indefinitely. And what *was* that odour, that sense-searching and stomach-stirring odour, so peculiar and yet so indescribable? Why was it vaguely associated in my mind with mire-clogged streets and many baskets, with sudden whiffs over shabby hedges in inchoate suburbs, with staggering notice-boards, and shouting cart-tenders, with six in the morning in City squares, with new bricks and cracked stucco, with a mysterious mixture of crude spick-and-spanness and incipient decay? Why?

"Civilisation!" cried one of the guests, catching up the last word of his neighbour's speech. "Ha! ha! ha! Civilisation is your only joke! 'Tis a dull world, but he who can mouth *that* word without laughter, might defy Momus' self to move his leathern midriff."

The laugh of this gentleman was like the "clucking" of a half-dry pump-sucker. His face was hard, saffron-hued, and of a singular metallic sheen, as of an embodiment of jaundice cast in bronze. Whether he looked more cruel or more comic it were hard to say. A personage with the facial hardness of an antique knocker, and the set grin of a mediæval gargoyle is likely to wear an expression too equivocal for summary analysis.

"Ah, Mam., old man," hissed his *vis-à-vis*, in a curiously stealthy and snaky tone which made me creep. "Civilisation is a blundering general, a sort of sham Cæsar, thrasonic enough in all conscience, who'd fight a locust-swarm with Armstrongs. Fancy planting a battery of field-guns against a phalanx of ghosts! Fancy barring mere solidities like doors and windows against *me*! He! he! he!"

The laugh of this creature was like the jerky hissing of steam from an escape-valve. I preferred that of the previous speaker. Facially he was as phantasmal as the other was stolid,—grey, agape, aghast, with shadowy hands which writhed hither and thither like the arms of an octopus, but soundlessly and as it seemed aimlessly.

"Typhy, Typhy," creaked his next-door neighbour, harshly, "you are getting an intolerable egotist. You've been so much talked about by our loquacious minatory modern Augurs, that you begin to think you are everybody and everywhere. Where and what would you be without our honoured President?"

Here, as with one accord, they all turned toward a figure at the head of the board, with a sort of co-operative chuckle of inarticulate gratulation, and, lifting high their goblets, clinked, and drank in his honour and to his health. Though I noticed that at the word "health" a singular spasm, whether of mockery or of pain I could not tell, seemed to writhe their vaporous forms and wrinkle their weird faces.

This figure was cloaked and masked like a transpontine villain, so that I could not distinguish his features. Portly he was, that his garments could not disguise; complacent too, that his attitude abundantly indicated. A huge diamond ring flamed on his fat hand. Like the odour, that ring and that hand seemed strangely familiar to me. And, when he spoke, that oily, throaty, thrasonic voice awoke strangely mingled memories of swag-gering wealth and creeping squalor, of wind-shaken chimneys and rain-pierced roofs, of sweating walls and sodden pathways, of swampy exhalations and of sepulchral smells. Why?

"Gentlemen all, I thank you," said he, nodding right and left, with what seemed a specially marked salutation to the saffron-faced gentleman at his right hand. "In fact, I don't know what you *would* do without me. My good friend Mam. and I are a sort of conjoint special providence for you, Typhy, for you, Rheumy,—don't quarrel, you are both excellent fellows, I'm sure,—and for all you other honourable members of the great Pest family. Bless you, but for me and a friend or two of mine, you might have been improved off the face of the civilised earth ere now."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" chuckled, croaked, creaked, hissed, gasped, gurgled, groaned and gibbered the ghostly guests in ghostly chorus.

"Thanks once more," continued the Masked One. "And now, as we are all thoroughly primed for it, I'll call upon Mam. for a song."

Nothing loth, the Saffron-visaged One arose, and, in a voice as metallic as the chinking of coins in a miser's wallet, quavered forth the following ditty:—

"Oho! and oho! for a good 'Free Shoot,'

The home of disease's germs!

The deadly composts that force to fruit

The Tree of Death. To our League rich 'loot;'

Fair food for our friends the worms!

Oho! for the damp and the broken drain,

The floors that are laid on slush;

The rotten roof that lets in the rain,

The untrapped pipe and the muck-choked main;

The gases that reek and rush!

And hurrah! for the man who the forces of Health

Can baffle, break, bewilder;

For the friend of Disease and of plague-spreading stealth,

Our Chief, the —"

But here I could not refrain from a cry of horror. It was echoed by a louder one from the gathering of ghostly guests; and with a sort of strange soft shock, as of cloud-masses crashing together, the whole grim pageantry disappeared, and I found myself in a damp, dirty suburban waste, gazing across a low level swamp of "Land to be Let for Building Purposes" into an evil-smelling hollow, hard by which stood a staggering board bearing the familiar legend:—"Rubbish may be shot here."

"Hillo, old fellow, how are you?" sounded a voice in my ear.

Horror! It was *the* voice—the same fat, complacent voice; and its owner, the paunchy, pompous, long-pursed personage with the swaggering air, the diamond ring, and the rakish hat, was none other than my old acquaintance,

JUGSON, THE JERRY-BUILDER!!!

SHAKESPEARIAN MESSAGE FROM MR. D'OYLY CARTE TO HIS PIT DOORKEEPER.—"When the *Queue* comes, call me!"



A MARRIED "MASHER."

Indignant Wife. "AND PRAY, ALGERNON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING HOME AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?"

Festive Husband. "EVERY OTHER P-P-PLACE WAS SHUT, MY LOVE!"

FAREWELL TO THE "FESTIVE SEASON."

MERRY Christmas is over, and so's New Year's Day,
And one more "festive season" has faded away;
Burnt are holly and mistletoe, stopped is the swill,
And the gorge, and the press-gush 'bout peace and good-will.

Come, take we the physic we most of us need,
Brave boys, after surfeits when surfeits succeed;
The doses and pills which repletion demands
To lighten our brains and to steady our hands.

We pause after turkey, plum-pudding, roast beef,
Mince-pie, and the rest, with a sense of relief.
Something rather too much of too many good things!
It is well for us Old Father Christmas hath wings.

Farewell Father Christmas, and Christmas Appeals
On behalf of the Poor that need clothing and meals;
Appeals once a year that at Christmas 'abound:
But the Poor we have still with us all the year round.

To Christmas farewell with a light heart we say,
When we've paid all the bills we were then bound to pay;

With a still lighter heart if our bills came to nought,
And we paid o'er the counter for all that we bought.

That Christmas is gone glad is many a one,
Whose means being slender, whom divers cads dun;
Christmas-boxes on various pretences beseech:
British "fellahs" accustomed to beg for *backsheesh*.

Go, Christmas! 'tis well thou but com'st once a year;
For thou com'st, whensoever thou dost come, severe.
For the greenest of Yules brings diseases and ills,
And demands for donations *plus* payment of bills.

Where is the Difference?

THE *Daily Telegraph* thinks the conversion into a dry goods store of Booth's Theatre in New York, originally erected as a permanent home for the "Legitimate Drama," is a "*Curious Theatrical Metamorphosis*." We cannot see it, for the reason that dry goods and legitimate drama are almost synonymous terms.

NEW NOTICE BY MR. FARINI AT THE AQUARIUM.—"KRAO," the "strange hairy little creature," will receive company. N.B.—Entrance without knocking. Ask for the Hairy Belle.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY COTTON-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

WELL, I think that upon the hole I have seen perhaps more magnificent sites, and more egstrownerly sites, than most people, be they Princes or Dooks or even Aldermen, cos why? Why becoss the lookers on sees more of the site, as the other lookers on sees more of the game, than the swells in the one case or the players in the other. But on Fursday last I suttently seed the sweetest and the prettiest and the most interesting site as ever I seed since I fust opened my eyes. The LORD MARE and the LADY MARRESS, bless their kind loving arts! giving up for wunce, without a sy or a tear, the company of the hiest and the mitiest of the land, asked about a thousand of the loveliest children as ever was borne to dress themselves up in the most butiful and tastifulest cios as money or good taste could buy or could borrow, and to come and dance at the Manshun House before them and their elustreous friends!

Ah! that was a site! Why I was in that wirl of egsitement that I ardy knowed what I was about at fust, and aeshally kept a helping myself to claret cup and common things of that sort and drinkin good elths with the dear Children. There was one brite little Chap in partiackler who was dressed like a Baker, all in white with cherry ribbons, like a Baker I sponse on his birth-day or his weddin-day, who made quite frends with me, and aeshally asked me what they calls I think a Commun-drum! A Gent had drunk some wine out of a glass and then left it, so the little chap says to me, says he, "Why ought that glass of wine to be ashamed of itself? Give it up?" "Yes." "Coz it's half drunk," says he, and away he runs.

Well, I larfed to that extent that I spilt three or four glasses of Negus afore I could get my and steady.

Then there was two lovely little deers drest just like fairys with wands in their little ands, and I really shouldn't have been at all surprized if they conjured us all into meer angels or animals or sumthing of that dredful sort, they did look so real like. Then there was princesses and shepherdesses with their crooks, and little Red Riding Hoods, and Robbing Hoods and Archers, I means Jockeys, and Agiptians with their pretty little faces half covered up with muzzling, and then there was some nice little girls a imitatin their elders by dressing theirselves up like the other sects, and there was some werry short Highlanders, and all kinds of Forreners and other strange people.

But lor how kind it was of the LORD MARE to ask about a duzzen of the werry poorest children to come and mix with the rest, just for wunce in their poor lives, such as a poor little fishing-boy, and a butcher-boy with his tray, and a poor little labourer in a smock frock, and one or two common sailor boys and pilot's boys in sow-westers and grate sea-boots, and really after a little while they seemed just as much at home as the rest. Ah, what stories these poor little chaps will have to tell when they go back to their poor umble homes!

In the midst of all the fun who should wark in, quite carm and cool, but Mr. CHANG, the Chinese Giant and his little midge of a son. Well, they two contrasts caused such a excitement that all us Waiters couldn't wait no longer, but rushed out with one accordeon into the Lobby and had as good a look as the rest.

Soon after this, all the little deers was ordered to set down on the floor all round in a cercle to hear the sillybrated Conjuror a talking in several places at once and a teaching his little boy "How duth the little bizzzy B," and they made about the biggest as well as the loveliest Bookay as ever I seed. And, bless their dear little arts, how they did larf—aye, and so did sum of the big ones too, when they thort as nobody wasn't a looking.



"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!"

Why, even the LORD MARE larked to that extent at Mr. Punch, that the tears a most run down his rite honnerable cheeks. Ah, that's one of the wunders of the world, that is; igh and low, rich and poor, learned like ourselves, or hignorant like the lower orders, all enjoys their Punch, tho I must say as his morality is that questionable that I should not hold his Mirror up to Nature for my own family cercle.

There was one thing as was forgotten to be purwided amid all the other luxuries and dellycasies of a waried Menu. There was no Ginger Beer, and I had to enounce the sad fact to a Page of the time of BILLYSERIOUS, I think he was, to a Marqueeze of the time of LOUVEY CARTORZE and to two Normandy Pheasants, and grately disappointed they all seemed, specially the Page.

By way of contrast, the Son of a Common Counselman, I should think about 13 years old, found fault with the Champagne and asked for a dryer brand! Ah, he's his Father's own son, he is, and will make a blooming Common Counselman one of these days a few years hence, when the Corporation, so to speak, has got a little enlarged. The prettyest dance of the evening was the Highland

Skottish, danced to the tune of "*The Camels are coming*," the same tune I spose as they played in Egyp.

And my final remark at the close is, strange to say, in regard to the close, for I never should have thort it possibel, if I hadn't seen it with my own too eyes, that such butiful dresses as was worn then could all have been made out of Cotton, no, not if Alderman COTTON, who I saw a-marching about looking like a Prince or a Duke, had himself a-superintended all the Dress Makers.

One delekasy woulder bin in keepin with the okayshun. I mean a Cottonum cheese on table. But praps it is still "in keepin"—for the nex entainment, as I didnt see nothin of it myself. ROBERT.

POOR Mr. BELT, in spite of the verdict in his favour, has been so overcome that it is probable he will give up the ghost.

THE REAL COVENT GARDEN PANTOMIME.—The game of Spill and Felt performed daily in Mud-Salad Market.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES AND DIFFERENT SIGHTS.



Great Attraction for the Holidays!!

RECIPE, or, in this instance, ALF-THOMPSON-and-'alf-ROBERT-REECE-ipe, for making a "Grand Spectacular Extravaganza":—Take a familiar Fairy Legend. Cut off its head, dock its tail, and carefully dislocate all its articulations, till its story is as incoherent as FOOTER's and as null as the Needy Knife-grinder's. Distribute its *disjecta membra* over four mortal hours of jumbled spectacle, ballet, nigger nonsense, step-dancing, circus tricks, sensational effects, and acrobatic evolutions. Mix and season throughout with Music-Hall spice of the strongest savour.

Serve up hastily and half-cooked in crude indigestible gobbets.

The above we deduced from witnessing the first night's representation of *The Yellow Dwarf*, at Her Majesty's.

As to Queen *Kokotina*, she was all the Great VANCE painted her, and must have been a Vision of Delight,

indeed, to innocent children and their careful Mammams.

None but himself could be his parallel.—unless one can conceive a Cockney Caliban playing the part of a Whitechapel Penthesilea.

"Why was I born so beautiful?
And why was I born so young?"

queries the Inimitable. Why, indeed? Or with such a modest front? or with such a mellifluous voice? or with such piquantly peacocky jerkiness of song, or with such ravishing facility of gesture and wink? Or, for the matter of that, *why at all*—save, perhaps, to accentuate the victory of the Music-Hall over the Theatre, and charm our ladies, and enchant our little ones with the blatanacies and brutalities heretofore unfairly reserved for the enjoyment of counter-jumpers and shop-girls, of howling cads and callow boys-about-town?

Yet, in this prodigious, ill-made Burlesque-pudding, there were plenty of plums, to be extracted by any critical Jack Horner who could keep his stall and his temper for four hours at a stretch. The spectacular part of the business was capital, when it would work,—which, as a rule, on the first night, it wouldn't. The Ballet of Fans was very pretty. Another dance, the quaint and comical "Dolls' Quadrille," was simply delicious. The Lowther-Arcade-like get-up of the dolls—Mlle. Rosa and the three (by no means sham) Abrahams—their stiff wooden poses, their jerky movements, their wide vacuous stares, their mechanical bounds, and helpless final flops, when their works randown, were worthy of Alice's own Wonderland. This was, indeed, pantomimic—fun of the best, brightest, and most blameless sort.

The Baby Elephants, Jenny and Jock, did some wonderful things with barrels and bottles and bells, but took rather a long time about it. The "Veil of Vapour, or Steam Curtain" wouldn't rise for a long time; and, when it did, presented the "startling and novel effect" of a locomotive jerkily blowing off in a drawing-room, with the view, apparently, of covering—only it didn't—the retreat of a couple of burglars who were running away with the chimney-piece.

After this the Deluge. Everything stuck or went wrong. "The Underground Line to the Golden Mines"—a picture of something between a runaway engine and the City Dragon turned fire-swallow—palled upon the audience after half-an-hour's undisturbed inspection, and as the orchestra couldn't make up its mind as to how many tunes it should play at once, the Gallery relieved it of further responsibility by singing "We won't go Home till Morning"—which indeed we didn't.



Sweetness and Light at Drury Lane.

There is plenty of ill-digested "stuff" and of real cleverness and prettiness in the piece; and when it works smoothly, is a little less long, and, it may be added, a little less broad, it may probably go well enough. But the Countess D'AULNOY, interpreted by Mr. ALFRED VANCE in petticoats, a few clever acrobats and dancers, and a number of voiceless sticks, could never be "nice" in any sense, though it went as smoothly as *ÆNEAS*' aerial flight, and as pat as *PETTOLD*'s feathery footfall. We're afraid Pandora's Box has been opened too soon.

The second spectacle is Drury Lane, of which we hear better accounts. The Kings of England scene is still the attraction. One good novelty here is the trick-book of the Pantomime with coloured plates. Off one of these coloured plates the Giant (who was cut out on the first night) is eating. The fact of his having been eliminated proves that the monster must have been "cut out for a Giant." The notion of this picture-book, as well as of the Drury Lane Annual—a highly-coloured Christmas Number of nothing—is due, we believe, to the energetic Mr. AUGUSTUS MOORE—AUGUSTUS THE SECOND at this establishment, where the other AUGUSTUS (Mr. HARRIS) is the Cæsar—who, a year ago, undertook the duties of Acting Manager, in which was included the post of Literary Adviser, originally held, in the Chattertonian days, by CHARLES LAMB KENNY. The Sub-Augustus is Drury Lane Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and represents the Grand Young Man.

By the way, *à propos* of CHARLES LAMB KENNY, a performance will be given by Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, and others, on the 25th inst., for the benefit of Mrs. KENNY, when her daughter ROSA will, we believe, appear as *Maria* in the *School for Scandal*.

CHARLES KENNY helped to confer many benefits upon others in his time, and very few on himself. He was always to everybody "CHARLES—his friend" but never "CHARLES his own friend," and continual ill-health necessitated a falling-off in work and in pay. We are all sorry to hear that a Benefit is necessary, but we are all glad to give a helping hand. Would that KENNY's old friend, ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, were still with us to play *Falstaff*! Alas! "we could have better spared a better man!"—but there were very few better or truer than the inventor of the celebrated *Mrs. Brown at the Play*.

At the Opéra Comique, in Mr. SAVILE CLARKE's *Adamless Eden*, the Postman's Ballet is well worth seeing. The knocking is well in



Augustus the Second; or, One Moore in front.



The Postman's Knock Ballet; or, Seasonable Raps.

time, and goes rap-idly. If it didn't, we should be bound to have a rap at it.

A children's Pantomime for children, at the Avenue, aven' you seen it? Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN—it was St. John's Avenue, a few weeks ago—is, we suppose, taking a holiday. Where are the *Manteau Noirs*? *Rip Van Winkle* has it all his own way now at the Comedy—or rather, Miss VIOLET CAMERON has it all hers with that charming Letter-Song in the last Act, which goes like Winkle, and will always be a favourite in her Rip-ertoire. After this—"My native Land"—no, I mean Oyster—"Good night!"

The Metering of the Waters.

"Let the Law say that all Water Companies must charge by meter, when required, and we shall hear no more of the 'water question.'"—MR. JOHN MORLEY, in his Letter to the Times.

THANKS, lucid MORLEY, for a word in season!

The case, *in nuce*, cannot be completer.

The Companies will charge *sans* rhyme or reason, Until they are compelled to charge by Meter.

REPORTS OF OUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER.

No. III.—LIVERY COMPANIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE kept to the last certainly the most important Reform that I have to recommend, and in this case at any rate resolutely shutting my mind's-eye to the glorious scenes I have witnessed in their more than Princely Halls, and steadfastly refusing to remember the sumptuous repasts of which I have of late so freely partaken, and passing with a deep sigh of regret from the pleasant recollection of such brands and special *cuvées* of exquisite wines as memory would fain linger over, I sternly pass on to the painful subject of what I shall designate "Peculiar Trusts."



I refer to the notes of my examination of the Master before mentioned, and what do I find? A small estate was left to his Company some three hundred years ago, in trust, the income from which, then about £20 a year, was ordered to be distributed as follows:—£5 each to three different Charities, and the remainder to the Company for their trouble. Years roll on, and the little Estate now produces about £2,000 per annum, and the Company continue to pay the same original amount of £15 to the three Charities, and keep the rest, that is, about £1,985, for themselves; all, as the Master said, in strict accordance with the literal words of the Will of the Pious Founder!

Mr. Punch, Sir. No recollections of unnumbered kindnesses received from Masters and Wardens, no thought of what I risk in giving utterance to my honest feelings, no cowardly fear of perpetual banishment from their Halls of dazzling light, shall prevent me from expressing, in language as unmeasured as the hospitality of which I have so often partaken, and the philanthropy of which I have so often heard, the poignant regret I feel that anyone of these noble Institutions should so far forget the solemn obligations imposed upon all Trustees, particularly upon Trustees for the Poor and the Sick and the Ignorant, as to act in the way described, and then condescend to defend such conduct by such flimsy and discreditable arguments.

I find, on referring to my Notes, that when the Master of the Bellows Menders' Company attempted to justify what had been done, by a reference to the Will of the Pious Founder, that, acting on that natural impulse that fills a generous spirit at any miserable attempt to impose upon his common sense, I exclaimed, "Pious Fiddlestick!" a strange combination you will say, Sir, that nothing but towering indignation could justify, and which, upon calm reflection, might be substituted by "Mellifluous Cant."

However that may be, in this case at any rate I can have no hesitation in recommending instant compliance with the evident intentions of the generous Testator, and a restitution of the unhallowed spoil of the last six years.

But, Sir, after holding up this and similar cases (few, I believe, in number) to your wrathful indignation, there my anger ceases, and I can allow my thoughts again to revert calmly and philosophically to those two great attributes by which these Institutions have been so nobly distinguished during the last half-century, and which may fairly be designated as the Guild Virtues of Philanthropy and Hospitality; and, in the genial spirit therein engendered, I conclude my difficult task by enumerating the Reforms that my stern sense of duty, uninfluenced, I trust, by thankfulness for the past or by gratitude for favours to come, compels me to submit to your wise consideration:—

First—The Members of the Courts of the various Guilds must be more intimately connected with the Trades they were originally founded to govern, and must dedicate themselves earnestly to the re-establishing of the good old English principle that a Manufacturer's word is his bond. They must become the terror of evil-doers, and we should not then have reels of silk falsely marked as containing 50 yards, really containing only 25, or other "little articles" warranted to measure 100 yards, actually measuring from 20 to 30 per cent. less, according to the Market for which they are intended, and there would then also be such an entire abolition of Devil's Dust as would restore the old character to English Cottons, even to the farthest confines of China or Peru.

Secondly—Sham Apprenticeships must be exchanged for real Travelling Scholarships, for the acquirement of technical knowledge in manufacture and design. The first three voluntary Missionaries in this delicate and difficult task I have already indicated.

Thirdly—The powers of the Livery must be extended to the election of the Court, the auditing of the accounts, and the ordering of the dinners, so that the knowledge of this important art and mystery may be preserved intact.

Fourth and lastly—All Trusts, whether peculiar or otherwise, must be rigorously carried out in accordance with the will of the

testator, but modified in accordance with the requirements of justice and common sense. While therefore, in the case above alluded to, justice would require a new scheme of distribution, in the case of the £20,000 left to the Jolly Butchers "to enjoy themselves," common sense would naturally say, continue so to do.

These necessary reforms being accomplished, there will be nothing left that the ribald jester, or that terrible nuisance, the logical reformer, can reasonably complain of; and from a careful and liberal calculation I have made, I find, to my extreme satisfaction, that these various matters can all be thoroughly accomplished out of the wasted portion of the enormous sum now expended on Management, namely £297,218 6s. 8d., leaving intact the noble sum of £337,801 13s. 4d. to be still dedicated to that grandest of all Civic virtues—Hospitality.

YOUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER.

Temple, December, 1882.

HOW TO AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

No doubt, encouraged by "the great success" which has attended the production of the "seasonable Christmas pieces" this year at the leading London Theatres, the following *scenario* of "an annual for 1883-4" has already been prepared by a "practised hand," and forwarded to the proper quarters.

TITLE—*Ali Baba*, or *Gulliver*, or *Blue Beard*. This is really immaterial, as the story is of the slightest materials, and can be easily adapted to suit the exigencies of the Scene-painter, the Ballet-master, and the Stage-manager. But say *Blue-Beard*, as it looks well in the bills, and has not been done for a long time.

SCENE 1.—Front grooves. Demon house of the Giant *Advertiser*. Good opportunity for introducing cases of champagne, boxes of cough-lozenges, and tailors' vans. Serio-comic Lady with the song, "There isn't much to look at when I've got 'em on!"

SCENE 2.—Garden in the Realm of Eternal Rose-buds. Tinsel and colour laid on by "the talented assistants" of anybody. Dance of the Brougham Brigade with seal-skin jackets. Final tableau of bouquets left at the stage-door, and real gold and jewelled bracelets.

SCENE 3.—*Blue Beard's* kitchen. Introduction of characters of the story. *Blue Beard*, by DOLLY TINKLER of the Marquee Music-Hall, the *Young Nabob*, by the Great WHEEZE, *The Squire*, by the Great HULLABALOO, the Performing Donkey, by TOMMY TUMBLER, Junr., &c. Songs introduced—"So did you!" "I've been up to my Larks ever since!" "The County-Court Family," "Oh, Mummy, dear, my Father's run in," and twenty-seven breakdowns.

SCENE 4.—Anywhere. Topical songs by the Great Ones. TOMMY TUMBLER, Junr. climbs up the chandelier, and makes faces at the children. The *Young Nabob* has never heard of Stationers' Hall—*Blue Beard* conveys him thither.

SCENE 5.—Exterior of Stationers' Hall where SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, had they been written nowadays, would have been registered. Distant view of St. Paul's Cathedral. Grand procession of all the characters in the Swan of Avon's masterpieces. Correct costumes. An incident thrown in here and there. Eight hundred supers employed. Magnificent appointments. Most instructive to the little ones. The whole concluding with a grand review of all the London and Provincial Box-keepers (represented by children) under the command of the Lessee, who will announce the amount of the receipts of the Theatre per night, give some notion of the items in his butcher's book, and afford other interesting details of domestic expenditure to satisfy the curiosity of a sympathising Public. This should be the scene of the whole show.

SCENES 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11.—The place is immaterial. The selection can be safely left to the Scene-painters. However, it might help the story a little to work in a Panorama of the Overland Route to India; but this is not absolutely necessary. Interlude of performing camels, lasting two hours and a half. More comic songs for the Great Ones, "Have you seen my reach-me-downs so golop-shous and gummy?" "This is the Way to the Gaiety Bar!" and the great patriotic ditty, "'Ere's 'Ooray for 'er Majesty the Quine!"

SCENE 12.—Transformation. Interlude of the New Year bringing in Disease, Death, and Bankruptcy (this to please and instruct the little ones), clearing off to show the Bright Birthplace of the Electric Light (opportunity for good-paying Advertisement), with Ladies of the Ballet, in Anti-Lord-Chamberlain costumes, lolling about in all directions. Red, blue, and green fire, closed in by

SHORT COMIC SCENE, consisting of seven-eighths Bounding Brothers of Bohemia to one-eighth Christmas Clown.

N.B.—The Pantomime of which the above is a *scenario*, will be held together by about fifty lines of doggerel, which, however, need not be used unless desired.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us she has just been to see her Uncle's new house. She says the hall, which is beautifully painted in Fiasco, has a most composing effect.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Tommy (criticising the menu of the coming Feast). "VERY GOOD! TRAY BONG! AND LOOK HERE, OLD MAN! MIND YOU PUT PLENTY OF RUM INTO THE BABA—DOLLY AND MOLLY LIKE IT, YOU KNOW—AND SO DO I!"

Monsieur Cordonbleu (retained for the occasion). "CERTAINEMENT, MON P'TIT AMI! BUT ARE YOU AND CES DEMOISELLES GOING TO DINE VIZ DE COMPAGNIE?"

Tommy. "OH NONG! BUT JUST AIN'T WE GOING TO SIT ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE, THAT'S ALL!"

GAMBETTA AND CHANZY—STATESMAN AND SOLDIER.

Too Soon! So pride will plead, so love will say,
When towering crests stoop midmost of the fray,
When great swords shiver ere the close of day.

Too Soon! Scarce breathed in an unfinished fight,
Dead wielders of an unexhausted might,
Who at full noontide find unbidden night.

Trees smitten in full leaf by storm's red beam,
Flood-breasting swimmers sunken in mid-stream,
Stars quenched before their time. 'Tis so we dream.

How may we know, or with what measure mark
The perfect compass of the soul's frail bark
That fleets o'er life's bright gleam from dark to dark?

Yet fallen strength and frustrate purpose move
Regret; 'tis scarce for mortals to reprove
Mortal misjudgment born of pride and love.

GAMBETTA—CHANZY! The Republic's yoke
Of sudden grief must sympathy provoke.
The Brain, the Sword, both snatched as at one stroke!

What labour yet, what benison or bane
For France lay hidden in that strenuous brain,
Now still, for ever hidden must remain.

Had his wild strength crested its highest wave?
Would it have worked to shatter or to save?
There comes no answer from GAMBETTA's grave.

He had the power to stir a nation's heart,
In hopeless strife to play a Titan part,
And he died young, leaving no clear-lined chart

To guide his Country on her doubtful way
O'er a dark course, whence one keen lurid ray
Dies out with him. What further may one say?

At least in grief the France he loved may sit,
Folding her lowered Flag, as is most fit,
Across his breast who ne'er despaired of it.

At least a sister nation soft may tread
In silent sympathy, with grief-bowed head,
Where a great People mourn its great Sons dead.

HYSTERICAL RELIGION.

THIS new, and not altogether healthy, mania of the day, appears to be starting badly with the new year. The "Converted Clown," who was known by the somewhat effeminate name of EUGENIE, and who left the depths of Blue Ruin to scale the heights of Blue Ribbonism, has fallen once more irretrievably. He has misappropriated money, which ought never to have been entrusted to him, has been found helplessly drunk when his presence was wanted at a charitable meeting, and has attempted suicide.

General BOOTH has been sued for Parochial Rates for the Converted Grecian Theatre. "Things isn't as they used to was" in the good old days of the CONQUEST. But those were historical, not hysterical times.

ONE OF IRVING'S TALES.—When Mr. PHELPS, the Tragedian, was very thirsty, so Mr. IRVING recently informed a Temperance Society, he used to bite his tongue. Mr. IRVING got this anecdote, he says, from Mr. PHELPS himself, who certainly was one of the driest Actors ever seen: and we suspect that the "good old man" must have had his tongue in his cheek when he said he bit it.



THE REPUBLIC IS—PEACE.

THE PANTOMIME OF THE FUTURE.—A WARNING.



TO PANTOMIME IN 1883.

AIR—Refrain of "Caroline! Caroline!" from the Music-Hall Repertoire, of course.

PANTOMIME! PANTOMIME! THOUGH YOU 'VE FAYS THE TRIMMEST,
PANTOMIME! PANTOMIME! YET YOUR FUN'S THE DIMMEST.

OVERDONE WITH SLANG AND CHAFF,
NOTHING TO MAKE THE CHILDREN LAUGH,
WHERE'S YOUR CLEVER, FUNNY PANTOMIMIST?

[Chorus taken up heartily by old and young Children.]

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S PROPERTY ACT.

(From Two Points of View.)

FIRST POINT OF VIEW.—HOW IT IS EXPECTED TO WORK.

SCENE—ANGELINA'S Boudoir. EDWIN and his Wife discovered.

Edwin. And so, love, you quite understand the new measure?

Angelina. Entirely, darling. But you may as well run over the chief provisions.

Edwin. You have a perfect right to deal with all your real and personal property.

Angelina. As if I were a *feme sole*—which, in effect, I am?

Edwin. Quite so. You take the rents and profits of all real property, [and dispose of personalty absolutely.

Angelina. And I think, dear, that it is unnecessary to get your consent to any of my investments? That I can keep a separate banking-account, and so forth?

Edwin. Exactly. In the eyes of the law we are two persons.

Angelina. So I imagined. And I rather fancy, darling, that any moneys you receive from me you must account for? Am I not right, sweetest?

Edwin. Unquestionably.

Angelina. Correct me if I am wrong—but, my own, I always have my remedy at Civil Law?

Edwin. Certainly.

Angelina. Even when we are sharing the same dear home I can conduct a suit against you?

Edwin. Yes, darling—but you would not?

Angelina. Well, love, business is business. And, *à propos*, what did you do with the five pounds I gave you (and which came to me as next of kin to my uncle) to convey to my dressmaker?

Edwin (confused). Well, dear, as my tailor was rather pressing, I thought you would not mind my paying him before—

Angelina (severely). What! You have misappropriated my money?

Edwin (nervously). I do not like this tone, ANGELINA! And, to mark my displeasure, I shall go to Brighton by myself for a fortnight.

Angelina. A step I was about to suggest, EDWIN, as you know I cannot take criminal proceedings against you while we are living together!

[Exit EDWIN, tremblingly, to consult his Solicitor.]

SECOND POINT OF VIEW.—HOW IT IS SURE TO WORK.

SCENE—EDWIN'S Study. ANGELINA and her Husband discovered.

Angelina. And so, love, you quite understand the new measure?

Edwin. Yes, darling. It's all right. Now we can do anything we like.

Angelina. Oh, how delightful! And no more stupid restrictions. I shan't be obliged to go before a musty old Judge when you want to get rid of any of our money?

Edwin. Oh, dear, no, angel. That sort of thing is quite out of date. The law regards us, in later days, as two distinct persons. You can do just what you like with your own money.

Angelina. That is just what you like, darling, for my money is yours. Oh, I am so pleased! And you will promise never to bother me any more about business? You will do just what you want with all the rents and profits and things?

Edwin (laughing). Well, it's rather a heavy responsibility. You know the law gives you a remedy. Wives can proceed against their husbands.

Angelina (ironically). Oh, can they?

Edwin. Yes; not only in civil suits, but even in criminal actions.

Angelina (indignantly). The Law allow a wife to send her husband to prison! The Law should be ashamed of itself!

Edwin. But, then, husbands in like manner can incarcerate their wives!

Angelina (agitated). But you wouldn't, dear! You wouldn't be so cruel!

Edwin. Well, business is business! There—don't cry. I was only joking. And that reminds me that the remaining thousand, which you took as next-of-kin to your Aunt, had better be invested. I think I shall put it into Turkish Sixties.

Angelina (nervously). But haven't you lost rather a lot, dear, before, by putting things into Turkish Sixties?

Edwin (angrily). I do not like this tone, ANGELINA! What! you interfere with my disposition of your money!

Angelina (piteously). Oh, no, darling!

Edwin (severely). Well, I shall mark my displeasure by going to Paris by myself for a month!

Angelina (crying). Oh, EDWIN! (Wiping her eyes.) Well, perhaps it will do you good, darling—it will do you good! And I would suffer anything for your sake! But, to show you are not angry with me, do, do—(sobs)—put the money into Turk—(sob)—Turkish—(sob)—Six—ix—ties. (Sob.)

[Exit EDWIN triumphantly, to direct his Stockbroker.]

"SEASONABLE WEATHER."

CALL this seasonable weather?
Pooh! Where are your frost
and snow?

Fogs and fever come together,
And the winds decline to blow.
There's a pastime known as
skating,

'Twas in days of ice and frost;
Now the bard is safe in stating,
'Tis an art that's nearly lost.

There's a mist upon the river,
Swollen with incessant rain,
And the black drops glide and
quiver

Down the greasy window-pane.
Doctors rave of sanitation,
But the puzzled patient
"squirms"

At the thought of ventilation,
Since it lets in typhoid germs.

You've no need your throat to
muffle,

At all overcoats you smile;
But, instead of sneeze and
snuffle,

There's a surplussage of bile.
You may be a cheerful fellow,
But you turn a perfect *Scrooge*
When the universe looks yellow,
And you feel a bad gamboge.

NEW EDITION OF "SELF-HELP,"
STRONGLY BOUND.

We read in the daily papers—

"A 'lady-help,' named FRASER,
describing herself as respectably con-
nected in Belfast, was yesterday sen-
tenced to four months' hard labour
for a robbery committed at the
Brighton Convalescent Home."

Is this lady a member of the
Help Myself Society? Or can
she be the "Little Help" which
is proverbially worth a deal of
pity?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 118.



FRANCIS KNOLLYS, ESQ., C.B.

"FRANCIS!"

"ANON, ANON, SIR!"

Henry the Fourth, Part I., Act ii, Sc. 4.

THE GOOD FAIRY COMPE-
TITION.

WHAT the City Corporation resolutely refused to do with regard to Billingsgate Market, and the Duke of MUDFORD showed few signs of doing with regard to Covent Garden (or Mud-Salad) Market, is being done without their aid, and probably in spite of their counter-influence, by the Good Fairy Competition. The new river-side Fish Market at Wapping has opened the eyes of the Corporation to the weakness of their position as Lords of the Kingdom of Muck; and the Parliamentary Notices of a new great General Market at Paddington, and another at South Kensington, have possibly had something to do with the Duke of MUDFORD's offer of Covent Garden and neighbourhood to the Metropolitan Board of Works. South Kensington threatening to mix Art with Artichokes, and Horticulture with Summer Cabbages, must be as great a blow to the Emperor of Turnip-Tops as Fat HENRY's ingratitude was to Cardinal WOLSEY.

NEWS FROM THE EAST.—On the *tapis*. The Holy Carpet has gone to be mended. *Apropos* of this, a gentleman, who has been recently furnishing his rooms in Piccadilly, told his upholsterer that he wanted his floor to be "wholly carpet." The rather staggered but obliging upholsterer sent at once to Egypt, but being unable to procure the article in question, he persuaded his customer to use Turkish rugs and matting.

"THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN."—For further particulars see the next Bishop's Biography.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN CRITICISM.



The Fairy Criticism.

Let LAWS and Lawsuit, Judge, BAZA, Jury die,
But give us still our old Academy!

but who will listen to them? Who will agree with them? Will they agree among themselves? How can men who have devoted

"*EXPERTO crede!*" exclaimed the Last of the Barons, "*Credat Judæus, non ego!*" We thank thee, Judge, for teaching us this truly liberal theory. Also we are much obliged for the moral support given to it by "One of the Jury," in the *Times*. Why have any more Masters of any Arts at all? Let the Republic of Art and Letters be indeed an all-round equality Republic without a President—and without a head! Why a head? Why brains? Open the Academy doors wide. Let in everybody. First come, first served; let everyone with a picture rush in with a ladder and hammer and cord, and nails, and let him hang up his picture where he best can, and let the strongest go to the wall, and the weakest on the floor and out of doors. The Academicians may still sing—

their lives to the study of Art, working at it from sixteen to sixty, be expected to speak without prejudice and evident bias on the one subject to which they have given their undivided attention and the best years of their life? Absurd! Would not the Last of the Barons himself, according to his own reasoning, warn anyone against trusting his opinion on a knotty point of Law? Of course. We wanted a notice of the Old Masters. Should we send a professed Art-Critic? Certainly not. So, as we couldn't catch the Last of the Barons to do it for us, and didn't know where to find "One of the Jury," we engaged a "Masher" who, being entirely ignorant of the subject, was evidently the very man to write a *critique* on the Rosetti Collection and the Old Masters at Burlington House. Here is what he spoke of, indistinctly, afterwards, as "The Young Masher among the Old Mashers":—

Academy. Offered to toss beads at door two bob or nothing. Wouldn't. Saw another boss in uniform: probably chucker-out. Found shilling: paid it: wish I could find another. Had written down, "Where Old Masters?" "Where ROSETTI?" Inquired: informed. Turned to the left, and made up my mind to go to Number Five first, and see how I liked it. Like going into a Turkish Bath. Just popped into Number Five—the Rosetti Room. Too hot. Staggered back into Old Masters Number Three.

Capital chappies, Old Masters. Take No. 201 in the books. My! fresh as paint. Sportsman in dark armour. Affected-looking sort of Johnnie. Without his armour he'd be a "Masher." Dare say he was in his time. Don't quite know when "his time" was; but some time when they wore armour. His name is the Marquis of SPINOLA. Sounds sporting. VAN DYCK did it. Sounds like Devil's Dyke at Brighton: trippers go there in a van. Evidently some connection. Capital chap, VAN DYCK—did a lot of 'em. All first-rate Johnnies. GAINSBOROUGH got his young women rather too made up, white and pinky. But they must have been like that, and



SUPEREROGATION.

Humanitarian. "COULDN'T YOU MANAGE TO PUT A LITTLE MORE FLESH ON YOUR POOR HORSE'S BONES? HE'S FRIGHTFULLY THIN!"
Car-driver. "BEDAD, SURR, WHAT'S THE USE O' THAT? THE POOR BASTE CAN HARDLY CARRY WHAT HE'S GOT A'READY!"

must have liked being taken as the "Professional Beauties" of their time, or he'd never have done it—would he? Recollect some one of the name of [GAINSBOROUGH on the stage. Forget where; but think she set the fashion of Gainsborough hats. I like to see the Old Masters' portraits of the ancient Mistresses. Here's 265, by Sir JOSH. REYNOLDS; and 274, by Sir JOSH. again. He didn't paint 'em half a bit more than they painted themselves. I was told to look at "The Little Archer," and thought they meant FRED, the Jockey. Disappointed. Sir JOSHUA again (269), portrait of a silly ass of a young chap who ought to have a sound kicking. But here are the little 'uns that I like—No. 281 in the books—a pair of kids, clean, fresh, healthy, and hearty, and the boy in his grandfather's coat and breeches. Now then for the Rosetti warm room.

No. 293. Sea-sickly person. I call the picture "*Half Seas over!* Steward!"

No. 296. How soon will DAVID's sandals come off? Poor DAVID! And what are these in gowns of red cardboard and wings of dyed feathers? Angels, indeed! Red-faced, dyspeptic-looking creatures. They couldn't fly very far. And as for colour, they're about as warm as they make 'em.

No. 299. No use looking at the Catalogue to see what this is. Evidently, it's "*Taking Medicine, in the Middle Ages.*" She is making a horrid face, and saying, "It smells nasty." Probably intended as a present to a Hospital.

No. 304. Auburn-wigged lunatic loose in an orchard. Quite too-too-tootle tum too!

N.B.—Nearly all the women here have got auburn wigs, apparently misfits from a theatrical perruquier, bought second-hand. And nearly all are more or less sea-sickly, "greenery-gallery" young women, natives of one of the States of Indigestion. Never saw such lackadaisical floppers as the sea-sickly women; but take the lot, they're all either unwholesome or unhealthy.

No. 313. Well, I never! "*The Blessed Damsel.*" What does he mean? The usual unwholesome-looking young woman and ten couples, very mixed, up in the air, kissing away like anything. I don't pretend to be particularly strict myself—but—well—pass on, Gentlemen, if you please, to

Nos. 314, 315. Wigs again. And 317—what has the poor thing taken to disagree with her so? And 323—another female victim of biliousness turning her back on a winged Lord Mayor, or a sheriff? Don't both these Johnnies-in-Office wear red gowns? And it can't surely be an angel, as he is violently embracing a young woman. Art, indeed! Undeclared bosh! Give me Nature; and as it's dry work, give me a B.-and-S.! Look here, old Chappie, if I was the Academy Sportsmen I should charge sixpence extra for this Rosetti Exhibition, and call it the Chamber of Horrors.

Note to Editor.—Whenever you want a real straight critical tip on Music, Drama, or anything generally (bar Turf and Gaiety Burlesque), you employ your own Undeclared Masher, and he'll do it to-rights, you bet.

COMPANION TO THE WEATHER FORECASTS.

(By One who has watched the Promise and its Fulfilment.)



"*Fine Summer sunshine.*" Get out your strongest umbrella.

"*Hot and sultry.*" Order in your winter stock of coals at once.

"*Very fine.*" Get into the wine-cellar to avoid the effects of the hurricane.

"*Warm and dry.*" Don't venture half a dozen yards from home without an Ulster and a sou'-wester.

"*Cold.*" Summer clothing may be assumed with impunity.

"*Very rough and windy.*" Good time for smoking *al fresco*, or playing lawn-tennis, as not a breath of air need be expected.

"*Hurricane.*" Safe of a calm passage across the Channel.

"*Prolonged wet and boisterous weather.*" The best season for a nice trip into the country, as blue sky and gentle zephyrs may be confidently expected.

"*Exceedingly changeable.*" Fixed weather one way or the other.



A REASON.

Earnest Spinster. "SINCE YOU SYMPATHISE SO MUCH WITH THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US, MISS MASHAM!"

Frisolous Ditto. "SO I WOULD; ONLY THE RIBBON IS REALLY SUCH A VERY DREADFUL BLUE!"

PAINFUL DENTISTRY;

OR, DRAWING THEM WITH A WILBER-FORCEPS.

SIR,—I have just read the letter of your Correspondent, ONE WHO WAS PRESENT, in your to-day's paper, indignantly repudiating the statement published in the life of the late Vice-Chancellor STINGO, to the effect that in the Cabinet Council held on the afternoon of the memorable 9th of June, 1843, it was he who, after throwing a couple of inkstands at the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, was finally removed from the room by the ushers threatening them with an office poker. As he somewhat unnecessarily mentions my name in connection with the affair, I cannot but think a most erroneous impression is likely to be created about a very ordinary matter. How the Vice-Chancellor got hold of the story, I cannot conjecture; but for the information of those who are not behind the scenes in these affairs, I may inform your readers that I have no distinct recollection of more than one inkstand on the occasion referred to; though there was a disagreeable incident in connection with a certain Colonial Secretary's head and the waste-paper basket that your correspondent seems strangely to have forgotten. More I am not at liberty to say, beyond that I am

Your obedient servant

TOLKINGTON.

SIR,—An anonymous friend has sent me an extract from the Diary of the late Vice-Chancellor STINGO, in which the amazing statement is made that it was I who pushed the Duchess down the stairs at the Gower Street Station, and refused to give my name to the ticket-collector at the bottom, when the crowd knocked my hat over my eyes and nearly strangled me with my own collar. As everybody in Society knows that the story refers to the conduct of a distinguished General Officer who had been spending an evening at the King's Cross Theatre, I think it is nothing short of an outrage to dig it up at this date, and fasten it on to me. For the rest, I have never worn a shirt-collar in my life.—Yours, &c.,

THE RETIRED COLONIAL BISHOP IN QUESTION.

SIR,—I have just read in your issue of yesterday an extract from the Diary of the late Vice-Chancellor STINGO, purporting to be the subject of an after-dinner conversation held with me on the Margate Extension Pier some time in the autumn of 1867.

Vice-Chancellor STINGO, in collecting and placing on record the ill-natured and injudicious gossip current at the popular sea-side resort at a time when local feeling was excited by rumours that the Under Secretary of State, on being

charged with pledging the crust-stand, had refused to pay his hotel bill, and had been forcibly removed on several occasions from the Assembly Rooms by the Master of the Ceremonies, in consequence of his violent and persistent insobriety, has omitted, to my great regret, to note also what my own views and comments on these reports were, thereby creating an incomplete and painful impression. It is within the bounds of possibility that, under the influence of a generous glass of wine or two, and the exhilarating stimulus of the sea-air, I may have—a little indiscreetly, I admit—but in the very strictest confidence, imparted to the Vice-Chancellor, who always relished a bit of scandal, an item or two of the "outrageous gossip" of the hour. But I am almost sure I must have added at the time that I didn't believe a single word of it. Under these circumstances it is not only extremely surprising, but annoying to me to find that what I may call the harmless *bonhomie* in which I indulged on the occasion in question, should have been put prominently into type without my knowledge or permission, and have caused much heart-burning in certain quarters. I may further add that I entertain the deepest respect and admiration for the eminent Statesman referred to, a respect and admiration that I am all the more anxious to express, as I find that, by some unfortunate mischance, I shall have to face him at dinner at the house of a mutual friend, on Tuesday next. Trusting, therefore, that you will do me the favour of inserting this retraction in your columns at the very earliest opportunity,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANTHILL.

SIR,—I have read with some regret and not a little astonishment a letter from the late Vice-Chancellor STINGO to Sir DRUMMOND FINCHLEY, in which the following passage occurs:—"I then talked to X. He is an idiotic, vulgar, low-bred, illiterate, ill-natured scoundrel, whom I would not trust alone in a room for half-a-minute with a five-pound note." On this, I need scarcely say, I offer no comment,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

X.

SIR,—I have not yet come across a copy of the late Vice-Chancellor STINGO's Diary, recently given to the world, "after careful supervision," by his uncle, who has acted as his literary executor. As, however, I was for thirty-nine years the intimate friend and boon companion of the distinguished Jurist, who so long made a notable figure in the brilliant society of our times, and was always telling him good stories, I am, I need scarcely say, fully prepared for the worst. Meantime, I have bought two horse-whips and a revolver, and as a purely preliminary step, I purpose, to-morrow, "going for" the publisher. You will probably hear more of this matter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A VERY OLD FRIEND.

SIR,—The statement so recklessly put forward in the Vice-Chancellor's Memoirs to the effect that a late President of the Royal Academy never sat down to a game of whist without a couple of aces up each of his coat-sleeves, strikes me as singularly uncharitable, and requiring some explanation. I write with all the more feeling on this point, as I frequently cut in for a hand or two against him, and, as far as I can remember, invariably won. Now that he is no longer here to defend himself, it seems to me singularly ungenerous to tax him with an amount of clumsiness that, under the circumstances, could have been nothing short of phenomenal. It is but fair to his memory to say I think the good Vice-Chancellor must have been misinformed. Yours, &c.,

W. W.

SIR,—I cannot at all understand how I have given any sort of offence, by publishing at this most opportune moment the carefully edited memoirs of my late nephew, the Vice-Chancellor. I have, with the greatest patience, not only purged the book of all references—and they are numerous—to indictable offences, but suppressed materials that if properly utilised could not fail to fill every Court of the New Palace of Justice with a libel case for the next three years to come. Under these circumstances, I think if you were to see the perfect *Newgate Calendar* I still have in store (and which I hope to produce on some future occasion), you would compliment me rather on my delicate discretion. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. M. STINGO.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Groom (to Visitor). "PLEASE, SIR, MASTER WANTS TO KNOW WHERE YOU 'D LIKE ME TO MEET YOU WITH FRESH 'OSS, SIR?"

Judkins (who wishes he were comfortably at home). "FRESH HORSE! THIS IS FRESH ENOUGH FOR ME—UGH!—DON'T WANT ANOTHER—UGH!—STAND STILL, WILL YER!"

FOOLISH FORTY.

(Written after reading Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom.")

Ho, witty sage with the bearded chin,
That never needeth the barber's shear,
Your sapient calm it were well to win,
But *my* Age of Wisdom hath yet to begin,
Though I have come to Forty Year.

Grizzled locks cover my foolish brains,
Should I sing to BONNYBELL she'd scarce hear;
But a pleasant memory yet remains
Of the moonlight's gleam on her window-panes,
Though I have come to Forty Year.

Forty goose-seasons have I seen pass,
Grizzling hair the brain *may* clear,
But I'm not so sure that a boy *is* an ass,
Or that one best measures the worth of a lass
When one has come to Forty Year.

And I think, do you know, did they truth declare,
The right good fellows whose beards are grey,
They'd own to a nook in each bosom, where
The memory of some maiden fair
Was fixed, though long summers have passed away.

The red red lips that of old I kissed,
The bright sweet eyes that on me once shone,
Are dumb, are sightless; but oft I list
For that gentle whisper, yet mourned and missed,
Though twenty winters have come and gone.

LILLIAN's dead, but her memory's dear
As when I loved her twenty years syne!
Were the lass alive, I should scarce sit here,
Alone and lonely at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in a bachelor's wine.

THE GHOSTS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

SINCE a certain trial has been concluded, everybody has been afraid to employ Ghosts. Hence a number of talented and meritorious gentlemen have been thrown out of employment. Among them may be mentioned the accomplished Ghost who does Mr. TONEDOWN'S portraits, the clever Ghost who does Mr. QUIBBER'S criticisms, the versatile Ghost who polishes up Mr. TWITTERLY'S poems, the epigrammatic Ghost who wrote all the good things in Mr. DODDINGTON'S new play, the erudite Ghost who looked after the grammar in Mr. PINCHBECK'S essays, and the musical Ghost who wrote all that is tuneful in Mr. OFFENBACH OLLER'S new opera.

The above-named Society is worthy of the warmest support from all charitable people.

Further particulars may be found in the *Ghosts' Gazette*.

It is rumoured that, if subscriptions are not forthcoming, a Ghosts' Strike may be the result. This, it need scarcely be said, would be a most serious thing for some professors in literature and art.

A WORD WITH BISMARCK.

As the Governors of Germany—doubtless without the consent of Germany—are said to be hankering after another war, we may be pardoned for offering a suggestion to the German Premier. Instead of disturbing the whole resident and non-resident industrial population of the Fatherland, and losing the productive labour of half a million of the best citizens, it might be well to drill an army of rogues and vagabonds. Germany is said to possess at least two hundred thousand beggars, who draw between seven and eight millions sterling a-year from those who work, and deducting the usual proportion of women, children, and idiots, this will leave a large and able-bodied crowd to be made useful. More generalship may be shown by fighting—if fighting is necessary—with an army like this, than in pauperising a whole kingdom by leading its picked men to glory.

"UPROUSE YE, THEN! MY MERRY, MERRY MEN!
IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."



It is a good omen that the New Courts of Justice commenced with their Hilary Sittings. Any sittings under the auspices of so genial a patron Saint as is suggested by the name of Hilarius ought to be of the most cheerful character.

From this point of view our Inimitable Artist has designed an allegorical subject which he will be happy to enlarge for fresco or tapestry, or to arrange as a painted window in the New Hall.

Vice-Chancellor Bacon, evidently Piggy-Wiggy, is represented as "sitting in Bankruptcy," and getting out of the way, very

naturally, of Mr. Justice FRY, who is accompanied by Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN playing on the accordion the appropriate air from the immortal *Triumviretta Cox and Box* :—

Sleep, gentle BACON, smoke amid;
Which, circling up, smiles on the FRY.

The imperious figure in a cocked hat represents "General Business," who is ordering the Judges about, while the Griffin from Temple Bar is offering sixpence for a seat in the Gallery to the Superintendent, who indignantly refuses the bribe as he remembers

the noble device and motto, which dates back from HOLLINGHEAD'S Chronicles (Gaiety edition) of "No Fees!"

"Smoking and Dogs," not being permitted together in the building (it is as yet uncertain whether they may be permitted apart), are here depicted as having been expelled by a Policeman. The Judge who is amusing two Peeresses and a Belted Earl in his robes, is, we need hardly say, the Last of the Barons. Finally, the Judge who is directing a choir of Jurymen is Mr. Justice DAY, and they are singing an adaptation of BISHOP'S well-known glee, "Uprouse ye then, my Jury, Jury men! It's my opinion! Day!"

THE PLAINT OF THE PLUMBER AND BUILDER.

"THE judgment just given in the Croydon County Court, in the case of *Dee v. Dalgairus*, will, unless reversed in a Superior Court, strike terror into the hearts of plumbers, and will cause unmitigated satisfaction among the Public generally. In this case, the Plaintiff, a plumber, sued the Defendant, a civil engineer, for the sum of thirty pounds for the erection of a lavatory. The Defendant made a counter claim of one hundred and twenty pounds, on the ground that the work, being improperly done, sewer gas escaped into the house, and caused the illness of six members of the household, and the death of his son. He, therefore, claimed the doctor's bill and other expenses. The Judge struck out the Plaintiff's claim, and gave judgment for the Defendant."—*Daily Paper*.

Solo by the Plumber.

I SCAMP the joints, I scamp the drains,
I am an artful Plumber;
You'll feel my hand in winter's rains,
You'll sniff it in the summer.

I dig, I delve, I patch, I pry,
And lay the pipes so badly,
That even bland Surveyors sigh,
And tenants chatter madly.

Here the Jerry Builder breaks in with his Jeremiad:—

I build my floors on rags and bones,
Or lush organic matter;
Or where the grass in swampy zones
Grows greener and grows fatter.

My doors are sure to warp in time,
My slates let in the water;
Take equal parts of dust and slime,
And there you have my mortar.

I build my walls with many a trick
So shrewd as to astound one;
With here and there a rotten brick,
And here and there a sound one.

The Artful Plumber resumes his plaint:—

The sewer-pipe I love to lay
Connecting with the cistern;
And where's the law that dares to say
The tenant should have his turn?

Finale by the pair:—

Why, here's a Judge who would restrain
Our right to scatter fever!
Should this decision stand, 'tis plain
We can't scamp on for ever!

HIS LATEST.—Lord COLERIDGE complained of the draughts in his New Law Court. "*Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*," observed the Last of the Barons in his most excellent French. "But of course the Equity Draughtsmen will be delighted," Lord COLERIDGE replied that he would give it his best consideration, and was leaving the Hall rather hurriedly, when the Last One laid his hand on the Chief's arm, "I am Baron," whispered the Last One with a merry twinkle in his baronial eye, "but I am also a retainer." "You've had plenty of 'em in your time," rejoined the Chief, courteously. The Baron bowed with that grace for which he is remarkable, and continued, "I wish to ask your Lordship one question, which is, what game—" "The game of draughts," interrupted the Chief, politely, and taking advantage of the momentary astonishment of the Last One, he quitted the building.



PROVINCIAL.

Fair Customer. "HAVE YOU A SHELLEY BIRTHDAY-BOOK?"

Evangelical Stationer. "NO, MADAM. WE—A—DO NOT PATRONISE SHELLEY!"

"A DICTIONARY OF COMMON WANTS."

A BOOK is announced with the above title. We have not seen it, and have no idea where it is published, but this ignorance will no more prevent us giving specimens of its contents than it would prevent us reviewing it for a *Cocksure Journal*.

The things most commonly wanted are:—

An Income-Tax Commissioner who can believe that all men are not thieves and liars.

A Theatrical Advertisement that tells you the hour of each performance and the prices of admission.

A Barrister who can ignore his profession when dining out.

A Co-operative Store where civility is as conspicuous as cheapness.

A Thoroughfare not rendered impassable by omnibuses and tram-cars.

A Newspaper which has no pretensions to infallibility.

A Statue which speaks for itself without a superscription.

A Company that has the courage not to pay a dividend.

A Hotel that pays its servants after charging for them in the bill.

A Bath-room that can do without a plumber always in attendance.

A Cabman who believes that Charing Cross is only a mile from the Bank.

A Railway that spends its money on things more useful than architecture.

A Frenchman who will admit that civilisation may exist outside Paris.

A Scotchman who has some traces of prudence and sobriety.

An Irishman who is occasionally hurried into impulsive generosity.

A Drama that is not announced as the "talk of London," or the "great success of the season."

A Pill that will not cure all the afflictions of humanity.

An Aërated (or overrated) Water, with a German name, that is not the most agreeable drink in existence.

"THE Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers" is announced. Sounds rather like an *édition de luxe* of "The Book of Snobs."

GAIETY GOSSIP.

VALENTINE and Orson is drawing crowded houses. The history of any Gaiety Burlesque-drama—which is about as good a name for this style of entertainment as any other—is curious and unique. On



"The Moonlighters."

the first night an audience assembles which for that occasion only has ousted the regular Gaiety audience from every part of the house. This audience welcomes the popular favourites, and then sets itself deliberately to criticise the piece with severity, to call out rude things from the Gallery, to chaff from the Pit, to laugh at and not with the Actors in the Boxes, and to look glum in the Balcony.

The Critics, as they jostle one another in the lobby, say to one another, "Burlesque is dead; and now we'll go to supper." But when they sit down to write their notices, it suddenly strikes them, individually, that the last piece they saw was just like this on its first night, and yet it ran for nearly a year, and that the piece before this they had looked upon as hopeless, and it went on and on until the tunes and sayings were in everybody's mouth, and people were known to go again and again to see it; and so, in their process of pitching-in they pause, and say, "But they will probably set all this to-rights in a night or two, and then it will be numbered amongst the great Gaiety successes."

And so it turns out. The "popular favourites" work their hardest, the Author does something, there is a re-arrangement, more "business," any amount of "gags" thrown in, and the regular audiences having returned, the exceptional first-nighters are heard of no more, their noisy protests are forgotten, and the piece goes briskly with its jokes, songs, and dances, and shouts of the heartiest laughter.

If it is not exactly the story of Valentine and Orson intelligibly told, at least, here is Miss FARREN in the brilliant "family plate," which is evidently Valentine—"she will be our Valentine"—and here is Mr. TERRY as a savage with a club and followed by a Bear, who, clearly, is Orson. Consequently, there you are, Valentine and Orson, and what can any one want more?

The costumes are rich and effective. The duet between NELLIE FARREN and KATE VAUGHAN, "I won't play with you any more," with dance to follow, is very taking. Mr. TERRY is immense in the



Orson, backed by a Bare Majority, makes himself unpopular with his Club.

statuesque combat, and gets a good deal of fun out of "chiveying his mother," while as to solos NELLIE FARREN scores with her song "She told me to go to Jericho," and KATE VAUGHAN with her charmingly graceful dance. Except Mr. WYATT, whose fun whether dancing, singing, or acting, is in his real earnestness, the rest of the company have either just as much as they can do, or nothing particular to do, and we are bound to say in strict justice to all concerned, that in both instances they do it beautifully.

PATERFAMILIAS'S PARADOX.

HOORAY! The Christmas tip-time's o'er at last!
The "present" now's a matter of the past!

THE MODERN GOTHES.

(An Extract from a Realistic Romance of the Immediate Future.)

"WHAT is Art, Grandpapa?"

The question was put by a little boy to a white-headed old man who, seated at a high desk, was pausing over the figures of a ledger. The room was furnished in the style of the Twentieth Century. It contained neither pictures nor piano, and was generally colourless.

"Art," echoed the veteran, "why that is a word, BOBBY, which has been obsolete for twenty years." The child stared at him. "Look at me, my lad. Am I not as commonplace and uninteresting an old fellow as ever you met?"

"Indeed you are," returned the urchin, affectionately.

"And yet at one time I was an Actor, a Musician, and a Painter. Long, long ago, before I exchanged Art for Cheesemongering!"

"But what is Art, Grandpapa?" repeated the little one.

The old man closed his ledger, threw off his long white apron, and took his grandchild upon his knee.

"You must know, BOBBY, that once upon a time there were places called Theatres, and Concert-Rooms, and Picture-Galleries."

"What strange names!"

"Yes," admitted the aged one with a sigh, "they seem strange enough now, but once they were as familiar in our mouths as household words. Hem!—SHAKESPEARE!"

"Who was SHAKESPEARE?"

The old man shook his head (he had forgotten), and continued:—"Theatres were places where you went to be amused. Clever people represented interesting stories—holding up the mirror to nature—before beautiful pictures and to the sounds of lovely music."

"Pictures! music!" repeated the child, with wondering eyes.

"I will tell you about them presently. And so all the world went to the Theatres. There was a Mr. TOOLE, and a Mr. VEZIN, and a Mr. IRVING, and a Mr. DAVID JAMES, and three Ladies who seemed to me endowed with perpetual youth, called BANCROFT, TERRY, and KENDAL. Ah! those were happy days!"

"But what have become of the Theatres? We have none now."

"Alas, no! Then the world took up Actors and Actresses, the 'Profession' (as it was called) rubbed shoulders with Dukes and Duchesses, and no ball was complete without an *Ophelia* or a *Lady Teazle* in private clothes. Then the world went farther. A New Class sprung up. Almost everybody became an Actor or an Author. The New Class seized the Stage. Old Ladies took to playing *Juliet* to the prompting of their own grandchildren, and Lord Mayors and Earls wrote the afterparts to all the Christmas Pantomimes."

"And did any one go to see the *Juliets* and the afterparts?"

"The world would go to see nothing else! So by degrees the real Actors and Authors retired, and took to mercantile pursuits, leaving the Stage to their successors. Then the world grew tired of the elderly *Juliets* and the insane Pantomimes. Something more was wanted, but could not now be found, so the Theatres were closed, and in due time forgotten."

"But didn't you say something about Concert Rooms? What were they?"

"Places where you went to hear music. But they too were seized by the New Class. Feeble young men and portly matrons monopolised the pianos. Again the world rushed to hear them, and even composed songs for them to sing. The Professionals retired in favour of their weak-voiced successors. The world grew weary of bad singing and asked for good. There was then none to be found. So the Concert Rooms shared the fate of the Theatres."

"And the Picture Galleries?"

"Were also seized by the New Class. The professional Painters, after making a last stand by supplying all the designs for the advertisement hoardings, retired into private life. The very last to yield was a Royal Academician called, I think, TRADE MARKS. The world, as usual, rushed to see the imitations which had supplanted the real, grew weary, sought in vain for better work, and the Galleries were closed like the Concert Rooms and the Theatres."

"And who were these people who seized everything?"

"Conceited idlers," returned the veteran, with honest indignation, "with more money than brains. They aired their vanity and pleaded charity. They debased the public taste, and drove the professionals from their own callings."

"And what were all these silly people called?"

"They were called Amateurs," answered the old ex-Professional, as he turned away from his grandchild, and resumed once more his duties as a Cheesemonger!

"He's a most tiresome man," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "he's always hunting everybody about. He seems to be of SHAKESPEARE'S opinion that 'All the world's a Stag.'"

THE DRAINAGE QUESTION.—This year's Drink Bill?



BRAND-NEW EXHIBITION! THE GRAND OLD GIANT, "STILL GROWING" IN PUBLIC ESTIMATION, AND THE MITEY MIDGET.

REAL DOMESTIC BLISS;

OR, NEW FORM OF MARRIAGE-LICENCE.

SCENE—Fashionable Jeweller's Shop in Bond Street. TIME—Early in 1883, soon after the coming into operation of the *Married Woman's Property Act*, passed in 1882. Enter a Married Lady. To her approaches Obsequious Tradesman.

Obsequious Tradesman. What may I have the honour of showing you, Madam?

Married Lady. I wish to see some of your best sapphire rings; also some gold bracelets set with rubies and diamonds; and—eh—you may show me some diamond tiaras.

Obsequious Tradesman (delighted, and bowing very low). With pleasure, Madam. (Returns with an assortment of the most expensive jewellery in his establishment.) This bracelet, Madam, is an exceptionally beautiful object. Observe the blending of colours produced by the alternate rubies, opals, and brilliants. [Shows it.

Married Lady. What is the price of this?

Obsequious Tradesman. The price is two hundred and fifty guineas, Madam.

[Rubs his hands, and smiles in an oily manner, which is intended to propitiate his customers should they venture to deprecate his charges—a not uncommon event.

Married Lady (carelessly). Then I will take the bracelet. Now show me some rings—sapphires. Mind, I don't want to go above a hundred guineas.

[At the end of her purchases has managed to lay in about £1000 worth of first-class jewellery, the real cost of which to the jeweller is probably £700 at most. Obsequious Tradesman begins to wonder who she is.

Obsequious Tradesman (towards end of interview). To whom shall I put it down, Madam?

Married Lady. Oh, put it down to Mrs. THEODORE TOPSAWYER, 827, Park Lane.

Obsequious Tradesman (who thinks he remembers having heard something about the TOPSAWYERS, but can't exactly recollect what it is). Then a young man will call with the articles this afternoon, Madam; and no doubt Mr. THEODORE TOPSAWYER—

Married Lady. Oh, don't trouble him! He has nothing whatever to do with the business.

Obsequious Tradesman (smiling still more unctuously). Well, Madam, I suppose—ahem!—we must look to Mr. TOPSAWYER for—ahem!—for payment?

Married Lady (decidedly). Not at all. I pay for my own requirements. But perhaps you are not aware that the new Act of Parliament enables a wife to dispose of her own property without her husband's knowledge or consent?

Obsequious Tradesman (to whom the most interesting point is whether or not Mrs. TOPSAWYER has any property of her own to dispose of, but who would rather perish than ask the question). Oh, yes, Madam; but you see that as the goods can hardly be termed necessities, if Mr. TOPSAWYER should not feel disposed to pay for them, he is not obliged to do so by the law. (Brings out a copy of the *Law Reports*, and reads copious extracts from the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of *Debenham v. Mellon*.)

Married Lady (interrupting). Ah! but the law has been quite altered. (Takes out a small volume, containing the new *Married Woman's Property Act*, bound in Russia leather, and reads)—"A married woman shall be capable of acquiring, holding, and disposing by will or otherwise of any property as if she were unmarried. She may enter into any contracts, and sue and be sued without the participation of her husband," &c., &c. (Goes on vivaciously.) You see, Mr. TOPSAWYER's legal position is this, and it's not a satisfactory one—for Mr. TOPSAWYER. He "endowed" me, of course, at our marriage, "with all his worldly goods"; now I have not endowed him with all my worldly goods, or any of them, and this new law says I can do whatever I like with my own property. And I choose to buy these bracelets and things. So you will kindly send them to me this afternoon, and on delivery I will give you a cheque on my bankers. Does that satisfy you?

Obsequious Tradesman (overcome with conflicting emotions). Oh—entirely, Madam. (Hesitating, and trying to be polite.) Possibly, you would have no objection to our young man, when he calls with the articles, seeing Mr. TOPSAWYER, and receiving his assurance, just as a matter of form—

Married Lady (with dignity). Is not my assurance enough? Besides, you can't possibly see Mr. TOPSAWYER, as the new law gives a wife power to institute criminal proceedings against her husband, and mine is at present, I regret to say, in custody on a charge of making off with my best umbrella. Yes, very unpleasant, isn't it? Well, I must go now, as I have to be at Bow Street at twelve o'clock, when I appear against Mr. TOPSAWYER. [Is bowed out, and exits.

[Obsequious Tradesman recovers slowly, after taking a "pick-me-up" in his private sanctum, and sends out for a copy of the *Married Woman's Property Act*, when he finds that a wife can only institute criminal proceedings against her husband in respect of her property WHEN SHE NO LONGER LIVES WITH HIM. Remembers also that what he had heard about Mrs. TOPSAWYER was that she had run through all her own property and most of her husband's, and then made the house unbearable to him. Obsequious Tradesman decides NOT to send the jewellery, and to have as little as possible to do with Mrs. TOPSAWYER in the future.

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.—Why is the maker of a Will like an adulterating Publican? Because he is a test-ater!



LITTLE DUCKS GOING TO MARKET.

"Ornithological toilettes are the latest novelties of the Parisian winter season—dresses smothered in feathers of different kinds to suit all complexions."—Queen.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.



BEREAVEMENT.

HIS OWN PRESCRIPTION.

SCENE—The Library at Hawarden. Present—The PREMIER and Dr. PUNCH.

Dr. Punch (with the correct professional colloquialism, somewhat qualified by an almost imperceptible clin d'œil). Well, and how are we to-day?

Premier. Why, Sir, a little unaccustomed lassitude has somewhat troubled—my friends. Friends, you know, are so easily troubled. (*Aside.*) And so dreadfully troublesome!

Dr. Punch (with prompt divination). A very "useful trouble"—as the Laureate says of the rain. Your friends (like your enemies) charge you with over-taxation.

Premier (with energy). Over-taxation—?

Dr. Punch. Of your own resources—not the country's. The charge is too true; and, as Chancellor of your own spiritual Exchequer, you should practise a more rigid economy.

Premier (eagerly). Economy, Sir? Alas! that goddess, "sober, steadfast, and demure," has now but few devout worshippers. Were Mr. HUME—

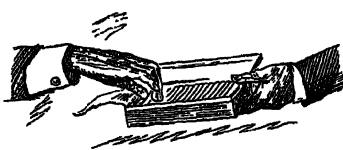
Dr. Punch. Pardon me. The large general question of Economy we will, if you please, for the present banish—shall we say to Saturn?

Premier. Ah! that much misunderstood remark, with other equally misunderstood or misrepresented points of speech and policy, it was—it is—my fervent desire to explain, to justify to—Midlothian.

Dr. Punch. Humph! May I ask what is that book you were reading when I entered?

Premier. Oh, a very interesting work, kindly sent me by Professor GIULIANI, and entitled "*Dante Sprigato con Dante.*"

Dr. Punch. Precisely. And a voluminous "*GLADSTONE*" explained by *GLADSTONE*" would doubtless be of surpassing interest to Midlothian, and the World. A fine subject, by the way, for some of the "dormant talent" in the Conservative Party, and which, for the present, you can very well afford to leave to any budding Disraeli or callow Canning on that side.



CONSOLATION.

Premier (gravely). It had not been my intention to deal with the subject in a spirit of pleasantry or of persiflage.

Dr. Punch. "*Ça va sans dire.*" So, believe me, will your "explanation."

Premier. But my generous constituents are entitled to this courtesy at my hands.

Dr. Punch. But not at your lips—just now. 'Tis your lips which, like the pied-piper's pipes, would draw all the country, friends and a startling slogan. Hang up the war-pipes awhile, my WILLIAM, and take a quiet pull at the pipe of peace.

Premier. Perhaps you are right. Possibly, it were better to postpone my northward pilgrimage.

Dr. Punch. And if you could take a short swallow flight southwards, so much the better. At any rate "Spare the tree"—and the Woodman. *Atlas* should not play the *Milo* also—especially in winter. Ten minutes' east wind may work more mischief than ten years' Eastern Question. In fine, you won't mind, will you? appearing for once, in the character of "*le Médecin malgré lui.*"

Premier. I,—ah! perhaps you will kindly explain.

Dr. Punch. Certainly. May I ask to look at your *tongue*? Ah! quite so! *Fons et origo mali.* You can really doctor yourself with your own latest prescription. Shall we say just a *leetle* dose of *Clôture*?

By a "Liberal" Waiter.

WHY will you, WILL, in winter fell and lop?

More care, beloved Woodman, prithee take.

Forget not, whilst you take your mid-day "chop,"

How much you put at stake!

MOTTO OF THE FRENCH FACTIONS.—Divide and *don't* govern.



HIS OWN PRESCRIPTION.

DR. PUNCH. "AH! IN THIS CASE WE THINK THE BEST REMEDY IS YOUR OWN. SHALL WE SAY—A SMALL DOSE OF *CLÔTURE*?"



ART INTELLIGENCE.

She (reads). "THERE ARE UPWARDS OF FIFTY ENGLISH PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS NOW IN ROME—"

He (British Philistine—served on a late celebrated Jury!). "AH! NO WONDER WE COULDN'T GET THAT SCULLERY WHITEWASHED!"

ON THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

AFTER the complete collapse of the extremely circumstantial rumour, so persistently circulated of late, to the effect that Prince ALBERT VICTOR was about to commence his career as an Oxford undergraduate at Christ Church, under the tutelage of Dean LIDDELL, the following *on dis* that have been recently floating freely about Society, are at length being received with a little more caution.

It is understood that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has derived such remarkable benefit from his recent Mediterranean cruise, that he will after the first of April next, take permanent charge of one of the largest of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, and run backwards and forwards between Shanghai and Gravesend, carrying the mails, until further notice.

It is interesting to note that among the roll of those who have most recently been entered as students of the Royal Academy, there figures conspicuously the name of Baron HUDDLESTONE.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE will, on the 5th of next month, take up his residence in the handsome suite of apartments that have been specially provided for him inside the crater of Vesuvius. As it is the intention of his Royal Highness to spend the early Spring in studying professionally the action of dynamite when shovelled in large quantities down the mouths of active volcanoes, much interest as to the result of the expedition has been already manifested in military circles.

Lord BRABOURNE is about to take up his quarters at the Dramatic School of Art, with a view to learning dancing and elocution in the regular *curriculum* afforded by the Institution. No reason has been assigned for this step, which has excited a good deal of lively comment in political circles at a certain prominent West-End Club.

THE LAY OF THE ARMED BURGLAR.

ATR—"The Muleteer."

I AM a Burglar—armed of course—
Far-known, in Suburbdom renowned;
I treat the Public and the Force
As targets for my "pills" all round.
For "pot" and shot all round.
When on my bold nocturnal task,
Cric, crack! my course is clear.
At sight of me with "glim" and mask,
Householders shrink with fear.
For if on me they chance to drop,
Before my game is done,
I outs with my revolver—pop!
And riddle them like fun.
Crick, crack! my course is clear,
A Burglar void of fear.

Oh yes, I am a Burglar—armed—
Not too particular to rules;
With the Law's treatment I am charmed,
The Public are such blessed fools,
Such confounded fools!
Do they attempt to change their laws,
With me to interfere?
Not they; and while they only jaws,
Cric crack! my course is clear.
As for poor Bobby, should he try
With truncheon me to stop,
"Drop that, my lad, or mind your eye!
You won't? Then take it! Pop!"
Cric crack! my course is clear,
A Burglar void of fear.

EPISCOPAL UTTERANCE.—The *Ghost in Hamlet*—

"Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

A concise visitation charge. Spoken like the spirit of the Bishop as well as a King.

"I REALLY was puzzled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I was quite 'on the horns of a duenna,' as the saying is."

It is stated that Lord WOLSELEY has concluded an arrangement with the proprietors of Madame TISSAND's Exhibition to sit as motionless as he can in the place of his own effigy, now being displayed at Baker Street, until the termination of the Christmas holidays. Over-sensitiveness as to certain points about the model that represents him, and which the noble Lord regards as "a caricature that does not do him anything like full justice," is said to have led to his resolve to take the matter, at any sacrifice, into his own hands.

THE ROMANCE OF JOURNALISM.

In the foreign intelligence daily published in the newspapers, there frequently occurs a sort of paragraph which, *mutatis mutandis*, that is to say change of names merely, everybody seems to have read over and over again. This is one of them:—

"Cardinal M'CARE has telegraphed that the statement made 'respecting the despatches said to have passed between me and Cardinal JACOBINI, concerning diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See, is utterly destitute of foundation.'"

Here is a specimen of a sort of story (as young Ladies euphemistically say) which somebody is continually telling, and somebody else contradicting. The latter usually avows himself; but who is the former? If a caterer of fictitious news is kept by some of our contemporaries to fill up space, he may perhaps be describable as a penny-a-liar.

An Old Buffer on a New Bill.

ALAS! how Matrimony has miscarried!
Alas! that Law and Rads against it *thus* band!
The only proper tie for Woman, married,
Is Hymen's knot—which ties her to her husband.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

[A Mr. OLDHAM, calling himself President of the English National Revolutionary League, writes to the *St. James's Gazette* that murder is sometimes no crime, and that "Kings and priests, altars and thrones, crowns and mitres, we regard as the emblems of tyranny and force and fraud in every land and every clime; and we look forward to the time when they shall be swept away never more to torment and tyrannise over human kind."]

Ho! for the poisonous bowl,
Up with the bludgeon and dagger!

In floods of gore we shall roll,
Making old monarchies stagger.
Kings shall be all swept away,
Priests shall immediately vanish;

All who have wealth, from to-day,
Socialist leaders shall banish.

Woe to the Mitre and Crown!
We shall take stern retribution;
Altar and throne shall come down,
Smashed by the red revolution.
All institutions are bosh,
Mankind, we know, doesn't need 'em;

Here's to the men who don't wash,
Dirt is the emblem of Freedom!

Murder we hold is no crime,
We're game for assassination;
This is the teaching sublime,
Blood is the base of a nation.
So pot-house patriots scream,
Raving at families royal;
But we disdain the vile dream,
England's contented and loyal.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S Cousin, the Archdeacon, is very particular about his fish, so, as he was coming to dinner, that dear old lady ordered a pair of Acme Skates to be sent in. She thought it would be such a pleasant surprise for the good man. It probably was.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 119.



L. S. 1883

DR. ANDREW CLARKE.

(At present the Premier's Body-Guard.)

THERE WAS A SHARP DOCTOR, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HIS SIMPLE PRESCRIPTION WAS "WITTLES AND DRINK."
"WITTLES AND DRINK—MOST IMPORTANT IS DIET—
AND MIND, GRAND OLD MAN, YOU MUST KEEP YOURSELF QUIET."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE
AND THE GANDER.

WE all know who the LORD CHAMBERLAIN is, and the Examiner of Stage-Plays, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Under-Secretary of State at the Home-Office, and the Public Prosecutor, for have they not combined to carry out the orders of an Act of Parliament that for many years they have ignored. Mr. BAUM, of the Alcazar, will in all probability have to shut his doors for not obeying the 7th Section of the 6 & 7 Vict. Cap. 68, which forbids the LORD CHAMBERLAIN or the Justices to grant a licence to "any person except the actual and responsible Manager for the time being of the Theatre in respect of which the Licence shall be granted." Then why is Mrs. BERNARD BEERE managing a house licensed to Mr. F. MATTIAND of 26½, Newcastle Street, Strand? and why, when the Act of Parliament demands that the name and place of abode of each Manager shall be printed on every Playbill announcing any representation at each Theatre, may we not gratify our curiosity by knowing where Miss GENEVIEVE WARD lives, and where Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, of the *Yellow Dwarf*, resides? The "serious question of the safety of the Public" may be involved in these things, so let us have an Inspector of Playbills as well as an Examiner of Plays. Will Mr. WILLING accept the post, or Mr. SLINGSBY BETHELL?

The Harbertonian Garment.

A Threnody.

FIRST, divided!
Then derided!!
Fate decided!!!

A NEW TRIAL.

SCENE—A Court in the Royal Palace of Justice. Lord Chief Justice PUNCH discovered on the Bench preparing to sum up. Enter Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME.

Baron Muddlesome (bowing to the Lord Chief Justice). Before he commences his summing-up, I shall be glad of my learned Brother's permission to introduce a few of my personal friends.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (smiling). I can refuse you nothing, Brother; but I must remind you that the Bench has its limits.

Baron Muddlesome (hastening to explain). Yes, I know; and, therefore, I have refused tickets of admission to all my friends, except to those of the highest nobility. I have my learned Brother's permission to introduce them? (The Lord Chief Justice bows good-naturedly, and the Baron ushers in—with extreme courtesy—a number of Ladies.) And, now, your Graces, as you are all seated, I will stand over here and explain.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (severely). Silence, Brother! You forget yourself. Remember you are in a Court of Justice!

Baron Muddlesome (deeply wounded). I beg your pardon! (Lord Chief Justice bows gravely.) But I would not have ventured to address even a Stuff-gownsmen with so much harshness.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (with dignity). Then, Brother, you do not know how to maintain decorum! Not a word, please, or I shall have to commit you for contempt. (The Baron looks aghast, and explains in dumb-show his sorrowful annoyance.) And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, we will get to work. You will remember that we are trying a case of "waste." The Plaintiff is owner of a fee simple subject to the life interest of a tenant for life. Defendant is that tenant for life,

and the Plaintiff says that the Defendant has committed "waste" by cutting down a large quantity of ornamental timber.

Foreman of the Jury. As the nephew of a Solicitor, m'Lord, will you allow me to express my admiration at your Lordship's—

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH (interrupting). Certainly not! And if you are the nephew of a Solicitor, Sir, I am surprised that your relative has not informed you that a high judicial dignity does not require the praise of anyone to encourage him to perform a purely public duty! Enough, Sir! To return. Now, there is no doubt about the cutting down of the trees. That is admitted. The question is, what is "waste?" And to explain this matter several witnesses have been called. The first was Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, who gave us his definition with much legal pomposity. (Laughter.) He said something about "waste" being voluntary or permissive, and hurting the legatee, or devisee, or somebody. [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (interposing). With all respect to my learned Brother, I merely defined "waste" as any permanent depreciation of the inheritance.

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH. What a definition! (Roars of laughter.) Perhaps, Brother, you can tell us something more about it?

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. Certainly. Except when permitted by statute, a tenant for life, will, or sufferance, a Bishop, or other ecclesiastical person, and a copyholder cannot commit any "waste."

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH. Oh! can't they?

[Shrieks of merriment.]

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (blushing). If I am to be subjected to ridicule, of course, I have done; but I think some respect is due to a head of one of the learned professions!

Lord Chief Justice PUNCH. Certainly, Brother—as much respect as you yourself would pay to a General, an Archbishop, or a Royal



"READY, AYE READY!"

Officer ("Royal Irish"). "WHY WERE YOU LATE IN BARRACKS LAST NIGHT, PRIVATE ATKINS?"

Private Atkins. "TRAIN FROM LONDON WAS VERY LATE, SIR."

Officer. "VERY GOOD. NEXT TIME THE TRAIN'S LATE, TAKE CARE Y' COME BY AN EARLIER ONE!"

Academician. I am annoyed, but not surprised at this unseemly demonstration. (*Silence immediately restored in Court.*) You were saying, Brother?

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. I was merely, as a Lawyer, giving an opinion upon a matter of purely legal technicality.

Lord Chief Justice Punch. No doubt you were—but do we want this? I would remind the Jury that we have good authority for believing that direct evidence is preferable to expert evidence in matters of fact. Well, we have a matter of fact. The Defendant, a tenant for life, cuts down some timber. Does he commit "waste?" "Yes," says Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME, and he proceeds to confuse your minds with a lot of legal technicalities. To quote from the summing-up in a recent very interesting trial, "the Public in their verdicts are generally right." And by the Public, of course, are meant the Juries who represent them. (*Cheers.*) Now, what is the common-sense view of "waste?" Why, not to receive the full value of a thing by some action on the part of the possessor. Did the Defendant "waste" the timber? It was ornamental—he preferred that it should be useful. So he sold some of it and made a ship out of some of it, and gave some of it away to a thrifty nephew, by whom it was used to the best advantage. Now, was this "waste?"

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (*excitedly*). Certainly it was, from a legal point of view.

Lord Chief Justice Punch. But we don't want to look at the matter from what you call a legal point of view. (*Thunders of applause.*) No doubt there is much in what you say, and were we discussing the affair over a bottle of port at the Bench table of Gray's, you would have a good case, but this is a Court of Justice.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. And surely of Law,—surely of Law!

Lord Chief Justice Punch. By which, I suppose, you mean to imply that there is a distinction between Law and Justice! (*Laughter.*) I am afraid, Brother, you take a very narrow view of things when your judgment is warped by your professional partiality. Now, Gentlemen, I have little more to say. It is for you to decide whether the Defendant committed "waste." On the one hand, we hear

that he used the timber to the best advantage, and certainly did not "waste" (in the ordinary acceptation of the term) a single stick of it. On the other hand, experts—Judges and Queen's Counsel, and so forth—have been called before you who have, in spite of the direct evidence that has been adduced, sworn that there *has* been "waste." No doubt they are stating exactly what they believe to be the case, but I must remind you once more that the evidence of experts must be received with the gravest suspicion. Gentlemen, you will now consider your decision.

[*Exeunt the Jury to return immediately with a thoroughly common-sense verdict.*]

THE SONG OF THE SHEEP-FARMER.

AIR—"The Maid of Llangollen."

THE wet may be constant, the ewes may "run down,"
But there is some comfort 'gainst Fortune's dark frown;
The saddest of farmers I never can be,
Whilst the Earl of CARNARVON thinks kindly of me.

The Earl of CARNARVON pass scornfully by?
No! He writes to the *Standard*, and all about I!
Ah! deaf to loud ARCH's sly charmings I'll be,
Whilst the Earl of CARNARVON thinks kindly of me.

At Her Majesty's, the *Yellow Dwarf* is at last assuming better proportions. Spite an inferior "book," the entertainment, by some judicious chopping and changing, has been got at length into a fairly presentable condition. Indeed, thanks to the inventive grace of Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, to whom it owes all the "artistic merit" it possesses, the play contains perhaps as brilliant and elegant a bit of spectacular effect as is just now to be seen on any stage, either in London or out of it. If there is not much to listen to, there is certainly something that is literally well worth seeing.

THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

I AM sitting alone, by the surgery fire, with my pipe alight, now the day is done:
The village is quiet, the wife's asleep, the child is hush'd, and the clock strikes One!
And I think to myself, as I read the news, and bless my life for the peace upstairs;
That the burden's sore for the best of men, but few can dream what a Doctor bears;
For here I sit at the close of a day, whilst others have counted their profit and gain,
And I've tried as much as a man can do, in my humble manner, to soften pain:
I've warned them all, in a learned way, of careful diet, and talked of tone.
And when I have preached of regular meals, I've scarcely had time to swallow my own.
I was waked last night in my first long sleep, when I crawled to bed from my rounds dead beat.

"Ah, the Doctor's called!" and they turned and snored, as my trap went rattling down the street!

I sowed my oats, pretty wild they were, in the regular manner when life was free,
For a Medical Student isn't a Saint, any more than your orthodox Pharisee!
I suppose I did what others have done, since the whirligig round of folly began,
And the ignorant pleasures I loved as a boy—I have pretty well cursed since I came to be man.
But still I recall through the mist of years and through the portals of memory steal
The kindly voice of a dear old man who talked to us lads of the men who heal,
Of the splendid mission in life for those who study the science that comes from God,
Who buckle the armour of Nature on, who bare their breasts and who kiss the rod.
So the boy disappeared in the faith of the man, and the oats were sowed but I never forgot
There were few better things in the world to do than to lose all self in the Doctor's lot.

So I left the life that had seemed so dear, to earn a crust that isn't so cheap,
And I bought a share of a practice here, to win my way, and to lose my sleep;
To be day and night at the beck and call of men who all, and women who lie;
To know how often the rascals live, and see with sorrow the dear ones die;
To be laughed to scorn as a man who fails, when Nature pays her terrible debt;
To give a mother her first-born's smile, and leave the eyes of the husband wet;
To face and brave the gossip and stuff that travels about through a county town;
To be thrown in the way of hysterical girls, and live all terrible scandals down;
To study at night in the papers here of new disease and of human ills;
To work like a slave for a weary year, and then to be cursed when I sent my bills!

Upon my honour, we're not too hard on those who cannot afford to pay,
For nothing I've cured the widow and child: for nothing I've watched till the night turned day;

I've earned the prayers of the poor, thank God, and I've borne the sneers of the pampered beast,

I've heard confessions and kept them safe as a sacred trust like a righteous priest,
To do my duty I never have sworn, as others must do in this world of woe,
But I've driven away to the bed of pain, through days of rain and through nights of snow.

As here I sit and I smoke my pipe, when the day is done and the wife's asleep,
I think of that brother-in-arms who's gone, and utter—well, something loud and deep!
And I read the news and I fling it down, and I fancy I hear in the night that scream
Of a woman who's crying for vengeance! Hark! No, the house is still! It's a Doctor's Dream!

GETTING OUT OF A SCRAPE.

MR. CHARLES READE has, in the advertising columns of several contemporaries, made the agreeable announcement that two of his "masterpieces" may be now enjoyed every evening without the painful accompaniment of the "*Tune the Old Cow died of*." That this infliction was necessarily involved in any attempt to sit out the two masterpieces in question, was, fortunately, not widely known to all the classes of Society invited by Mr. READE's seductive advertisements to witness them. However, it is just as well to realise that the danger is past; though, apparently, it has not been disposed of without what may be regarded as a regrettable incident or two.

"This pest," says the spirited dramatist, "under which the visitors of theatres have groaned so long, has been banished, after a severe struggle, from the orchestra of the Adelphi."

It is to be presumed that the encounter here referred to, which evidently must have been of a most violent and personal character, occurred at some morning rehearsal. And it may be noted, by the way, that during the Christmas holidays this seems almost a mistake. A free fight—and there obviously must have been some very lively approach to something of the kind—between the late Conductor and his band on one side, and Messrs. CHARLES READE and J. E. MALLANDRAINE, backed up by the interpreters of the new music, on the other, could scarcely have failed to have drawn large houses every evening if properly billed and prominently put forward as an attractive feature of the programme. However, if this point has been missed, there has at least been something left in the shape of a counter poise.

"All the music of the evening," continues the Adelphi Wagner, "is selected by me, and I venture to think that visitors will find themselves consoled and cheered between the Acts—not tormented as if it were a crime to come to a Theatre."

Considering the risk that the modern Playgoer has for some time been running of getting tormented, not only between the Acts, but during the progress of the whole performance at more than one West-End Theatre that could be named, Mr. READE indeed deserves to be reckoned as a public benefactor. If all he says about it be true, and there is no ground for questioning his facts, an evening spent at the Adelphi, especially if commenced before seven in the upper boxes, must be not only a very curious, but a very delightful human experience.

FINE SUBJECT FOR THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.—The Sculptor's Ghost,

A SWEET SYNONYM.

THE elasticity of language has no limits in the hands of those who know how to use it, and never before has a sweeter name been found for murder and assassination than the one discovered by LOUISE MICHEL, the Republican lady who does all she can to ruin and discredit the Republic. She calls it "suppression." If any steps were taken to stop her orations at Belleville, Paris, or the Steinway Hall, London, she would probably call that particular form of suppression, murder. The longer word assassination she would doubtless apply to any official act that interfered, however slightly, with her power of talking.

MY TELESCOPE.



So, I shut it up for ever!
And I'll lay it wisely by,
Never, nicely focussed, never
To apply it to my eye.
Prize, delight, as I, that thought it,
Find but so fulfilled my hope,
That I wish I ne'er had bought it—
My too truthful Telescope!

It was lively at all hours
To be told the time of day
By the most remote church-towers,
Prettier still to watch the play
Of their faces when my cousins
Clinging, clustered, to a rope,
Braved the waves that came in dozens—
Through my tell-tale Telescope!

Ah! the meaning winks of Science!
There was One whose eyes divine
Flashed a gay and straight defiance
Through that trembling tube, to mine
Can it be that now we're parted?
Is it true that to elope
She has even schemed—false-hearted,
Hollow, as my Telescope?

Turned to search the starry pattern
Of the skies where learned Love
Showed the wedding-rings of Saturn
And the honeymoons of Jove,
Night by night the space between us
Was, while we were wont to grope
For the silver smile of Venus,
Lessened by my Telescope!

Simple!—Science is the sister
Of true Poesy, is said,
By the souls that, bold, have kissed her,
And I know that when we wed,
Flew to spoon in Alpine passes,
Lodged where loveless lives the Poet,
There was glamour in the glasses
Of my ten-lensed Telescope!

Yet I guessed not when we petted
That young man we met abroad,
I should view him, well—vignetted
With my own, my modest MAUD,
In the way I did, this morning,
Miles up yonder mountain-slope!—
After one such awful warning,
Who would use a Telescope?

A STERN DUTY.—The Steersman's.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



LITERAL.

Visitor (to Disconsolate One). "REJECTED YOU, DID SHE? OH, WHAT O' THAT? 'OFTEN DO AT FIRST. TRY HER AGAIN. YOU'RE NOT PERTINACIOUS ENOUGH. YOU SHOULD HAVE PRESSED HER—"

Dejected One. "YES, BUT—CONFOUND HER!—SHE WOULDN'T LET ME COME NEAR HER!"

PLON-PLON IN CHAINS.

(Brief Extract from the coming "Mia Frigione.")

It was a vast venture to dare, but then when you have young GEORGE LACHAUD—the GEORGE LEWIS of France—and young GAUTIER, son of THEOPHILE, and therefore necessarily a neat stylist, turning out a proclamation isn't half such a difficult thing as unpretending people think. It is a good deal easier than keeping calm at the Alma, and remaining to share the shame of Sedan. Great coup that of mine, keeping out of Sedan; the only Napoleon they can't connect with that. And then the bill-sticking business was well-imagined. First time anyone has attempted a *coup d'état* by bill-sticking. Afterwards, one generally does a good deal in the way of bills, and as much as one can in the endeavour to stick where one is.

But when it comes to incarceration, one hesitates. One is prudent, even though a Napoleon; and when JEROME in addition, one is additionally prudent. But LACHAUD said they wouldn't hurt me; and as a lawyer he ought to know. If the Party *did* want to do anything desperate, anything violent, and likely to bring a man into the ridiculous predicament of being shot, or stabbed, or anything nasty of that kind, why it would only come and liberate me when everything was successful and assured.

(Communication from DE CASSAGNAC, asking me to go to London with him in order to land together at Boulogne the day after. He will provide eagle if I provide the hat. Refuse. Am abominably sea-sick; and PAUL is such a desperately compromising fellow—might get me into a serious quarrel with the military.)

Glad it's the Conciergerie. Has a good historical sound. "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE at the Conciergerie"—why, the phrase is almost enough to land me at the Elysée. Besides, MARIE ANTOINETTE was there, and—lots of celebrated people among whom I must now take rank. I'm afraid I shouldn't have been at Madame TUSSAUD's without this. But they might have made the arrest a little more picturesque, the prosaic Republicans! Merely police-agents and a

THE HAPPY HYDROPOT!

[A Correspondent seriously suggests in the *Times* that the members of the great army of total abstainers in the kingdom shall be called for the future Hydropots. He does not see the joke, and only innocently fears they will be called Waterpots!]

WHAT shall I call thee? Think I can't!
Thou loyal one, with cheeks so pale,
Who execrates all stimulant,
And revels in old ADAM's ale!
Each neophyte the movement helps,
Abstainer or Blue Ribbonite;
And maybe, like Converted PHELPS,
You have a juicy tongue to bite!
I'll call thee then—why should I not?—
My Greek-derived—My Hydropot!

For thee no more the gay champagne
Shall sparkle round the glassy rim;
I'll broach no Burgundy again
To make thy precious vision dim:
No horrid "nips" of sherry wine
Thy ante-dinner hours employ;
On toast-and-water we will dine,
My own, my all-abstaining boy.
Thus I will call thee—who would not?—
My classical—My Hydropot!

Unrecognised the demon Thirst
Attends at supper, dinner, lunch:
Thou hast proclaimed the man accurst
Who brews the festive bowl of Punch!
The merry season passes by
Without a stave, without a toast;
You never "wet the other eye"
With any bacchanalian host.
Thy prize must be, thy precious lot,
To be proclaimed My Hydropot!

You will bewail no more, I think,
The coppers hot, the aching head;
But though you may not over-drink,
You still may over-eat instead.
There is no order in the world,
No bloated preacher ever tries
To bellow down, with flags unfurled,
Man's gluttonous propensities.
But let this never be forgot—
I've named thee now My Hydropot!

Commissary! Not even a battery of artillery! But after all, though, perhaps it was all for the best. Guns have an unaccountable way of going off unaccountably sometimes.

Two days passed in chains, and the People have not yet risen. Didn't count much on the ribald Parisians, but after all those circulators distributed in the Departments (rather dear for an economical Pretender like myself), I really expected the Province would descend to the rescue a little. Half anticipated hearing "*O Richard, O mon Roi!*"—only it would have been "*Empereur!*"—under my window, the first morning; but BENOIT the Judge was the only thing in the shape of a BLONDEL—and he doesn't sing. Nor do I—but I swear. Horrid prison-dinner from VOISIN's: the *marviolettes* weren't two days old; and as for the Chambertin, why, it wouldn't even have suited GAMBETTA.

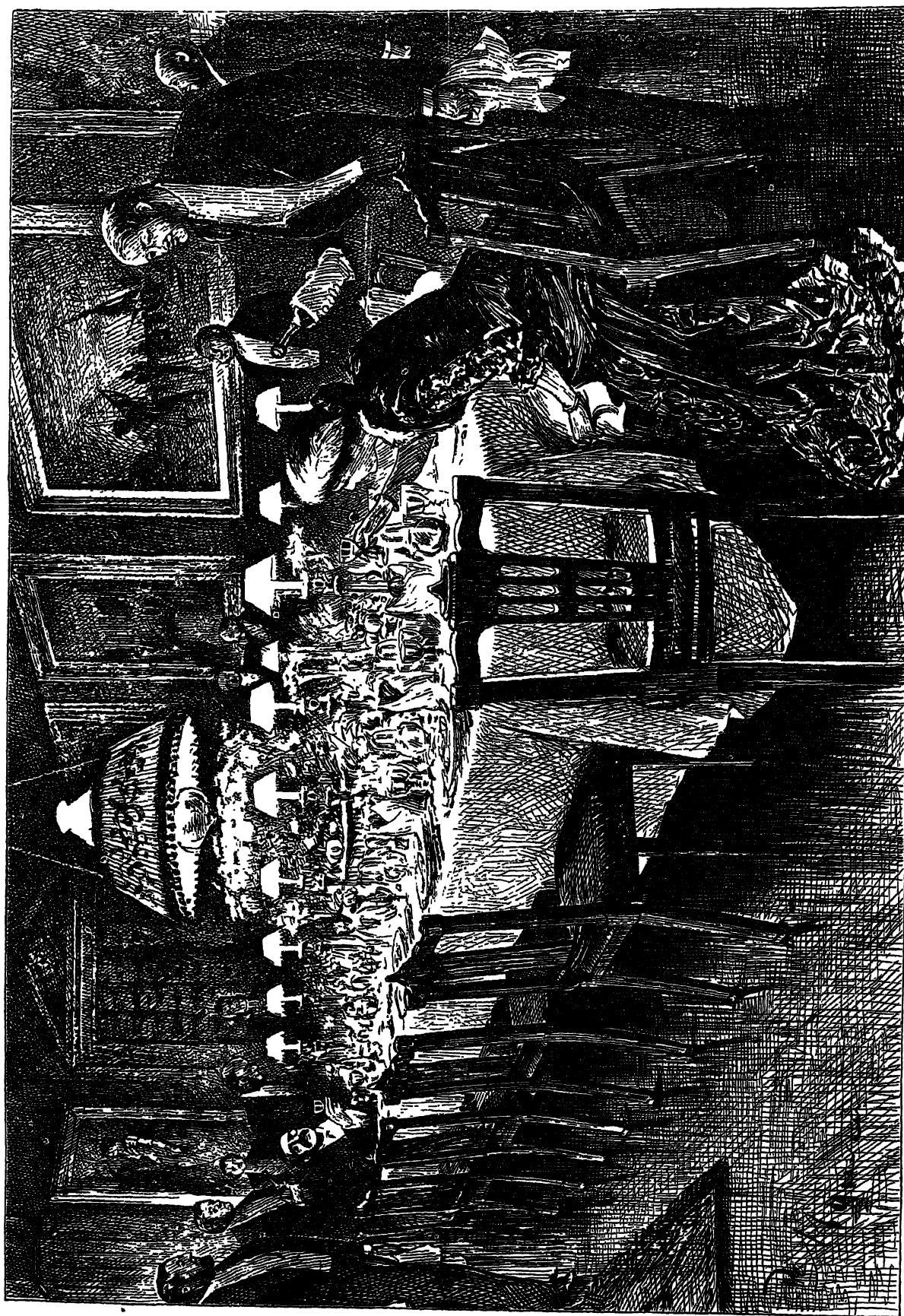
Five days here and no ovation. Change my restaurant for a change, and get a good *langue truffée* from BRÉBANT. But the captive's Château Yquem is awfully inferior for twelve francs the bottle. Have my idea the Government means to poison me.

A fortnight after incarceration, and LACHAUD every day? Have an idea the Government intends to reduce me by *ennui*. Still no demonstrations. Where's CASSAGNAC?

Three weeks of prison fare at a hundred francs a day, and I find out that CASSAGNAC is just the man who is making me more ridiculous than I can make myself; and people say I can do a good deal in that way.

After I forget how many weeks, am let out with gout and other results of high prison feeding, and the base populace has so forgotten me as to inquire audibly, "Who's that fat fellow?"

HOW TO GET OUT OF A SCRAPE.—Let your beard grow.



ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.

THE MONTGOMERY-JONESSES CELEBRATE THEIR WEDDING-DAY BY GIVING A DINNER ON AN UNUSUALLY MAGNIFICENT SCALE TO SOME OF THEIR LONDON FRIENDS. UNFORTUNATELY, AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE IN THE WEATHER DURING THE AFTERNOON HAS MADE THE ROAD UP THE HILL RATHER HEAVY, SO THAT THE LONDON FRIENDS OMIT TO TURN UP.

THE PSALM OF DEATH.

"Gentlemen, I am a soldier, and war is the soldier's element; and well I should like again to experience the elevated feeling of commanding in a pitched battle, knowing that the balls of the enemy are every instant summoning men before the judgment-seat of God."—*Marshal Von Manteuffel to the Provincial Committee of Alsace-Lorraine.*

What the heart of the young Teuton said to the old Marshal:—

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Death is shocking. Not at all!
Death clears off the scum that
cumbers
This o'er-populated ball.

Death is stirring, Death is splendid,
(Death of other men, not mine)
And its spreading is attended
By a feeling great—divine.

Art is bosh, and Science fleeting,
But purveying for the grave,
To sword-flashing and drum-beating,
This is business brisk and brave.

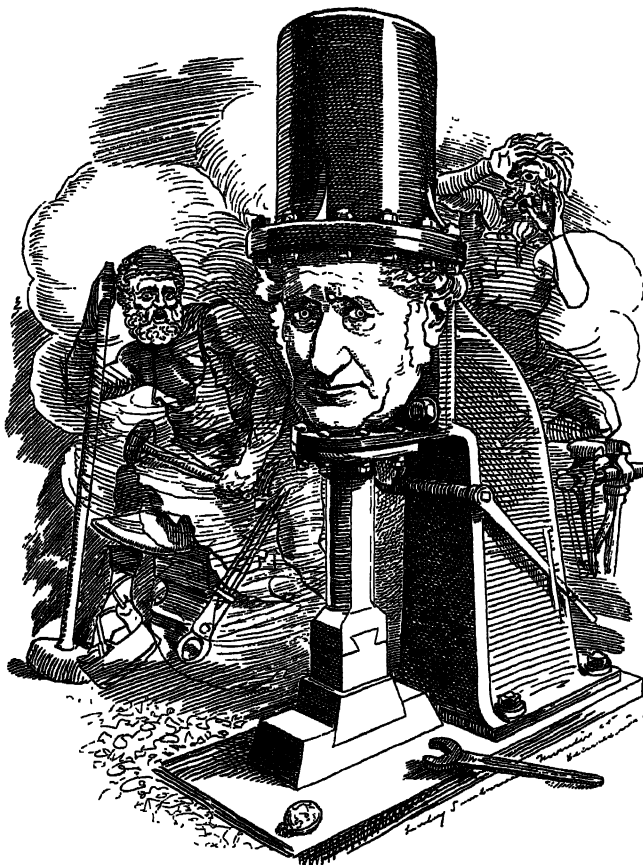
Let us urge the herd to battle;
They perhaps prefer dull life,
Driving quills, or carts, or cattle,
Knowing not the joys of strife.

Lives of conquerors all remind us
We may lead men by the nose,
And, departing, leave behind us—
Well, now, what should you suppose?

Broken hearts and crippled bodies:
Statues, stars, great families:
Those for proletariat noddies,
For ourselves and children these.

Let us then be up and fighting
(*A la Marshal Von Manteuffel*),
Set the Mob to mutual smiting,
While we sing Death's O be joyful!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 120.



JAMES NASMYTH.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO KNOCK METAL ON THE HEAD WITH
THE RIGHT HAMMER!

"I saw NASMYTH stand with his hammer thus!"
King John, Act IV., Sc. ii.—(Mr. Punch's Edition.)

EPITAPH BY A FELLOW.

"The old female hippopotamus (*Adhela*), presented to the Zoological Society in 1853 by the then Viceroy of Egypt, recently died."—*Nature.*

In Urbe, in the Regent's *Rus*,
Once lived our Hippopotamus:
For thirty years she was to us
A useful Hippopotamus!
The Press and people made a fuss
About our Hippopotamus:
And crowds came up by cab and
'bus,
To see our Hippopotamus;
And paid their shillings to discuss
Our noble Hippopotamus.
Of coin she brought us overplus,
Our darling Hippopotamus.
She's gone, let's shed a tear, and
thus
Lament our Hippopotamus!
Hic jacet, 'neath a *tumulus*,
Adhela Hippopotamus!

OUR GLUT OF GREAT MEN.

OWING to the crowded state of Westminster Abbey, which building promises, or threatens, very shortly to become overcrowded with monuments to, and statues of, departed worthies, attention has been called to a proposal put forth by the late Dean STANLEY "to enlarge the place of national burial by the erection of a Campo Santo, or mortuary cloister, on the space now occupied by secular buildings on the south-east side of the Abbey." What other country on earth is there, besides glorious Old England, that can brag of having more great men—soldiers, statesmen, divines, philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, political economists, comic novelists, and other geniuses of every description—than, as represented in their respective images and memorial sculptures, it knows what to do with?

AN INVALID'S NOTES.

DIDN'T feel up to the mark! Didn't know exactly what was the matter with me, but had a strong disinclination to get up in the morning, and an overpowering desire to go to sleep in the afternoon. Was generally depressed, and suffered from forebodings of immediate evil which were never fulfilled. Had an idea that the world was against me in general, and that no one would mourn over my approaching death, but would dismiss the subject summarily, not to say with a light heart. Consulted my Doctor. He sounded me, and said there was a harshness of breathing, and there was something not quite right at the bottom of my left lung. I thought so. I had felt it coming on for a long time. I have always known that my life would be shortened by lung-disease, and I proceeded to relate several anecdotes of bronchial affections in our family, to which truth compels me to state my Doctor did not even pay that attention which common politeness demands. He said there was no ground for uneasiness. Of course, not for him; but if he was suffering from my complaint he wouldn't take such a cheery view of the case. He advised me to lay up for a bit, to keep warm, and avoid night-air. It is very easy to be a Doctor.

Laid up for a week, kept warm, and avoided night-air. Didn't feel any better. Grew more depressed. Found myself spending hours before the looking-glass, gazing at my tongue. Couldn't sleep except at wrong times, such as between breakfast and lunch, and was seized with a wild passion to go to bed at five in the afternoon. This insomnia leads to madness, and I told my doctor of several cases of raving insanity which adorn our family history. He has probably never had any lunatics, except himself, in his family, as he poo-pooed the notion, and said that want of sleep arose solely from

biliousness. A coarse, common train of thought. The drop from incipient insanity, about which there is something heroic, something connected with old red-brick mansions and wainscotted parlours and clanking of chains, to biliousness, which is nothing more or less than over-eating and drinking, is as from murder to petty larceny. Probably if convicted of both I should prefer to be sentenced for the latter; but I had hugged my insanity—my picture of an over-wrought brain—to my breast, and was sorry to part with him. The doctor kept on declaring that there was really nothing the matter with me, but that I was low, and required much nursing; and it's a wonder he didn't add petting. He gave me tonics, which, for complete removal of appetite, were, I should think, unequalled.

Making no progress one way or the other. Got tired of laying up and keeping warm and avoiding night air. Went out for the first time to a Theatre. Smoked cigarettes, which I am strictly forbidden to do, in draughty passages, which I am expressly ordered to avoid, and drank brandies and sodas, which I am commanded to shun like poison, between the Acts. Pouring wet night, and no cabs to be got. Walked from Theatre to Club in thin clothes and shoes. Got soaked. Drank more B. and S.'s, and smoked more cigarettes, at Club, and came home, wringing wet, in a very slow, stray hansom. Felt chilled to the bone. Did this with variations for a week, then sent for my Doctor again. He said I was a little below par, but that my lungs were all sound and well.

Laid up for a month. Put myself on a strict diet. Kept in a room with a constant temperature. Toniced myself vigorously. My appetite returned. I felt wonderfully well. Sent for my Doctor. Said there was no absolute danger, but both my lungs were congested. I felt delighted that I had really got something tangible the matter with me at last.

ROUND ABOUT THE LAW COURTS.

A PRETENCE of privacy. At the large Gothic gateway several attendants wearing a costume which might have been designed for the Postal Brigade to Madame TUSSAUD'S Wax Works, bar the entrance.



"Not Admitted except on Business."

are—as a Bayswater wag would observe—"scarcely bar-gains."

You find the Central Hall deserted, so you dash up a staircase which leads to the Courts. You have been told that the Bar Corridor is to be sacred to those who have a right to wear horse-hair wigs and stuff or silk gowns. To your surprise you stumble over a most miscellaneous set of persons. Here is a loafer you last saw marching with the Guards' Band from Wellington Barracks to the St. James's Palace, there a club-window man, who has not the remotest connection with the gentlemen of the long robe, yonder a country parson, who, accompanied by his wife's father, is showing his bride all "the sights o' London." Of one thing you feel certain—that these persons are neither Witnesses nor Jurymen. As you walk rapidly along, you see a chamber labelled "Consultation Room." You peep in, and find two telegraph boys playing at pitch-and-toss. Again you advance, and on your left you notice some recesses suggestive of boxes in an old-fashioned cook-shop, which are supposed to be for the convenience of a Solicitor and his Clients. They are evidently intended for the argument of knotty cases of intricate law. On this occasion they have been put to other purposes. As you pass, you perceive that the mother of a family has secured the table of one of these recesses for the discussion of the noonday meal of a numerous offspring.

But these are details. Here are the Courts themselves. You push open a spring-door, which immediately closes behind you with a bang. There is a general and angry cry of "Hush!" A Judge is perched up on a sort of stage, which seemingly has been arranged



Theatre Royal Law Courts. First appearance of Mr. Justice Chitty in a New Character.

for amateur theatricals. He has a door on either side of him, and doors to the left and right. Before him is a mahogany desk, under which you expect him to sink and to reappear as someone else—like a forensic Mr. WOODIN. And this suggests a notion. Until things settle down a little, a great deal of the time of the Court is sure to be wasted. Might not some of that time be employed in a theatrical entertainment? Mr. JUSTICE CHITTY, for instance, would be seen to infinite advantage in *Number One Round the Corner*, were he supported by the most promising of his colleagues. To return to "the real," the narration of which may be treated for a moment in dramatic form:—

SCENE—A Court in the Royal Palace of Justice. Registrar presiding at a Shop Counter stocked with rolls of papers. Junior Bar huddled together in a corner, the seats reserved for their use having been carried triumphantly by the Public.

Counsel (rising with a brief). My Lord, I have to apply—(enormous bang)—for an injunction— [Bang, bang!

Judge (shouting). I really cannot hear you, Mr. JENKINS. The noise is— [Bang, bang, crash!

Counsel. I suppose I may take a rule, my Lord?

Judge. A what?

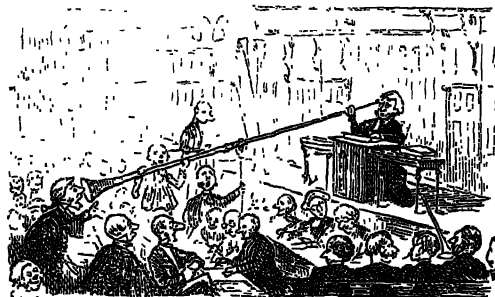
Counsel. A rule. I would observe—

[Bang, bang, crash! and murmur of conversation from without.

Judge. Really, this is intolerable—(bang, crash, bang!)—and I have got such an awful cold from the draughts, that—

[Bang, bang, crash, bang! Scene closes in upon general confusion.

But it is only fair to say that some of the Judges were well satisfied with their new quarters. For instance, Sir JAMES HANNEN was understood to intimate (by those who could hear him) that he considered



A Call Party.

Suggested Improvement for the Bench and the Bar.

However, he was patient, and assured the Bar he could hear them very well. Could they hear him? This was a great opportunity for a gentleman in a very, very new wig, who until now had had little or nothing to do with the proceedings. He jumped up, bowed to the Judge, and assured his Lordship that his Lordship's syllables were as clear as crystal. Then he smiled, and sat down rejoicing in the success of what was evidently his maiden speech. This was received most graciously by Sir JAMES, and the banging and the crashing went on as before. No doubt the Judge was contented, but to make him quite happy the assistance of an ear-trumpet and a voice-magnifier, such as those that are used during a storm at sea, seemed absolutely necessary.

In the Court of Appeal the Master of the Rolls was found consulting with his colleagues, seemingly quite unconscious of the fact that an Equity man was prosing away, pleased but unheard, amidst the reverberations of closing portals and the laughs of private conversations. Fortunately, most of the Barristers had much to say about

the law before the date of the Judicature Act, which they seemed to know a great deal better than the law which has been introduced by the passing of that interesting little measure. So, if their arguments failed to reach the Bench, not much was lost, after all, to anyone. But as the decisions of such important authorities as Sir GEORGE JESSER and Lord JUSTICES LINDLEY and BOWEN



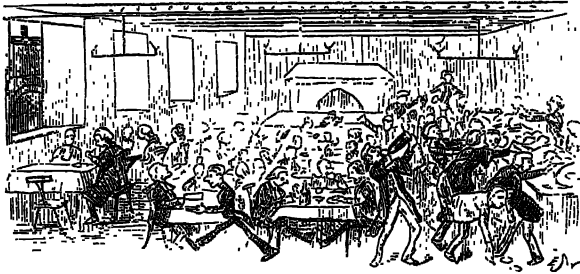
A little Music in the Court of Appeal.

Glee—"We come to Judgment."

are of great value, they at least should not be lost by being imperfectly heard. So, were they arranged as glees, and sung with deep feeling by the eminent lawyers specified, they would have a fair chance of producing a profound and lasting impression.

But now the time had arrived for a refresher. There was a rush down-stairs in search of luncheon. The successful and the briefless hurried together down dark passages and gloomy staircases, until they had sunk, seemingly, many scores of feet beneath the level of the street. Then, when they had reached the lowest level, they found themselves before a door leading to what would have been called in

years gone by, "the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat," but which, in these more modern days, would have passed for a very dark kitchen. All entered with a shudder or a sigh. The place was



Bar Refreshers.

so cold, comfortless, and dismal. And to what use was this gloomy apartment put? Was it retained for the detention of condemned assassins? No; it was merely the Refreshment Room reserved for the Bar! During the luncheon hour (to quote the Bayswater wag once again) "the calls to the Bar" were fast and furious. Those at the tables, however, were less demonstrative—preferring "shop" to eating. Of a verity may it be said, "When Silk meets Stuff, then comes the tug of bore."

THE FANCY DRESS-BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE LORD MARE and the LADY MARESS seems to be going it, they do. There ain't no fear of the grass growing under their feet, however it mite wish to do so in such a werry plezzant place as the Manshun House.

Not content with the butiful Children's fancy Calico Ball as they gave about a fortnight ago, and which as I said at the time was the loveliest and most beautifulest site as even I ever seed, they last Fursday asked about a thousand growed up folk, includin some of the most distingwished people in the whole City of London and elsewhere, with no restrictshun to Calico, but with no admission unless in Fancy Costume, excep for us Gentlemen in attendance, to come to a grown-up Ball.

Ah, that was summam like a Ball that was, and quite a study of carackter to us lookers on. You see when you asks a Gent to dress hisself up in the disguys of some great man of past times, you at once finds out who he most admires and riverences and would ha' liked to have been. For instance, if you sees a Gent who when he's at home is only a Common Tradesman, and when he's out only a Common Councilman, dress hisself up like some great Ero of old, you knows at once as that man is not a fulfilling his propper destiny, and that he no dont wastes his life a pining and a longing to be a Nero instead of a mere tradesman or a C. C. Then again, if he gos in for looking like one of the lower orders, you at once sees as Nature intended him for sumthink of that low hignorant sort, and for a nydle hour or two he feels quite at his ease, and much more at home than when freckwentin the soshety of the Bo Mond, such as Sherryffs and Aldermen. And to us Waiters who knows amost all on 'em werry well indeed, and had sumtimes seen 'em in their weaker moments, it was great fun to see 'em strutting about in what was littorally their borrowed plumes, and a trying to look like Statesmen or Poets or Gentlemen of other days, or great Captings, or old Foreners of Distinchun, or even as Feelosophers. But still, for all that, it was a butiful site, plenty of colour, plenty of wariety, plenty of wittles, and plenty of light, the Electric Light, tho' I hates it with a mortal hatred perfeshionally, making everythink look brighter than ever.

One thing as struck me and all my Brotheren werry strongly, was the fact that havin to support a charackter as one isn't used to, and to wear close as one isn't used to, does seem to have the most extroniary effect of making everybody dreadful thirsty. I'm sure the constant stream of eros and statesmen and solgers and nobblemen, mingled with some of the rather lower orders, as kept a-comin into my refreshment room, was sumthink wonderful, and one and all, igh and low, seemed all as thirsty as soles.

The LORD MARE with that natiral desire to add dignerty to the igh office he adorns, surjested to the LADY MARESS the King and Queen of Dimonds as crackters appropriate to the occashun. But the LADY MARESS, as I were told by one of her own maids, she says to her lovin spowse, says she, "No, my Lord, there's somethink as we prizes more than lovely Dimands, and them's lovin Arts, and so we'll be drest up as the King and Queen of Arts." And so they was, and never yet since fancy Dress Balls was first inwented in Fairy Land was such a magnificent couple seen as they was on

last Fursday evening, and BROWN aashally said, and it warn't bad for BROWN, that they had made Arts trumps and held all the honours.

The sillybrated Mr. TERRY the tragedian was there, with his butiful dark brown Squaw as he saved from the tiger in Wirginia. He had bin a-playing his grate charakter of the Wild Man of the Woods, and hadn't time to exchange his costumes, so the kind LADY MARESS said, come as you are, and he come.

There was only one Sherryff, which was rayther a damper on sum of our sperrits, but the principal under Sherryff, Field Marshall PONTREX MAXIMUS, with his flaming robes, quite restored us.

How that dreadful looking Casual managed to get in when nobdody wasn't a-looking rayther shocked sum of us, till we was told as he was a sillybrated Dook in disguise, and then of course we all admired him immensely. He certainly played his part to the life and looked as tho' he had bin born in a Workhus and bread in a Casual Ward. BROWN, with his usual imperance, spread the report that one of the Sherryffs was a-comin, just for this once, as Mr. MARWOOD, under the assumed name of Mr. MARWOOD TUCK'EMUP, but of course it warn't true. One or two of the Aldermen was really got up splendid, quite like Old Masters, as sumboddy said, tho' as I didn't know him myself, I of course couldn't see the likeness. One in partioklar looked so family picture like, that even Sir F. LAYTON hisself would have allowed him to have sum "Hartistic Merrit."

I'm afraid as I cannot say quite so much truthfully for all the numerous Common Counsellmen, tho' some of 'em did look so grand that I really arldy knowed 'em. I think sum of 'em might have come more in reel carackters. For instance, I should ha' liked to have seen the 1st Commisshuner of Sewers as a reel live Seavenger of the time of ENDARD THE 3d, the founderer of Butiful Billingsgate. That I should think would have been a reel picture. Then the emergettick Chairman of the New City School might have come as JOHN the Carpenter, of the Founders Company, who preceeded him and Sir JOHN MUNKTUN in the same rain, and his Reverence JOSEPH HARRIS might have come as JOSEPH RIENZY, "the last of the Latins."

These would have given a local flavour to the whole thing, just like the introdackshun of a little Turtill Soup at Supper.

BROWN said as one Gent was meant for WILLIAM TELL, tho' how he could tell that I'm sure I don't know, excep that he carried a big Bow and looked werry cross ooz sumbody stole his Appel. Another was OLIVER CROMWELL, tho' praps, judging from his marvellus performance at supper, OLIVER CROMWELL or OLIVER TWIST would ha' been a better name for him.

There's no accounting for taste as the Waiter said when he tasted Zeedont, you never can, but the guys as some on 'em made of their-selves was a caution. Sum of the werry thinnest legged People, with lins like Mr. IRVING, seemed to find quite a plezzure in exposing them as much as possible to public gaze, tho' certainly not to public admryashun. Sir WALTER RALLY reminded us a good deal of the Grand Old Man, for he kept a gitting of his collar up all the evening and it did make him so wild. But lor bless all their arts it does seem rayther a funny thing for a lot of respectabel grown-up people to go and dress their-selves up in other peoples' clothes and try to look like sumbody else.

But it's all werry emusing, and sends the money a flying about, and serves for a lot of armless gossup for long ears arter its all over, and all on 'em has recovered from the intoxication of the evening and has rewerted with a sy to the sober rayment and the sober enjoyments of their ordinary dumdrum life.

ROBERT.

BOBS AND BADGES.

To a correspondence on the important subject of "Medals in Evening Dress,"—a combination of the Military uniform with the Civilian costume—which some Retired Officers have been carrying on in the *Morning Post*, a veteran survivor of the Crimean War contributes the suggestion that such officers "should wear miniature medals, and those on full pay their original ones." The propounder of this happy thought signs himself "AN OLD LIGHT BOB." It seems perfectly feasible; though a miniature duplicate of a war medal might bear too much the aspect of a bogus medal; precisely as the denomination of a "Light Bob" suggests the idea of a bad shilling.

Talking of "An Old Light Bob," somebody may say, what Officer would it now be proper to call a "New Light Bob"? Of course the answer is obvious: "A Mounted Bobby."



CAUGHT NAP-ING.—PLOW-PLOW has played his cards and showed his hand. It was clearly not one to "go Nap" on.



DEPRESSING!

Griggles. "HULLO, DUMPLEY! WHAT ARE YOU READING? 'CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE LANCET! PUT IT DOWN, AND COME AND HAVE A GAME O' PYRAMIDS!"

THE LAY OF THE ICHTHYOPHAGIST.

[The first of a series of Meetings, which it is proposed to hold throughout the Metropolis for the purpose of calling attention to the operations of the "Billingsgate Fish Ring," took place last week in Clerkenwell.]

'Tis surely too bad there's no fish to be had,
In bulk or in delicate slices,
In all London town though you roam up and down,
That's not sold at terrible prices.
We know fish is good, 'tis most exquisite food,
Assisting the brains of bread-winners,
And yet it's so dear it's too painfully clear,
The poor can't afford it at dinners.

You wish for the whole of a freshly fried sole,
Red mullet we know is inviting,
There's joy in crimp'd skate, as all *gourmets* can state,
And excellent flesh on a whiting.
We'd feel very odd if deprived of our cod,
Spring dinners would surely be gammon
Without the sweet fish, that is pink as the dish,
The grand, unapproachable salmon.

I've oft in a dream seen the pleasant sea-bream,
The lobster is gay in apparel,
I honour the crab, and the prawn, and the dab,
And oysters that come in a barrel.
The haddock and plaice bring a smile to my face,
And whitebait a careful cook sprinkles
With flour; e'en the eel a fresh joy will reveal;
And oh! I am "nuts" upon winkles!

Then "Down," let us sing, "with the Billingsgate Ring!"

That makes fish too dear to be eaten.
Let markets abound, so one day 'twill be found
These rascally salesmen are beaten.
Hold meetings and spout till reform comes about,
Keep up a ne'er-ending commotion,
Till many cheap fish shine one day on the dish—
The harvest that comes from the ocean!

NAPOLÉON POUR RIRE!!

La République loquitur:—

HA, ha! Imposing pose! Travesty quaint!
PLOM-PLOM, *mon p'tit*, whatever are you after?
Ho, ho! *La France languit!* If France feels faint,
'Tis with the effort of spasmodic laughter.
But come, *you* must not play heroic pranks,
Like a tragedian with the blade and cup.
A nuisance, worthy, not of bonds, but—spanks.
Shut up!

Your masquing as the Corsican is queer
As that of a political Tom Thumb.
You are but a NAPOLÉON *pour rire*;
What do you, PLOM-PLOM, in this galley? Come!
Your "Manifesto" will not raise a scare;
'Tis a mere popgun, PLOM-PLOM, not a Krupp.
And as for that cocked hat of yours, why—there!

[*Bonnets him.*]

Shut up!

SHORT COMMONS.

WE have very little Common-Sense, and equally little Common Honesty, and this year will probably see the last of our Common-Lands. The few yards of unappropriated earth which have been left to us in the heart or in the outskirts of our great towns are all marked, tabulated, and deposited in the shape of railway, building, or sea-canal plans in the pigeon-holes of Parliamentary Agents. The chance of getting something for nothing—something which, belonging to everybody, is often defended by nobody—is too tempting for the Macaires, Diddlers, Turpins, and Sheppards of the architectural and engineering profession,—

"Rattle your bones over your stones,
We've taken your Commons which nobody owns."

Tramways and railways to Hampstead Heath, railways through Wimbledon, like the sweet things through Wandsworth, railways to

High Beach;—these, and a hundred similar schemes, are hatching to complete the work begun years ago by the aristocratic squatter. The Lords of Bad Manners sometimes congratulate themselves that Parliament throws no obstacle in the way of public robbery, by having no Standing Orders to prevent the promoters of Private (and Confidential) Bills from compulsorily acquiring Common-Lands, which "are much cheaper than enclosed land."

We refer all persons who are interested in these questions—that is, nearly the whole population—to the Commons Preservation Society, 6, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and we ask its energetic Secretary, Mr. PERCIVAL BIRKETT, to keep his eye on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. These gentlemen have been asked to give up nine out of twenty acres of Lambeth Palace Grounds for the benefit of a poor and crowded neighbourhood, and it remains to be seen whether they will comply with this reasonable and proper request. This governing body is large and mixed, comprising two Archbishops, twenty-eight Bishops, five Cabinet Ministers, three Judges, three Deans, and twelve Laymen, but when it is a question of giving to the poor, and consequently doing what is manifestly right, even such an unwieldy Committee as this ought to be prompt and unanimous.

"The True Position of Parties."

By a Troubled Tory.

THE *Standard* and the *Quarterly* contend Upon this subject, but to what clear end?

My own position is a giddy—false one,
Vertigo seizes me, my brain's confusion.
And I can only come to one conclusion,

Our Party's "true position" is—a false one!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM finds the two Mewses at the back of her house in Bloomsbury a great nuisance, and how the Ancients managed to endure Nine of them she cannot imagine!

HERALDIC TITLE FOR AN EMINENT TRETOTALLER.—*Party per Pair.*



NAPOLÉON POUR RIRE!!

FRANCE. "AH! HOW YOU ARE STUPID! VOILÀ!!" (*Bonnets him.*)



MUCH BETTER!

Dr. Dufferin (to his Egyptian Patient). "HERE, MY 'INTERESTING' CONVALESCENT, YOU WILL FIND THIS SMALL STAFF MORE SERVICABLE TO YOU THAN THOSE OLD CRUTCHES!"

JOHN TO JOHN.

AIR—"My Old Friend John."

"MR. JOHN RUSKIN has been again elected Slade Professor at Oxford."

'Tis forty years, our old friend JOHN,
Since your first work we read ;
Foraging midst your noble tomes
What happy, happy hours have sped !
With you we've scaled the mountain side,
And pulled the purple heather ;
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we first met together.
Since we as boys
First knew the joys
Of Ruskinese together.
Methinks it seems but yesterday
Since we first met together.

There's pleasure in remembrance, JOHN,
As eloquent, as true
Are you as in the spring of life,
When first you wrote and drew.
We miss some glowing rhetoric,
You've tightened trope's gay tether ;
But fancy decks your periods still,
As when we met together.
When we, as boys,
First tried the joys
Of Ruskinese together.
Methinks you seem as golden-tongued
As when we met together.

Farewell not yet we'll bid you, JOHN ;
You say your prime is o'er ;
But he who *Modern Painters* penned,
Will write, and charm, much more.
Art owes you more than to the herd
Of prigs who cant and blether ;
We honour you as in the days
When we first met together.
When we as boys
First tried the joys,
Of Ruskinese together.
Through many sunny years, friend JOHN,
May we yet live together !

HINTS FROM THE HINDOO.

THE "Indian Contingent" which visited England last year seem to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly, judging from the letter published in a "local journal" from one of the Officers, whose simple surprise at all that he saw is quite touching. As the Contingent considered the Crystal Palace to be "the finest building in London," and "better than Windsor Castle or Westminster Abbey," and as they remark that the Franco-German War Panorama at Sydenham, is "the finest picture in London," we are bound to conclude that somebody must have been playing practical jokes on these decidedly childlike guests from India's coral strand, when they were sojourning in our midst. Will the next batch of distinguished foreign visitors report to their "local journals" as follows ?—

We Redskin braves were delighted to visit England. Were told it was the home of Freedom and Fire-Water, and we all like Fire-Water. Immediately on landing at Dover we found *such a nice Gentleman* waiting to conduct us everywhere. He asked us how much money we had about us, and said he would take care of it for us, and took us to a hotel in London, which he said was the largest in the World. But we did not think it so very large, and the rain came through the roof into the little room, and the floor on which we all slept was rather hard. The Nice Gentleman said he was the Representative of the "Universal Grand Press and Telegraphic Bureau," and we should see the QUEEN, and the PRIME MINISTER, and Newgate, and all the finest buildings in London.

One day we visited the Houses of Parliament. We wondered why there were so many people lying in little beds arranged all along the walls. The Nice Gentleman said that there had been an "all-night sitting," and Members were always ill after that. In one room which we noticed was called the "Accidents' Ward," the House of Lords was assembled. At least so the Nice Gentleman said ; but we were surprised to find so many with their arms bandaged, or their legs slung by bands from the ceiling. The Nice Gentleman told us that there had been a "slight disagreement between the Two Houses,

and then there were always a few scalps taken, and other trifling injuries among their Lordships." We asked why a man with a case of instruments made one of the noblemen wince so, and we were told that it was "only the *Clôture* being applied for the first time." We had heard of the *Clôture*, but did not know it was like this. We should not like to have the *Clôture* applied to us.

After leaving the House, we were introduced to Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE, who seemed quite pleased to take us into a dirty little house, where we all had a good deal of fire-water together.

When we went down to Windsor to see the QUEEN, Her Majesty was indisposed, and could not receive us, at which we wept bitterly. However, we admired the Castle very much. The Nice Gentleman told us it had been the home of the Kings and Queens of England ever since the Flood, and we believed him, because we saw the Flood quite plainly from the top of the "Round Tower."

Another day the Nice Gentleman told us he would take us to the Maze at Hampton Court. None of us knew about Hampton Court, or what a Maze meant. We were pleased to see such a fine new building in the Strand, and to know that this was Hampton Court Palace. There were men with red and blue bags, and curious white things on their heads, which the Nice Gentleman said were called barristers' wigs ; he said that the reason why the hair was white was because it was the hair of their great uncles, which these men had "raised," and were punished by being obliged to wear it always afterwards. But *we* should not think anything of scalping a great uncle. The Maze itself was very clever. The Nice Gentleman placed us in one corner of the building, called "the Chancery Offices," and there left us to find the way out. He said this was always what was done with visitors, and we tried it ; but it took us three hours to get out, so we did not enjoy ourselves, and we were taken up several times by Policemen, who did not seem to understand the occupation we were engaged in. Still, we consider it to be Number One Maze in the World. Subsequently the Nice Gentleman telegraphed "he thought we should be amazed," and so we were. We have not seen him since—nor our money !

"LES MALADES MALGRÉ EUX."

(On the Shores of the Mediterranean.)



PRESENT—Two Political Exiles of Importance.

First Exile. Well, I little thought to meet you here. 'Tis a far cry from Midlothian to—Monaco.

Second Exile (with a sigh half sorrowful, half sybaritic). Indeed,

yes. By this time I hoped to have fared once more due North, and there to have smashed, pounded, pulverised—(Pauses.) Ah! well—there are compensations.

[Draws a deep breath of Southern air with great gusto.]

First Exile. Yes,—

"Doth not a meeting like this make amends"

for—losing the chance of carrying the fiery cross through the frosts of a Scotch winter?

Second Exile (meditatively). Ah!—

"Dark and true and tender is the North."

And but for CLARK's tyranny and the gentle urgings of—ahem! Still "the palms and temples of the South" come pleasantly after Parliament Street in mid-winter.

First Exile. The emancipated slaves of St. Stephens seem all like the swallow to be "flying, flying South." I, CHILDERS, CHURCHILL, and now even you, the steel-nerved Titan, fire-proof, water-proof, weather-proof, and sword-proof—

Second Exile (blandly). By the way, is that Lord RANDOLPH yonder?—

First Exile (starting and upsetting his glass). By all the gnats of ARISTOPHANES, I hope no—ah!—*(Greatly relieved.)* He does not see us—he—I—ah—

(Refills his glass.)

Second Exile. Poor fellow! Like ourselves, he is *malade malgré lui*! Here's his health—and yours, Sir STAFFORD!

(Glug-glug-glug ad. lib.)

First Exile. Regular Lotos-land this, eh?

Second Exile. Quite so. A place where,—

"Propt on beds of amaranth and moly,"

the "dormant talent" of Neo-Conservatism might have a good time of it—till the new monthly Magazine shall summon them to the virile and vigilant labours of Ulysses.

First Exile. Humph! Perhaps the crimson amaranth beds might have less charm for them than the board of green cloth yonder.

Second Exile. Yes. "An Eden of bland repose" is not quite the ideal of the modern golden youth—political or otherwise.

First Exile (shily). Astonishing is it not when their Nestor-like seniors set them so fine an example of obedience to the "rest and be thankful" doctrine?

Second Exile. Well, we are resting now, and I at least am thankful. Although if ANDREW and my—

First Exile. Hush! Who shall decide when Doctors don't disagree? Perhaps, in the grim grind of modern political life, the *Grantully Castle* and the *Pandora*, the stimulating seas of the North and the sunny shores of the South may play as important a part as—*Fortnightly* homilies or *Quarterly* jeremiads. Besides, here you will be able to brush up that Italian of which you have lost the use." Ha! ha!

Second Exile (gravely). Ah! I wonder what the great Florentine would have thought of the scene over yonder?

First Exile. Well, 'tis scarcely characterised by Dantesque severity, though DANTE's illustrator—DORÉ—might make something of it. Astonishing sight! Shall we take a turn round the tables?

Second Exile. If you please—as spectators purely.

First Exile. Oh, of course, of course.

A PROCLAMATION.

OH yes! oh yes! Lost, stolen, or strayed.

A Sun! Like a schoolboy the wag he played,
Or got drowned—in the rain. Anyhow, we have missed him,

For several weeks from the chilled Solar System.
No one can be sure how or when he sloped from it,
Some think he is off on the spree with the Comet,
But no one can certainly tell us at all,
What has become of our mighty red ball;
Whether a "spot"—stroke has left him in pocket,
Or whether he's just busted up like a rocket.
Anyone who will the truant restore
Unto this disconsolate planet once more,
Shall receive—well, a glad invitation to lunch
At 85, Fleet Street!!!

By Order

(Signed)

PUNCH.

"AFTER all," said MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, "there's nothing like SIR WALTER SCOTT for novels. I think his *Tallyman* one of the best romances I ever read."



INGRATITUDE AND HYPOCRISY.

Jones (brightening up in spite of himself). "CONFOUND THE BELT CASE! ARE WE NEVER TO HAVE AN END OF IT?"

Brown (ditto). "UGH! IT'S POSITIVELY SICKENING!"

[Both read all about it, however, to the exclusion of everything else, and talk about nothing else all day.]

MORE LIGHT!

SIR,—In reply to the carefully considered letter of your correspondent, "A GROPER IN THE DARK," dealing with the respective merits of Gas and Electricity for purposes of domestic illumination, and strongly advocating the employment of the latter wherever practicable, I can only say that my experience has led me to a very different conclusion. My country-house is a large one, and I was recently induced by a scientific friend, who is largely interested in the success of a recent patent, but whose judgment in the matter I had no reason to doubt, to give the new agent a fair trial. Contracts were speedily entered into with the Dynamo-rotating Duplex Incandescent Electric Insulator Company (POLLIKOFF System), with the result that, at a cost of £7314 16s. 5d., my premises were soon supplied with the requisite number of lights, of 190 candle-power each, the whole being fed by sixteen powerful dynamo-machines, situated in various parts of the building, and driven by a three-hundred-horse-power central-engine, attended day and night by a couple of stokers, and placed in a conspicuous position in the entrance-hall. But here our comforts may be said to have ended.

Though I have BILKER's patent Life Saving Switch attached to every burner, and a capital appliance by which the current can be diverted at a moment's notice, no less than three friends who were spending the Christmas with us, received such appalling shocks and other severe injuries, when incautiously admiring the extreme ingenuity of the apparatus as they were dressing for dinner, that I have since heard from their Solicitors that they can never recover.

Add to this, that the continuous shaking of the engine is rapidly bringing the staircase down, and that, owing to the red-heating of the wires, carefully cased by ZERINGER's process in the wood-work of the floors, we are obliged to telegraph to Bolsover for the entire fire brigade whenever we sit down more than six to dinner, and you can picture the sort of life the new agent is leading us. Only the other day my wife's uncle, a cheery and hale old country gentleman, calling to wish us the compliments of the season, sat by mistake on a small Groove battery, and went out of his mind; while at the present moment I am being charged with the maintenance of a coachman, three butlers, and a local piano-tuner, all permanently paralysed, in the General and County Incurable Asylum. Under the circumstances I have no hesitation in giving my preference to gas. I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Shockwell Hall, Hants.

W. T. SLUMBER.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A WAPPING RECTOR," may soon assure himself of the purity of the gas supplied to him by the Company to which he refers. Let him take five pounds of acetate of barytes, a peck of common tar-ash, three ounces of hyperphosphate of dynamite (BOLT's is the best), and mix the whole in a twenty-gallon copper over a brisk coke-fire, taking care not to stir too rapidly for fear of an explosion. When the mixture, which has a peculiarly pungent and unpleasant smell, comes to the boil, let all the furniture of the room to be tested, which has previously had the door fastened securely with cobbler's-wax, be thoroughly saturated: window-curtains, blinds, and anti-macassars being hung in dripping condition. Now let him light his gas. If in a few moments the whole of his drawing-room suite becomes a rich streaky mottled brown-black, he may rest assured that the gas is pure. This is an infallible test.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

SIR,—I have the misfortune to rent a house in a suburb, the supply of gas to which is a monopoly in the hands of the South-Northern District Light and Coal Company. I have not been in residence three months, but every ceiling in my house is coal-black, while the apology for light, for which I am paying at the rate of seven shillings and ninepence per thousand cubic feet, is furnished me in the shape of a dull, yellow, flickering, mephitic vapour that I am assured by experts is slowly poisoning my entire household. No sooner do we let the Company's deadly compound loose on us through the meter than I am invariably seized with acute symptoms of apopleptic coma, terminating in a fit, that is only relieved when I am placed horizontally outside my own drawing-room balcony, and left there for hours in the dark. In this uncertain weather, such an alternative is almost intolerable, and I appeal to your powerful pen to help me.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN ELECTRIC SHAREHOLDER.

SIR,—“A SUFFERER” is quite in error in attributing the “beating sensation as of red-hot hammers on the temples” as experienced by himself and the “few friends” who dined with him on the 10th inst., to the quality of the gas.

Any scientific acquaintance could have informed him that common coal-gas in combustion, giving off freely bi-sulphuret of carbon and the volatile acids in high solution, would naturally produce the sudden copper-coloured hue he noticed in the complexion of his guests. Such a phenomenon is perfectly compatible with an illuminating medium that may be regarded, from a sanitary point of view, as quite innocuous, and to direct public attention to the fact merely shows that he is ignorant of the very first principles of sound Chemical Science. The alleged violent nightly choking of the baby on the nursery-floor I really cannot seriously discuss. The merest novice knows that hydro-carbonate of sulphur, liberated in excess, will induce all the symptoms of violent strangulation, accompanied by acute asphyxia.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE IMPLICATED COMPANY.

SIR,—If any of your readers has still a doubt as to the immense superiority of electricity over gas as a lighting and heating agent, he has only to visit my premises to satisfy himself once and for all on the subject. For years I have been trying to read by gaslight, in a deadly stupor; dull, morose, disheartened, a burthen to myself, and an intolerable cause of discomfort to my friends. Last month, however, I was persuaded to give the new light a trial. The change has been wonderful. I am now all over the place. I skip up the stairs. I play practical jokes on the tradesmen who call for orders at the adjacent houses; and I find myself sitting up the whole night in the wildest spirits, singing comic songs out of the first-floor window till the police positively interfere. Several summonses have already been taken out against me. In fact, I am an altered man. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.

Yours, &c.,

AN HONEST ENTHUSIAST.

SIR,—Having used gas for many years with the result that I have for some time past been practically without lunge, I last month, at the advice of a friend, fell back upon electricity. I now have no eyes, and am confined by my Doctor to reading theatrical posters through red spectacles, and these only by moonlight. As far, therefore, as the merits of the respective illuminating media are concerned, my attitude is at present that of

A PATIENT INQUIRER.

RIFLE AND BORE.

By accounts from Vienna we learn that a certain Herr MANNLICHER has invented a new repeating-rifle which he calls a “Magazine Gun.” The repetition in that Magazine appears to be quite a terrible kind of tautology.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

VINDICATING THE LAW.

THE far too numerous Licensing Authorities who are entrusted with the Government of London Amusements, are playing a not very dignified game of shuttlecock with Theatrical property. Their object



appears to be to toss official responsibility from one to the other, so that, in the event of any catastrophe, it will be difficult to hang the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the Chief of the Police, or the Chairman of the Board of Works. The Alcazar Theatre, after a fight of several weeks, has been closed by a Bow-Street Magistrate, who has been set in motion by the Home-Office. The Board of Works have deliberated, as only a Board can deliberate, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has hesitated, as only a Lord Chamberlain, without funds to prosecute,

can hesitate, and the Police have politely declined to use the authority given to them by an Act of Parliament. The “disorderly house” has at last been closed, but not before a public scandal has been created; and a number of people are thrown out of employment who ought never to have been employed, and a quantity of capital is wasted that ought never to have been expended. How long are we to wait for a Licensing System that is short, sharp, and well-defined, and that is in the hands of one man who knows his own mind, respects public-requirements, and has some knowledge of Theatrical business? For the moment Justice is asleep!

BACK TO THE PLAY.

WHEN no longer you're a rover o'er those horrid Straits of Dover,
When you've settled all the business that's gone wrong while
you're away
On your wanderings Continental, when you've paid the quarter's
rental,
You bethink yourself of seeing what they're doing at the Play.

The Lyceum has a *Benedick* that draws a pretty penny,
The accessories are splendid as accessories can be;
While, as *Beatrice*, Miss TERRY we call fascinating very,
And Miss MILLWARD as young *Hero* is a pleasant sight to see.

At the Haymarket a comedy shows BANCROFT as a “gommy,”
They have given one more revival of the Robertsonian plays.
Mrs. B. again is *Polly*, so hilarious and jolly,
And with DAVID JAMES and BROOKFIELD, *Caste* should run for
many days.

There's CHARLES READE and HENRY PETTIT bid for cheap applause,
and get it,
For the “Gods” have loved sensation since the Drama's earliest
age;

Or you visit the Princess's, where the pleased spectator blesses
JONES and HERMAN for a sound play that's a credit to the Stage.

There's a Pantomime at Drury Lane, late full of sound and fury,
And 'tis pleasant to see children think the Play so sweet a boon;
At the Standard, too, and Surrey there is Pantomimic hurry,
With the old time-honoured “wheezes” for the Clown and
Pantaloon.

At the Globe we'll hope *Jane Eyre* a most decided *avis rara*,
They have given up Great ALFRED and have gone to Mister WILLS;
And since all folks knew the Poet was in ne'er a sense a “go,” it
Seems they've made a resolution just in time to change their bills.

We have *Impulse* at St. James's; where, amid the playbill names, is
That of HARE, one asks in wonder, but the piece is very fair,
While in *Comrades* COGHLAN's utter firm repose sets in a flutter,
Many hearts within the theatre that borders on Sloane Square.

At the Gaiety each stanza of the new Extravaganza,
Wins much laughter and folks crowd in to JOHN's histrionic shop;
At the Vaudeville *The Rivals* seems the best of all revivals,
And you see in Mrs. CHIPPENDALE an able *Malaprop*.

The Criterion *Miss Betsy* well deserves the cheers she gets; I
Can advise the Op'ra Comique and the troupe of LILA CLAY;
So the list might be extended, but 'tis time our verse was ended,
Choose your piece and call a Hansom, and then roll off to the Play!

MEM. ON “MEMORIALS.”—They who have done anything that will perpetuate their memories don't want any; and they that have done nothing oughtn't to have any.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied
Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 2. THACKERAY.

[Method of using this:—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete.]



FEBRUARY 1.

Having a good natural genius, and a heart not unkindly, he had used these qualities in such an admirable manner as to be at twenty utterly ruined in purse and principle—

an idler, a spendthrift, and a glutton.

FEBRUARY 28.

FEBRUARY 2.

A Scotch snob—than which the world contains no more offensive creature.

FEBRUARY 27.



FEBRUARY 3.

He is wild and unsettled, and I fear he is going to the bad a little.

FEBRUARY 26.

FEBRUARY 4.

For this was all that was left after more than seventy years of cunning, and struggling, and drinking, and scheming, and sin and selfishness—a whimpering old idiot put in and out of bed, and cleaned and fed like a baby.

FEBRUARY 25.



FEBRUARY 5.

About your most common piece of hypocrisy, how men will blush and bungle:—how easily, how gracefully, how consummately women will perform it.

FEBRUARY 24.



FEBRUARY 6.

Somewhat of a prig, and not a little pompous and wearisome with his Latin quotations.

FEBRUARY 23.

FEBRUARY 7.

Dashder old fool never lived! A dashed old psalm-singing, blundering old woman.

FEBRUARY 22.



FEBRUARY 8.

That selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney dandy, that padded booby, who had neither wit, nor manners, nor heart.

FEBRUARY 21.



FEBRUARY 9.

He was a coarse man from the Stock Exchange, where they love all sorts of practical jokes.

FEBRUARY 20.

FEB. 10.

She had her faults, and many of 'em.

FEBRUARY 19.



FEB. 11.

A good fellow, but a vulgar fellow; and his wife—his wife exactly suits him.

FEBRUARY 18.



FEBRUARY 12.

What will a man not do when frantic with love? To what baseness will he not demean himself?

FEBRUARY 17.

FEBRUARY 13.

It is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient.



FEBRUARY 14.

You silly old creature; you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage.

FEBRUARY 15.

Oh, for shame! Oh, for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler!

FEBRUARY 29.

Leap Year.



FEBRUARY 16.

Her figure was rather of the fattest, and her mouth of the widest; she was freckled over like a partridge's egg, and her hair was the colour of a certain vegetable which we eat with boiled beef, to use the mildest term.



The French Claim to "Control."

FRENCH journalists and politicians express great indignation at the refusal of the British Government to re-establish the Dual Control in Egypt. In the meanwhile it seems likely to become an European question, with regard to a country existing with a Government and a Legislature at sixes-and-sevens, in a condition of continually recurring revolution, what sort of control—dual, single, or plural—it may be possible to place France under?

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY.—Can a treatise on optics be considered "light reading?"

APPROPRIATE.—It is suggested that the electric pen should be called "The pen of the ready REUTER!"

I, I, Sir!

(A New Adaptation of Very Old Doggerel.)

THERE was a Social Journalist who thought that he'd be wise, He went through his "smart article," and scratched out all his "I's." But when he saw his "I's" were out, this egotist so vain, Went straight through that "smart article," and scratched them in again.

WHEN MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was told about the frightful increase of intemperance amongst the lower orders (no one told her anything about the upper classes), she said it reminded her of the old proverb, "Distilled waters run deep."

TWO QUEENS OF BEAUTY.—APHRODITE—ALEXANDRA.



THE "TOURNAMENTS OF DOVES" HAVE SHAMED YOUR ISLE.

VENUS loquitur :—

As Queen to Queen—of Beauty, I am come,
Heart-Sovereign of your northern island home,
Lipped, like my Paphos, by the whitening foam.
Thanks-bearer to that gentle royal heart,
Which knows right well that Beauty's better part
Is still to deal the balm, not wing the dart.
Thanks-bearer! 'Tis an office gladly borne
By her who ruled in the earth's radiant morn,
Which she who ruleth now need scarcely scorn.
Lady, you've bettered LESBIA. All her crying
Could not again set one dead sparrow flying,
Your word shall save a myriad birds from dying.

The "Tournaments of Doves" have shamed your isle,
And isle-born Venus thanks you without guile,
Who will not crown *such* lists with your bright smile.

Let them their Queen of Beauty rather seek
Mid such hard dames as sat, with unblanched cheek,
What time Rome's lists with guiltless blood would reek.

My favourite birds in red-flecked heaps they lay,—
Your English chivalry! Brave quarry, they,—
"Butchered to make a *British* holiday."

Not in *your* sight! The grave rebuke is just.
Let Sport—and lucre—away them, if they must,
To wanton slaughter. Yet not long, I trust.

The Queen of Beauty's frown must thin their ranks,
 Check Sport's hard greed, and Fashion's heartless pranks;
 And Venus—and her doves—tender you thanks.

EXPELLED PRETENDERS.

The Orleans at Twickenham. Back again, but it isn't exile to us; and, at any rate, we have those restored millions in our pockets. It was rather a nuisance to give up Paris in the winter season, and not see an Opera ball, and the Princesses would have liked to have had the *primeur* of the Spring bonnets. But, after all, Twickenham in winter mud is not unutterably worse than Chantilly, and there are beginning to be really presentable bonnets even in London. Besides, as my faithful BOSCHET points out, we are far better situated here for conspiring, since they will have it that we are conspirators. No more military duties to occupy us; no more worldly duties and pleasures to divert us from politics; no more idea of duty to the Government we serve (and there are Princesses who have the idea, whatever ROCHEFORT, who was once Orleanist, may say); we shall have all our time and all our money to spend in undermining the Republic. And having sent them into safety, that clever Republic can't catch the underminers.

The Legitimists at Gratz, or Frohsdorff. The idea of exiling us! Why, we have never been anything else save exiles all through our illustrious lives! But now, thanks to the aureola of martyrdom officially bestowed, there is really a chance of our going back. For the beautiful new law doesn't exile the servants—it only expels the responsible heads; and the further the responsible heads are from the centre of operations, the less likely they are to lose them, and the more likely to have them crowned. Have sent orders, in consequence, to CHARLETTE. He can go a-head as soon as he likes now. We are out of danger, and the Breton loyalists can't complain that we are afraid to come amongst them. The Republic has denied us that sovereign glory; and if it would only prohibit us sending cheques and Post-Office orders to devoted but impecunious supporters in France, we might manage one of the cheapest and safest Restorations yet on record.

The Bonapartes at Montachieri. Out of prison, at any rate, and now we can employ our native Italian cunning in our native Italian clime. It was difficult to keep a *salon* about us in France, what with that horrid CASSAGNAC and VICTOR, who won't rush into the paternal arms with anything like enthusiasm. Now, we can conquer an ally—and an ally who wouldn't at all mind doing something disagreeable to France; and I begin to think that bringing a Bonaparte back would strike France as rather disagreeable. Don't seem to be rising at all to the *Légende Napoléonienne* as annotated by JEROME. So, am beginning to sound brother-in-law HUMBERT with regard to a loan and army, and if he makes it a condition that we are reconciled with CLOTILDE—well, we'll even go that far—until we can get as far as Paris.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

(More Real than Ideal.)

MY DEAR SIR,

WE intend holding a Fancy Bazaar here on March 19th, for the purpose of obtaining funds towards the restoration of the church-tower. I am not aware whether you have ever visited our town, but if so, you must remember the church. It is a square building, of brick, with large and spacious galleries, and is reverently whitewashed every year—indeed, it is a perfect specimen of Georgian architecture. Now, success would be assured if you would send down a Reporter and an Artist to describe and sketch our meritorious efforts. Would that my husband's house were capable of entertaining them, but it is very small. However, I am told there is very fair accommodation for those who do not mind roughing it, at the "Railway Arms." Please say "Yes." And any subscriptions you would like to forward, will be thankfully received by

Yours sincerely,

The Vicarage, Ponty-Clumchw, LÆTTIA BEGIN.
 North Wales.



HEARD IN MID-ATLANTIC.

The Bishop (severely). "WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY YOUNG FRIEND, IT WAS NOT CONSIDERED GOOD MANNERS FOR LITTLE BOYS TO JOIN IN THE CONVERSATION OF GROWN-UP PEOPLE, UNLESS THEY WERE INVITED TO DO SO."

Small American. "GUESS THAT WAS SEVENTY OR EIGHTY YEARS AGO. WE'VE CHANGED ALL THAT, YOU BET!"

NOT DEAD YET!

HOORAY! English cricket is still "all alive oh!"
 We thank you for proving that same, Captain Ivo!
 Played out? Many prigs to that tune, I confess, lie;
 But, faith, you'd convict 'em of "bangs," dashing LESLIE.
 Or, if you should want further proof, why I'll trouble you,
 A clearer to read than READ, W. W.
 The opposite quite will be shown, "clear as mud,"
 If you'll study the deeds of the two brothers STUDD.
 And what jolly duffers the croakers will feel,
 When they tot up your tidy analysis, STEEL.
 Ah, bah! They will turn, in a very short while, coat,
 At sight of the right slashing scoring of TYLECOTE,
 And drop the ass-hoof that old England would spurn, on
 Perusing the record of resolute VERNON.
 Not in it? Get out with your Smelfungus yarns,
 There's lots of sound "thrashing" yet left in our BARNES;
 And though he mayn't slog 'em from Cookham to Marlow,
 Like BONNOR or THORNTON, there's "stay" in our BARLOW;
 Whilst better than casual sixes or eights
 Are the steadily-piled threes and fours of smart BATES;
 And though, like his Captain, he's been a bit poorly,
 Australians will oft cut their "sticks" before MORLEY.
 Here's his jolly good health! health and luck to the lot of 'em!
 And as for the croakers who talked so much "rot" of 'em
 When down on their luck, but are now mute as fishes,
 The team can dispense with their doubtful good wishes.
 The Captain might boast, Ivo BLIGH, "I've obliged 'em
 To 'shut,' and, as *Saurey* would say, have 'surprised' 'em."
 You have, Sir, and we to your pluck, grace, and skill owe
 That we o'er "the Willow" no more need sing "Willow!"

HOW TO TREAT ROUGH DIAMONDS.—Cut them!



A RISING JUNIOR.

Old Lady (at the Law Courts). "COULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME, SIR, TO—" *Young Briefless.* "MY DEAR MADAM, I'M A PERFECT STRANGER MYSELF—DON'T THINK I'VE BEEN IN A COURT FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!"

ART TOO MUCH AT HOME.

"If friends and visitors are not entitled to the diversion of tracing the character of their hosts in the tables and sofas they have lived up to and beyond, at least to themselves nothing can be more instructive than the sermons which discarded goods mutter from their melancholy lumber-room."—*Morning Paper.*

SCENE—Interior of Mr. and Mrs. PLANTAGENET DE SMYTHE'S *palatial drawing-room in their magnificent Mansion at South Kensington.* A party of Visitors have been just ushered in by a powdered footman, and are waiting the appearance of their host and hostess.

Lady de Snookyns (seating herself in an arm-chair). Quite new people these, but your father insisted that we should call upon them, my dears. Papa said that he believed Mr. DE SMYTHE had some property in our part of the country, and that it was best to conciliate all possible constituents. So, let us take stock of them before they come down. So begin, dears, at once, your tour of inspection.

Miss de Snookyns. Oh, Mamma, here is a photograph of Eton College!

Lady de Snookyns. Evidently sent a son there!

Miss Mary. And a coat-of-arms of Lincoln's-Inn.

Lady de Snookyns. Got a boy at the Bar.

Miss Blanche. And, oh, Mamma, dear, here is such a sweet picture of the late Archbishop.

Lady de Snookyns. Another son in the Church.

Miss Emily. And look, Mamma, here is a picture of a charge of cavalry.

Lady de Snookyns. A lad in the Army. Dear me! They seem to be partial to the professions! A bad sign!

Miss de Snookyns. And, Mamma, such a beautiful Japanese screen!

Lady de Snookyns. Rather new! Hem! Must have taken the house ready furnished for them!

Miss Emily. And look at this strange-shaped sofa!

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

A WORLD of wild invention suddenly
Struck from the golden galaxy of Art!
There Titan phantasy toiled at tasks to try,
A Briareus of dreams. To plumb and chart,
Those gulfs of vision grandiose and grim,
Were work beyond the timid souls who coast
Safe shores of commonplace, whom wizard WHIM,
Lured never to wild water-wastes; whose boast,
Is go-cart loyalty to the dull round
Of their pedestrian plodder, misnamed Truth,—
The meagre marionette in whom is found,
Nor manhood's fiery force nor grace of youth.
DORÉ is dead! Scarce early, for the days
Of the creator are not measured quite
By custom's clock; yet all too soon the rays
Fade from his world, where almost every light,
Save the slow-growing gleam of Beauty, shone.
Duller at least our world that his wild world is gone.

"O Freedom, what Strange Things are done
in thy Name!"

THE Needlemakers' Company have presented the freedom of their Guild to the Duke of TECK, in recognition of "the important services he rendered during the Egyptian War." Very nice of the Needlemakers, of course, but—where is the connection? It is to be hoped the Company's needles have more point than their compliments. If they had presented the Duke with a CLEOPATRA'S Needle, now, fancy might have found some meaning in the gift. As it is, it seems about as appropriate—and doubtless as welcome—as presenting a deserving postman with a packet of pins.

Cold Comfort.

WHAT! Out in the cold? Clever GOSCHEN? Not he! He's simply "dissembling his love" is J. G. But W. G., plagued 'twixt TEWK and DILLON, Would like something warmer than love with the chill on. He'd not kick 'em down-stairs, his dear friends, yet they doubt;
Though not "out in the cold," he appears "cold without."

Lady de Snookyns. New in Oxford Street, but old in Spain! They have evidently never travelled abroad!

Miss Blanche. And oh, Mamma, isn't this sweet? Such a lovely hot-house rose!

Lady de Snookyns. In an inappropriate flower-pot! Don't know any clever people! An Artist would have pointed out the mistake! Dear me, they must be absolutely out of any sort of society! I think your father might have spared us this inflection.

Miss Emily. And here is a menu of their last dinner.

Lady de Snookyns (glancing at it). Three brown entrées one after the other! The husband (who probably has been accustomed in early life to Irish stew) evidently thinks he knows how to order a dinner, and has a weak-minded French cook! Worse and worse!

Miss de Snookyns (opening a cupboard). And, oh, Mamma, dear, what is this strange thing?

Lady de Snookyns. A scoop used for tasting cheese. (*Aside.*) Just like one my poor grandfather used to have in his shop! (*Aloud.*) Oh, my dears, my dears, we must get away as quickly as possible! The parent of either Mr. or Mrs. DE SMYTHE must have been a retail butter-man!

[General exclamation of horror and hurried preparation for departure.]

Powdered Footman (throwing open doors). Mr. and Mrs. PLANTAGENET DE SMYTHE!

[Cordial greetings and Curtain.]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has written to her nephew at Trinity Hall to ask him to send her some of the Cambridge Tripos, which she understands is quite as good in its way as the Cambridge sausages.

NEW READING.—(*By one whose hair has gone prematurely grey.*)—Whom the gods don't love dye young!

NEW NAME FOR A WEALTHY HUSBAND.—A cheque-mate.

HOW BULL-APIS WENT UP AGAINST TEL-EL-KEBIR.

FRAGMENTS OF AN EPIC OF MODERN EGYPT.

Communicated by the Shade of the Poet PENTAOUR, aforesaid Epicist, Poet-Laureate, Lyric Chronicler, and Rhythmical War Correspondent to RAMESSES II.

KING BULL-APIS marched to the eastward, to the borders of Nilus he came;
He marched with his six-foot sword-wielders, his tubes that could thunder forth flame,
With the troops of his pocket-SESOSTRIS, which same was a friendly nickname.

But ere he was come to the river, the SLY ONE of Egypt arose,
From the wilds, and the slums, and the prisons he summoned BULL-APIS's foes;



They gathered as frogs in the marshes, they all at Tel-el-Kebir lay,
In anticipation of looting, in prospect of increase of pay.

King BULL-APIS heard, and he armed him, like MENTU he rose in his might,
He buckled his belt for the battle, he buttoned his boots for the fight,
And swift from the stalls in the rearward, from the stables of BULL-APIS came,
His steeds that were mighty to bear him, the stout Sixteen-Stunners their name;
The Pad-hes, the Sand-hes, the Jon-hes, he gathered them all for the war,
With the Azure-Shirts, sons of the sea-god, the guns, and the iron-sheathed car.
But the guns of A-RA-BI by hundreds were ranged in his road, and there lay
The hordes of the SLY ONE of Egypt as a bar in BULL-APIS's way.
Of the tribes of the Franks none appeared, and the rest of the nations stood far;
But the tag-raggy troops of the SLY ONE stood there ready ranged for the war.
Was there one of the battle-ranks with him? Of the Captains and hosts was there one?

Nay, but they held far from the battle; King BULL-APIS stood there alone.

Then BULL-APIS cried to GRANDOLMAN, "Look here! Shall I, *sohus*, go on?
Wherein have I erred, O GRANDOLMAN? This deed at *thy* word have I done.
The laws of thy mouth I transgressed not, nor went from thy counsels astray.
The straight-tip from thee have I waited, I've patiently walked in thy way.
And now underfoot by these Fellahs shall sturdy BULL-APIS be trod?
Thy tongue, O GRANDOLMAN, can square it, or it were remarkably odd.
Behold, it is thou that hast done it. I blame not thy counsels, I cry,—
Give the word, and I'm game for the tussle." GRANDOLMAN he winked with his eye.

He cried, "I'm GRANDOLMAN, as ever, a peace-loving party, my son;
But at present I'm right on the war-path, like RA, the Victorious One,
My heart is afire *à la* Jin-go, I stretch forth my hands to the fray.
Your warriors, BULL-APIS, are ready, I'm ditto. So go it! I say."

He spake, and his word was accomplished, BULL-APIS shot forth to the fight,
And before you could say "periwinkle," he charged, and the foe was in flight,
And there stood the SLY ONE of Egypt, but not very long there stood he,
Beholding the rush of BULL-APIS right promptly he turned him to flee.
And the King was alone. Then he halted his bravest, and cried, "*That* is done!
It was hot while it lasted, my heroes, but this is the end of the fun."

Then the boss of that show, even TOOTH-PICK, he plucked up his courage and said,

"This is what I call real good 'biz.' For A-RA-BI, O, off with his head!"
But BULL-APIS cried to him, "Steady, O, steady, my loud Chanticleer!
I must have my trade-ways unblocked, but good Fellahs from me need not fear.
King BULL-APIS fights not for booty; he means only kindness and good;
And—well, you just ask my GRANDOLMAN if I have a thirsting for blood.
The nations who left me to do it, now seem in no end of a state;
But—I mean to clear out, I assure you,—as soon as I've set things all straight."

And now when the horsemen and footmen, the stout Sixteen-Stunners, and he,
The pocket-SESOSTRIS, right hand of BULL-APIS, had come o'er the sea,
They were praised e'en as MENTU the Mighty, the sword unresisted of RA,
With banquet, and bunting, and buncombe, great honour, and sounding Huzza!

The nations seemed flummoxed and doubtful; they said,
"Tis BULL-APIS's style;
He marches to fight with a hymn-book, he collars a land with a smile."
GRANDOLMAN, the tongue-swift protested, and PUSSI, the silken-pawed, purred,
"BULL-APIS was great in the battle, but peace and plain-dealing preferred."
Sware they, "He means making things pleasant all round, now he's crumpled his foes."
And, in ideographical Coptic, the nations responded, with close
Of dextral orbicular muscle, and digits pressed close to the nose.

PRIVATE BILLS AND PROJECTS.

THE Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces is doubtless awake to the fact that the Railway Bills of the imminent Session threaten to lead to the absorption of more than 420 acres of forest and common-land. In particular, the New Forest is menaced by competing lines to Bournemouth, each of which, perhaps, may, however, happily succeed in defeating the other. Epping Forest is also endangered by the projected line from Chingford to High Beach. A plague of both your lines! And surely the latter scheme should be opposed by the Corporation of London. Or is it that the proposed route is to be made to please some silly Liveryman?



A Silly Liveryman.

The suburbs of London, already spoiled by Railways, are destined, if certain Private Bills pass, to worse despoilment by Tramways. It is actually proposed to force a Tramway through Kensington! That effected, the next progressive improvement probably will be a Tramway to traverse Kensington Gardens.

"Facility of access" is a valuable consideration certainly; but what if the means of access to any given place make that place not worth going to? What will be the good of getting easily and cheaply to the New Forest and Epping Forest, if Epping Forest and the New Forest shall have been cut up and ruined? And will not increased "facilities of access" to the suburbs convert such suburbs into slums still worse than those they have been turned into as it is, and render them still less worth being resorted to for refreshment and recreation than they have now become?

Opposition to intrusive inroads and encroachments on peace and quiet, beauty and repose, is scoffed at as "sentimental." As if the promotion of sordid and barbarous joint-stock speculations were prompted by any wiser motive. As though a sentiment were something less rational than a propensity, and, in particular, Ideality were more stupid than Acquisitiveness.

Utility must always, of course, be the first consideration—for speculators who simply want to invest money to advantage. But shouldn't it be considered that the end of unlimited utilisation for the sake of profit must necessarily be that everything that is lovely and makes life worth living will, at the pace utilisation is proceeding, be ultimately used up?

Taking Another Glass.

"To see ourselves as others see us," there is nothing like looking into the criticisms of the intelligent foreigner. Such an one, Dr. J. SCHERR by name, has been criticising English literature. He tells us, amongst other remarkable things, that BYRON's *Myrrha* is "not inferior to any female character of SHAKESPEARE"! Dr. SCHERR himself is manifestly not only "not inferior," he actually rises superior to Nature's favourite child. SHAKESPEARE held the Mirror up to Nature; but Dr. SCHERR holds the *Myrrha* up to SHAKESPEARE.



AWKWARD STYLE OF COMPLIMENT.

Jones, "JUST SEEN YOUR CHILDREN, MRS. QUIVERFUL. WHAT LITTLE DARLINGS THEY ARE! QUITE A NEST OF GOLDEN EGGS!"
 [Mrs. Q. is wondering whether Jones means to insinuate that she's a Goose!]

DIARY OF THE PREMIER ABROAD.

Château Scott, Cannes, Saturday.—Here I am at last, and rather tired after journey. "Complete mental and physical repose," ANDREW CLARKE said. Well, it's a blessing to be coddled sometimes. Feel as if I should like to live here for ever. Delightful surroundings. Olive-groves, oranges, aloes, myrtles, and palms. If I felt stronger, should wire to TENNYSON that here I am among the "palms and temples of the South," but perhaps had better keep quiet. Hope I shan't be bothered by seeing people. Hope CARDWELL and CHILDERS won't call. If RANDOLPH CHURCHILL comes down here for his health, I shall have to leave for mine.

Monday.—Better already. Air like nectar. Who is it who says that "blue isles and snowy mountains wear The purple noon's transparent light"? Think it's SHELLEY. Don't approve of SHELLEY, but description not bad, except that no "snowy mountains" anywhere near Cannes.

Tuesday.—Trip to the Ile Ste. Marguérite to-day. Jolly! Had pic-nic near house where BAZAINE was confined. I cut down boughs of trees, and WOLVERTON boiled the kettle. Proprietor of land objected to cutting down trees, in French. Couldn't quite make out what he said, but gave him copy of Blue Book on Egypt and my autograph, and he went away. Glorious sunset! Read one of Lord SALISBURY's speeches before going to bed, and slept for twelve hours on end. RANDOLPH has arrived at Nice. Don't care!

Wednesday.—Caught by family translating Irish Land Act into Greek in corner of the grounds, under an orange-bush. They threaten to telegraph for ANDREW CLARKE, and make me promise not to do it again. I do so willingly, as I don't want ANDREW CLARKE here. Feel in position of much greater freedom and less responsibility when my Doctor's five hundred miles away. Good fellow, CLARKE, but likes coddling me, and I don't like being coddled.

Thursday.—Slip out of grounds, and wire to HARTINGTON, congratulating him on his recent speech, which I managed to read under the bed-clothes, this morning! Capital speech! Also wire to CLARKE to ask him if he really meant complete repose, or only "sufficient repose." He wires back, "complete, otherwise laryngitis

epidermitis is sure to supervene." Don't want to get laryngitis; wish Doctors wouldn't frighten one so. Don't mind seeing visitors a bit now; in fact, rather like it. Find myself wandering about grounds, repeating best parts of undelivered Midlothian speeches to the oranges, and denouncing NORTHCOTE in an undertone. CARDWELL came in and caught me just at a splendid peroration; provoking; couldn't finish it. Shall try in bed, to-night.

Friday.—Touch of the Mistral, to-day. Why "Mistral?" Can't help it up. CLARKE told me to "beware of the Mistral." Can't help it; must do a good ten-mile walk, and climb a mountain. Ask CHILDERS to come with me. Says he'd rather not; never climbed a hill in his life. Go up by myself, and feel like the youth in *Excelsior*. Back, and draft rough sketch of London Municipal Reform Bill. Slink out after dinner, and telegraph chief clauses to FIFTH. Crowd of French peasants at gates of villa, waiting to catch a sight of me. This devotion deserves a reward. I explain to them principal provisions of Irish Arrears Act, at which they seem surprised. Query:—Do they understand my French, I wonder?

Saturday.—Feel glorious! Never knew such health in my life! Air like champagne. Up early, and cut down all Lord WOLVERTON's favourite trees before breakfast. Then, as I can't stand being coddled any longer, effect exchange of dress with passing *ouvrier*, and go off to Esterel Mountains with axe, hunch of bread and cheese, and copy of *Homer* and new County Franchise Bill. Spend a delicious day. Come back, and find family have been scouring country for me, as there was a report I had been carried off by Irish-American Fenian corsairs! Family have really telegraphed for ANDREW CLARKE. Don't care if he comes! Hang ANDREW CLARKE! Hang the Mistral! Feel brimful of spirits. As ANDREW CLARKE is coming, shall take little trip to Genoa—why not Monaco?—and do as I like. SALISBURY is at Nice, and I am sure I can get him to join me. No doubt he knows a "system" or two. Great fun! Quite pleasant to think we can join hands about anything! How much better I am! "Join hands"—at cards! Not that cards will be quite the game. But still it is a very good joke for a convalescent! Must be off before CLARKE arrives. Catch the train, wire to SALISBURY en route to join me, and there we are! Now to furtively obtain the *Continental Bradshaw*!

1883.



OUR ‘VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.’

MR. P. "NOW, THEN, MISTER PUBLIC PROSECUTOR, *WAKE UP!!*"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

(What they don't tell us—Educational, Literary, Domestic, &c.)

EDUCATION.—SUPERIOR.—Mrs. PRANGLE, of Hornblean House, Patchover, Hants, is prepared to receive in her finishing establishment one or two young ladies who are desirous of acquiring the polish of a first-class Parisian education, combined with the social comforts and adornments proper to a thorough sound English training. Overlooks the Solent. Tinned meat unrestricted. Owing to Mr. PRANGLE having, on his return from the Bognor Races, twice thrown the French Professor through the drawing-room window at the close of the recent Advent Term, Mrs. PRANGLE has, at the present moment, one or two vacancies for pupils, at a somewhat reduced price. Unexceptionable References. Harp extra.

EDUCATION.—LITTLE BOYS.—An extremely uncomfortable home offered the above by two maiden ladies of uncertain temper, who, having tried their hands in turns at leather work, letting lodgings, keeping a sea-side boarding-house for gentlemen, and telling fortunes for fourteen stamps by Post, but without success, have at length decided that something might be made out of a few little boys. They are, therefore, prepared to receive in their six-roomed villa five-and-twenty. Terms inclusive, Forty Guineas. — Address, for testimonials (home-made), The Misses SLAY, The Aviary, West Skinton.

EDUCATION.—WAPPINGHAM ROAD HIGH SCHOOL FOR LADIES.—Splendid Recreation Grounds, Four-in-hand Club, Aquarium, and Military Band on Premises. Ninety Selected Professors. Scales: WAGNER. Theology: Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Recitation: the Poet-Laureate. Domestic Medicine: Sir W. GULL. Elementary History: Professor FREEMAN. Pose: SIDNEY COLVIN. Calisthenics: Lord WOLSELEY. Elocution: Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Turkish Bath: Resident Chief Justice. Salmon-fishing at parent's option. Wedding-breakfast daily. — Fees (inclusive) for In-pensioners, Two Guineas per term. Reference to Duchesses. Apply—The Lady Principal, Backgammon Hall, Wappingham Road.

EDUCATION.—WOOLWICH ARMY Examinations.—Mr. ROGER CRAM receives a limited number of candidates whom he "prepares" for the above at an unlimited figure. Mr. ROGER CRAM failed to pass at the recent autumn examination—

No. 237, G. DE VEZZEY . . .	1012 Marks.
" 310, A. MOLLIMS . . .	613 "
" 419, F. RIPPLER . . .	1 "

the last-named of whom was turned out of the hall by the Examiners. As, during their supposed period of study, Mr. ROGER CRAM's Pupils enjoy unrestricted licence in the shape of billiard and card playing, together with the run of all the low and disreputable society in the neighbourhood, parents are requested to make early application as vacancies in the Establishment are rapidly filled up. All particulars can be had from the Principal, Squeezim House, Holloway Rise.

EDUCATION.—GERMANY. Neuhausen-on-the-Spre. — A Fraudulent Bankrupt who has found Mexico, at last, too hot to hold him, is, as a last resource, now prepared to offer a sound religious and moral education to several young Gentlemen of position. — Terms (payable in advance) £100 per annum. X., *Post Restante*, as above.

EDUCATION.—CHIPSTER COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—The Rev. HALBOT FRYNGE (late B.B. of Durham), having recently, with a view to the creation of a well-paying "Home for the Poor," taken an inconveniently large house in the immediate neighbourhood of Chipster, which by some miscalculation he now finds empty, with twenty-two spare bed-rooms on his hands, is prepared to receive, at the shortest notice, any number of boys he can possibly get together to cram into them. Age, size, parentage, or antecedents no object. The course of instruction, which will include Latin, Greek, German, French, the higher Mathematics, Military Surveying, Dancing, and Astronomy, and anything else required for by applicants, will be under the sole direction of the Rev. HALBOT FRYNGE himself, who is rubbing up his acquaintance with the above and other subjects as fast as he can in the Christmas holidays, in order that he may be in a fair position to receive his young friends with some confidence at the opening of the February term, which commences on the 10th inst. Music, Drilling, Fencing, Part-Singing, and preparation for the East Indian Civil Service, will be provisionally undertaken by the Gardener. For full particulars apply to The Rev. the Rector, University House, Chipster.

EDUCATION.—BACKWARD AND Incurrigible Boys pushed further back and rendered still more incurrigible on an entirely new system; the Advertiser, whose principle is mainly one of gentle argument, mingled with mild persuasion, having, through the recent blowing up of a neighbouring barn, had to part with four of his pupils to a Reformatory, while one has been removed to an Institution for Idiots, has now a few vacancies. — Address, REVEREND, Post-Office, Limpley Stoke.

EDUCATION.—HIGHER CULTURE FOR LADIES.—At the West Camberwell University (affiliated by Private Charter to the sister Universities of Cambridge and Oxford). The following are some of the selected subjects for the Public Lectures to be delivered in the ensuing Lent Term:—Applied Dynamics, Differential Hypotheses, Statics, Diffused Metaphysics, Integral Principia, and Economic Ethics. There is also a class forming for Girls under the age of fourteen in Trigonometrical Hydrostatics. A qualified Medical Practitioner, accustomed to all the earlier stages of *dementia* is in attendance to watch the classes. — Apply to the Lady Chancellor.

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THE MILE END MAGAZINE for FEBRUARY Now Ready.

THE MILE END MAGAZINE.—To be had by the bushel anywhere.

THE MILE END MAGAZINE.—Order the back numbers of your Buttermilk.

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THE MILE END MAGAZINE is full of unoriginal Articles by untried and unpaid Authors.

THE MILE END MAGAZINE "is among the very worst things of the kind we have ever come across. To ask twopence for it is not only to insult but to swindle the public."—*Literary Helpmate*.

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THE MILE END MAGAZINE.—"Mrs. NORTON CHIPPING's terrible piece of serial trash, *The Fothermings*, goes from bad to worse. There is, from first to last, no plot, no character, no incident, and no grammar. Why does not some one lock the woman up?"—*Worcester Sentinel*.

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BINKER'S DYNAMIC COMB.

WHY HAVE ANY HAIR AT ALL?

BINKER'S DYNAMIC COMB is made of an entirely new adamantite material, highly charged, and of rasping penetration.

BINKER'S DYNAMIC COMB, if used daily, will in time remove not only the head-ache but the head.

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BINKER'S DYNAMIC COMB.—To be had everywhere, in an elegant case, or sent free by post for £1 17s. 6d.



ANTICIPATION.

Piscator (short-sighted; he had been trolling all day for a big Pike that lay in a hole about here). "QUICK, JARVIS—THE LANDING-NET—I'VE GOT HIM!"

Jarvis. "AH, SIR, IT'S ONLY AN OLD FRYIN'-PAN! BUT THAT WILL BE USEFUL, Y'KNOW, SIR, WHEN WE DO CATCH HIM!"

LAWN-TENNIS IN WINTER.

By a Wilful Lawntennisienne.



O BRING me, O bring me, my
stout mackintosh.
I care not a feather for slime
or for slosh!
The sky it is leaden, the
lawn sopping wet,
And sodden the balls are,
and slack is the net!
I've done it before, and I'll
do it again,—
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in
spite of the rain!

I'll don my sou'-wester,
then what do I care
If weather be foul or if
weather be fair?
I'll put on my furs, and I'll
shorten my frocks,
Wear thick woollen stock-
ings, and red knickerbocks:
I care not a pin for the storm
or the flood,—
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in
spite of the mud!

I laugh as the hailstones
come pattering down;

I'm spattered all over from sole unto crown!
In thunder and lightning I'll play all the same—
I won't be debarred from my favourite game!
Though weak-hearted lasses may quiver and quail,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the hail!

In summer 'tis pleasant, but you ought to know
'Tis capital fun in the winter also;
When nets are all frozen, and balls can't rebound,
When chilly the air is, and snow's on the ground!
Though lazy folks shiver, and say 'tis "no go,"
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the snow!

What pleasure can equal, what exercise vies
With winter Lawn-Tennis, with snow in your eyes?
You trip and you tumble, you glance and you glide,
You totter and stumble, you slip and you slide!
With two ancient racquets strapped fast to my feet,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the sleet!

In autumn, as well as in summer or spring,
In praise of Lawn-Tennis I heartily sing!
Though good at each season, and better each time,
I'm certain in winter the game's in its prime!
You doubt it? No matter! Whate'er may befall,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of you all!

ROUND ABOUT THE CITY COURTS.

SHARP-looking Lawyers and pigeons. On the whole, the latter stouter and sleeker than the former. Rather curious this, as when a pigeon gets into the hands of a certain kind of Solicitor, the poor bird gets effectually plucked. But these pigeons are knowing little creatures, flying about the yard of the Guildhall, and under the immediate patronage of the LORD MAYOR and the Court of Aldermen. It is strange that the City Corporation should have chosen pigeons for wards—it would have been more appropriate had they selected doves—turtle-doves. However, there are the pigeons, and they perch at the door of "the Commissioner's Court." The pigeons are left behind, and this is the interior of the hall of Justice over which that good Scotch watch-dog, Commissioner KERR, presides whenever it happens to be open. The great man is seated on a stuffed chair (East of Temple Bar, stuffing is *de rigueur*) under the City Arms. On

A HOWL FROM THE HANSOM.

[A correspondence has been going on in a daily paper regarding the murderous rate at which hansoms are driven in London.]

HURRAH, hurrah for the Hansom Cab,

That rattles along the street!
The Growler crawls like the sluggish crab,

But we are like lightning fleet.

Unheeding the crowd we roll along,

By night as well as by day,
And women and children in the throng

Fly wildly out of our way.

But we are alert for hapless folk

Who cannot escape our wheels,

And, wot ye well, 'tis a screaming joke

When somebody 'neath us reels.

By broken bones a lesson is taught,

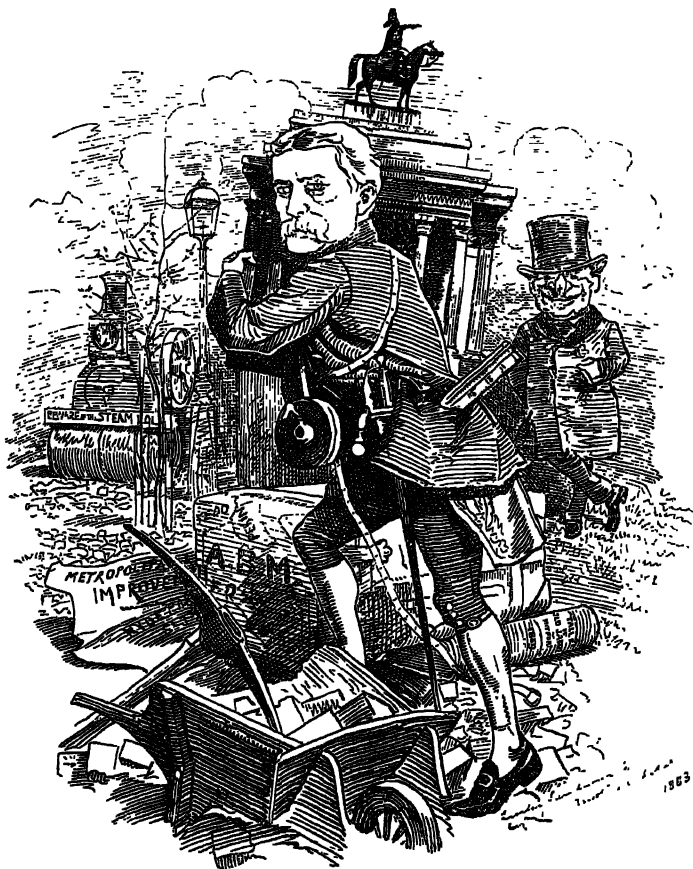
That people who walk should ride;

The Hansom's the Car of Juggernaut,

And Death is the fare inside!

EQUIVOCAL ADVERTISEMENT.—Ticket posted in the window of a Civic Teadealer's shop: "Choice 2s. 6d. Tea. Wonderful Value." How wonderful? For the under or over-valuation of the tea valued at two-and-sixpence? The announcement of an article on sale at a value styled "wonderful," may be meant by its vendor for a recommendation of that commodity, but would equally answer the purpose of an opposition shop-keeper to run it down.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 121.



ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, C.B.,

Secretary to H. M.'s Office of Works.

"The Duke is very strangely gone."

Measure for Measure, Act I., Sc. v.

Fabian (Punch). Did I not say he would work it out?

Twelfth Night, Act II., Sc. v.

TOKENS UP THERE!

FIREs, Deaths, Collisions,
Floods, Explosions, Plots,
Succeed a blazing star, attend
black spots
Which speckle the Sun's disk,
in that bright place,
Like moles or patches on
Apollo's face.
Oh, ghost of PARTRIDGE, in
this earthly scene,
Sage, chaffed so sorely by St.
Patrick's Dean,
Now, if that too satiric Spirit
knows,
What says the shade of SWIFT
to facts like those?
And thou, late ZADKIEL of the
Spheres now free,
Thou, too, the still surviving
TAO-SZE,
Sing songs of triumph, and
rejoice, and cry,
"Are such coincidences all
my eye?"
Ye HUXLEYS and ye TYN-
DALLS, who deride
Wonders and signs, your heads
diminished hide;
Your stubborn necks to faith
in omens bend:
See what disasters solar spots
portend.
O'er incredulity let Facts pre-
vail,
And own the teaching of a
Comet's tail.

SEASONABLE COSTUMES.

The most popular dresses
at recent fancy balls have
been "The Spattered Heart,"
"The Mudlark," "A Sym-
phony in Splashes," "The
Crossing-Sweeper," "The
Seavenger," and "Muddy
Gentlemen of the Nineteenth
Century."

THE SEVEN AGES OF GIRL.

CRYAGE, Rompage, Tartage,
Frillage, Flirtage, Jiltage,
and Marriage.

either side of him is a wainscoting, semi-circular in form, suggesting that behind the boards is plenty of accommodation for the brooms, brushes, and other *impedimenta* of the old lady who does the charring. No doubt, to remind the Commissioner that he should keep cool and not lose his temper, there is an enormous barometer, which seems to have been borrowed from a scene in the after-part of a Christmas Pantomime. The general impression on entering the Court is that everybody is talking at one and the same time. And the impression is not altogether erroneous. The Plaintiff and the Defendant, in spite of their representatives being present, are hard at work contradicting one another. Principals in other cases are loudly discussing their chances of success, while two Solicitors in strange-looking stuff-gowns are loudly contending for vocal-mastery. A half-hearted effort to preserve order is made by placing a couple of placards on the walls requesting "Plaintiffs" to keep on one side of the room, and "Defendants" on the other.

"Why are those Solicitors wearing gowns?" asks a newly-called and inexperienced Barrister, who has looked in, possibly with a view to obtaining some "soup"—a nickname for chance briefs.

"Out of respect to the Commissioner, I think, Sir," replies the cheeriest of City Policemen, protecting a barrier. "His Honour seems to like it."

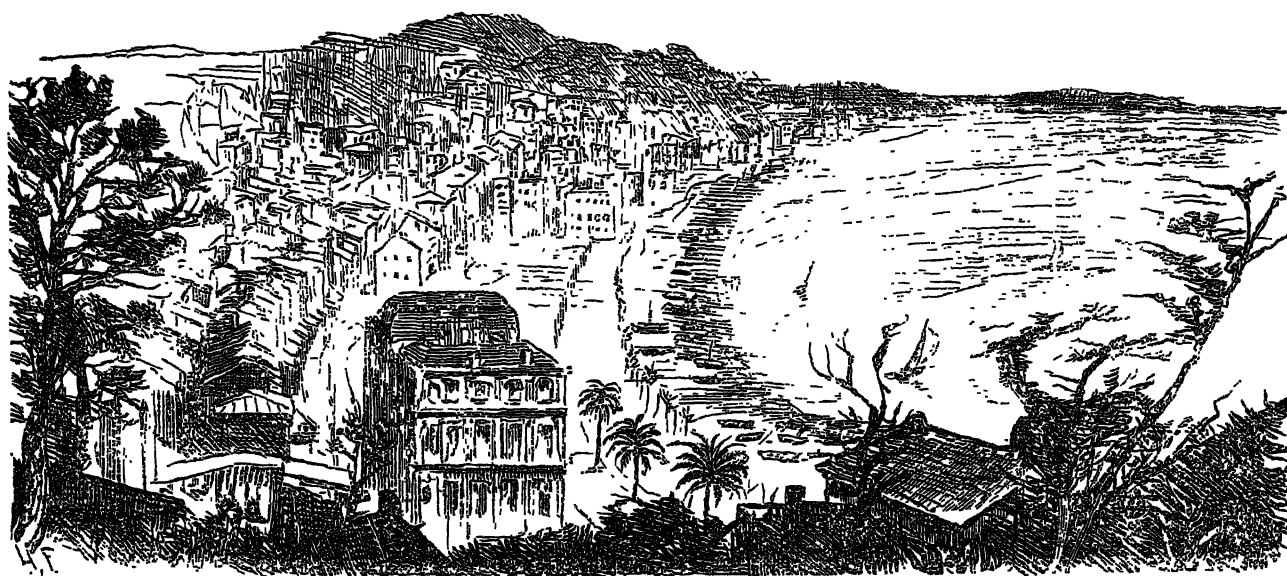
The Commissioner appears to glory in the noise. He waits until he catches something with which he disagrees, and then pounces down upon the speaker like a cat upon a mouse. He reminds one of an agile performer playing upon half-a-dozen kettle-drums. Now he gives a tap to the Defendant, now to the Plaintiff's Advocate, now to the mild-looking Gentleman in a Barrister's-wig, who, seemingly, is the Court's Registrar, now to

four Witnesses who *will* speak together. Then he keeps quite silent until the two Advocates are once more fighting hammer and tongs, when, after a few minutes' pause, he suddenly brings the case to a hurried conclusion, by abruptly announcing his decision.



Commissioner Kerr's Court.—A Friend at a Pinch.

The noise does not cease. On the contrary, another pair of suitors are impatient to be heard, and the chatter recommences with renewed energy. Again the Commissioner deals out his knock-down blows right and left with the strictest impartiality, until once



PUNCH'S PREMIER PUZZLE.

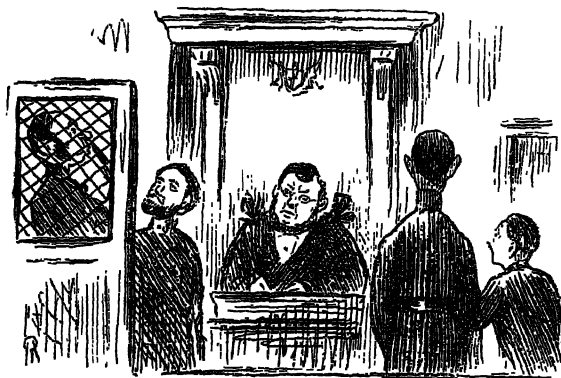
HERE IS *CANNES*! FINE PLACE TO PLAY AT "CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN,"
TRY IT THEN. TURN ROUND THREE TIMES, AND CATCH THE GRAND OLD MAN!

again the time arrives for him to stop the proceedings in the usual manner. The title of the Court might be "Rough and Ready," in recognition of the hearty simplicity with which it is conducted. It is only fair to add that, in spite of the noise and confusion, the best feeling seems to prevail everywhere, so much so, that it is no unusual thing to see a Police-Janitor offering a pinch of snuff to a gown-glorified Solicitor.

Two minutes' walk, and the realm of the Commissioner is replaced by the Guildhall Police-Court. Here is a decided change. Decorum is the order of the day. The room is well-arranged. The officials

guilty of murder; had you, in a state of intoxication, burned down a house, you would have committed arson; and, by refusing to deliver up your ticket, you might have caused, by the delay arising out of your refusal, an accident entailing the loss of scores, if not hundreds of valuable lives." Here the Alderman pauses, and the prisoner turns pale with apprehension. "Under these circumstances," continues his Worship, in solemn tones, "in spite of the pain it gives me, I must deal with you with the utmost severity. The sentence of this Court is, that you shall be taken from hence to the office of the Clerk from whence you came,"—the prisoner by this time is in a fainting condition, and scarcely hears the following words—"where you shall pay sixty shillings and costs, and may—" But here the Alderman pauses abruptly, and the conclusion of the Death Doom remains unspoken. And so the matter ends.

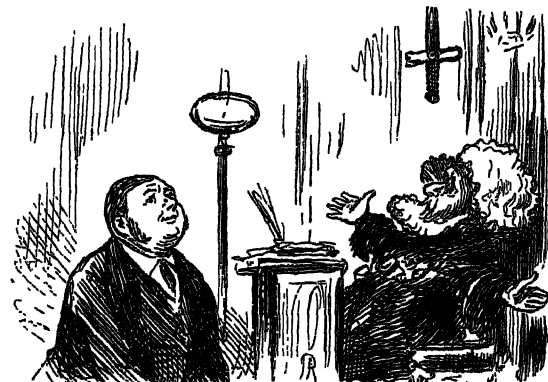
If the Guildhall Police Court is "respectable," the Justice Room at the Mansion House is even "more so." Here the work is done—nearly entirely—by Mr. MARTIN, the Chief Clerk, who seems to tolerate with cheerful kindness the presence of the LORD MAYOR or the presiding Alderman. When Sir ROBERT CARDEN is in the Chair, geniality, not to say boundless and innocent hilarity, is the watchword of the day—dashed only by a latent dread on the part of the



Guildhall.—Police Caught Swearing!

wear a bright and neat costume, looking as if they wished to be taken for the ideal heroes of that capital tale, *Dandy*. They are, moreover, most careful in their diction, whispering "bad language" whenever they have to make use of it in giving their evidence. In fact, it is a most painful duty to a Policeman whenever he has to swear himself before entering the witness-box. A case of assault is heard, when the greatest possible interest is taken in the condition of the prisoner, so far as his sobriety is concerned, by everyone in Court. One Witness considers he was "intoxicated," another "perfectly sober," a third "not drunk, but a little in liquor." Each of those called upon to testify seems to have a different standard of "alcoholic department." However, the Alderman decides against the luckless defendant, and finally addresses him very much as follows, evidently framing his style upon a hanging-Judge presiding at the Old Bailey:—

"You have been guilty of three most serious offences. You have been proved to have been drunk, to have committed an assault, and to have refused to give up a ticket." At this point the prisoner plucks up his courage. "This is a very grave matter, indeed—so grave that I must deal with it with the utmost severity. Had you struck the Plaintiff in a fatal part, you might have been



Mansion House.—Carden Party.

officials that the huge Sword of State which hangs over the magisterial bench may descend unexpectedly upon the devoted head of the nominal Dispenser of Law and the actual Preserver of Order. However, when it is remembered that the worthy Alderman seems to possess a charmed life, good-humour is instantly restored, as it is felt that any inconvenience to which his Worship might be put by such an awkward *contretemps* would certainly be of a purely transitory character. To sum up—Justice east of Temple Bar does not appear to differ materially from Justice east of anywhere else.

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"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

Friend (pulling long face). "HULLO, WAGSTAFF, HOW ARE YOU, OLD MAN! 'SO GRIEVED TO HEAR OF YOUR TROUBLES! I HOPE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT AGAIN. I ASSURE YOU I FULLY SYMP—"

Wagstaff (with surprise). "EH? THANKS—BUT I'VE BEEN ALL RIGHT—NEVER BETTER IN MY LIFE! TROUBLES! MUST BE SOME MISTAKE."

Friend. "WELL—I HEARD YOU HAD BEEN SERIOUSLY EMBARRASSED—'N FACT THAT YOU'D BEEN THROUGH THE COURT."

Wagstaff (enlightened). "OH!—I SEE! YOU MEAN MY CREDITORS! LOR, YES, POOR FELLOWS! THEY HAVE HAD A BAD TIME OF IT!"

[*Exeunt, laughing.*]

THE SOLITARY WEEPER.

(Not by Wordsworth.)

"I have tried cases in which the evidence showed a whole family not only living in one room, but occupying the same bed, and that a bed on the floor. We can hardly suppose that children brought up under these circumstances can have any feeling of decency, chastity, or morality left in them."

MR. JUSTICE KAY at Manchester.

"The Coroner's Inquest in the case of the fire in Windsor Street, held up to view once more the shockingly crowded and squalid condition of the homes of the poor in London. In that house in Windsor Street there were thirty-two persons in nine rooms; people who did not belong to the house often slept on the staircase. . . . The MURPHYS, who were also heard of during the Coroner's inquiry, had to pay three shillings a week for the one room in which they lived, nine in family."

St. James's Gazette.

BEHOLD her, in her native slum,
Yon dirty, draggled London lass!
Enter, but be prepared to hold
Your noses as you pass!
Mid filth, in rags, she sits and sighs,
And stares with large lack-lustre eyes;
Oh, watch her, for no sadder sight
Shall greet your gaze this livelong night!

No "Officer of Health" condemns
The single grewsome little room
Wherein nine human beings, with souls,
Fulfil their awful doom.
Up crowded stairs, through rotted floors,
The fever and the drain-smell pours;
Yet seventy pounds a year seems high
As rental for a rookery!

Will no one tell us why she sighed,
This London child, the nation's care?
Perchance of purer life she dreams,
And breathes a visionary air.
Or is it some more simple grief?
Perhaps her hunger needs relief?
Or natural tears may idly flow
For lack of joys that others know.

Whate'er the cause, the maiden seemed
As if her woe could have no mending;
I saw her crouching at the hearth,
And o'er the embers bending.
I watched her till my heart was spent;
And in my nostrils, as I went,
The odour of the place I bore,
Long after it was seen no more.

SONG FOR THE CONSERVATIVE COMMONERS. — "Oh, ELCHO, how WEMYSS you!"

FLOTOW.

SILENT! the tuneful and ear-catching bringer
Of Melody's simple magic to the crowd;
Whose work has won from many a throng-cheered singer
The praise by scornful critics disallowed.
Perchance, were we all fully-fledged Immortals,
Our only laurels were for WAGNER's brow;
But, wingless, on *this* side the shadowy portals,
Millions will sigh for *Martha* and *Flotow*.

STEP BY STEP.

(A Chronological Table for France for the next Ten Years.)

1883. Expulsion of Pretenders from Paris. Abolition of the regimental colours. Removal of all the monuments of the capital connected with the history of the reigning families.

1884. Abolition of the title of "Monsieur." Expulsion of the Judges. Decree forbidding Bishops to wear their mitres. The exposition of watch-chains declared illegal and against the policy of equality ordained by the Republic.

1885. The names of NAPOLEON and LOUIS pronounced illegal. Abolition of the grade of Drum-Major. All social distinctions strictly forbidden. Servants to treat their employers on a footing of perfect equality. "One man is as good as another—and better," becomes the National motto.

1886. The name of every town in France changed eight times.

M. HUGO is deprived of his prefix, "VICTOR," as the title is considered suggestive of the hero of the First Empire. Servants once employed by Pretenders and their descendants or relatives expelled from France.

1887. Equality on the Stage introduced. Pieces cast from the stock companies by lot. Expulsion of all the dramatic Authors on their protesting against this regulation. Decree authorising cab-drivers to sit inside their vehicles while their fares drive their horses.

1888. Installation of the ninety-first Premier elected within three years. Creation of a universal Parliament, to which everyone at his birth belongs, in substitution of the two Houses. Banishment of all the Doctors on the score of their giving their services nearly exclusively to the rich. M. HUGO exiled because allusion is made to him as "the Prince of Poets."

1889. Dogs and cats presented with the Franchise. Expulsion of wearers of more than one shirt a week. Decree forbidding the use of any letters of the alphabet which can be employed in making such words as "King," "Prince," or "Emperor."

1890. Withdrawal of "Louis" and "Napoléons" from the currency. Abolition of all grades in the Church, the Civil Service, and the Bar.

1891. Law and order prohibited. The Army declared to consist entirely of privates. All the letters of the alphabet reduced to the same significance. The Republic declared eternal.

1892. Return of a "Pretender" at the head of the Army. Overwhelming enthusiasm, and political and social slavery for the next twenty years!

READY!

A BUSINESS-LIKE BALLAD.



MY lads, lend ear! There's a yarn to spin on an old but honest text.

When around our cliffs and our headlands hoar our winter seas are vexed,

When the waves are lashed by the wind-flouts wild that come with the condor sweep

Of their hurrying wings like harpy-flights that prey on the troubled deep:

When the brine that through soft summer days with its slow soft breaking curls

Has laved the slopes of the brown ribbed sands and the limbs of the Nereid girls,

Beats clamorous, cliff-high, mad assault all round our island shores, And Titan-handed shocks and rends, and tiger-throated roars:

When the seaman shades spray-blinded eyes with an eager tremulous hand,

And looks with a long and an anxious look to the lights that gleam on land,



BLASÉ!

The Rector. "AND SO YOU 'VE BEEN TO PARIS, MR. BROWN. GRAND CITY, ISN'T IT?"

Parishioner. "WELL—YE-ES! BUT I'D SEEN MAIDSTONE, YOU KNOW!"

Whilst the wave-shock'd timbers creak and cleave beneath his frost-numb feet,
And the wail of women sounds now and anon through the hiss of the driving sleet:

Then, whilst the sybarite couches snug in a cozy curtain'd nook,
And the hero-lessening cynic smirks o'er his flask, and bowl, and book;—
Then the cry is—not for the Sage or Bard,—wild eyes that search and scan
The shore-line seek not Wealth or Wit, but the face of the Life-Boat Man!

We have all our uses after all, from the *dilettanti* down,
Will the fine contemner of foolish gush for once forbear to frown?
The Life-Boat Man may be scarce the stuff to inspire heroic rhymes,
But he who stands ready to venture *life* is—a handy fellow at times.

Ready! The manliest word of words that make up mortal speech,
Ready!—to lead the thundering charge or face the perilous breach;
To strike or stand, to dare or bear, small odds, 'tis much the same,
But when the stake is the trifle, life, he is game who will play the game.

Play it right out with a steady hand and an uneffusive force,
In an everyday cool sort of way, as a matter much of course;
The style in brief of the Life-Boat Man, no Saint perchance, nor Crichton,
But a man low pay won't check or stay, and the chance of death won't frighten.

Ready! All round our sea-scourged coasts, you will find him, prompt at call,
When the winds are out, and the waves are up, and the black sky frowns o'er all;
When the rock-reef's teeth or the quicksand's suck imperil the helpless ship,
And it means grim fight with the mad sea's might to slacken the storm-fiend's grip.

Ready! The cot may be warm and snug, whilst the sea is wild and chill;
The wife may look wistful, and ill at ease, as wives of the humblest will.
Reward? Why yes, he may win some pounds, if he dares the wave's mad strife;
But tian't a Peerage that lures *him* on to the hazard of life for life!

Yet forth he goes! Now, the cynic knows of worldly lore good store,
Perhaps he will say if it may not *pay*, round our rock-bound British shore,

To have such men as the Life-Boat Man, men simply,
cheaply brave,
Aye ready to enter the lists with Death, and not to slay,
but save.

And perchance some souls of a softer strain may feel some
tenderer thrill.

Well, Gentlemen, neither cheers nor sneers will the Life-
Boat coffers fill.

The time of tempest is on us now, 'tis the hour for succour
steady;

The Life-Boat Man at *his* post is found—British Public
are you "Ready"?

HONOURS UNDIVIDED.

MR. PUNCH, ever ready to note and do homage to
heroism—(witness his appeal on another page for the
work of the gallant Lifeboat Men)—makes here his
admiring and respectful bow to Miss JESSIE ACE, who,
when a heavy sea was running at the Mumbles one
day last week, finding a rope improvised from her
own and her sister's shawls useless to rescue a struggling
sailor drowning amidst the wreckage breaking on the
rock, boldly flung herself into the water, and saved the
man's life. So *Mr. Punch* is proud to chronicle in his
own page the courageous act of this Miss JESSIE, who
is clearly not only an Ace, but a very *Ace of Trumps*.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

IN MY EASY CHAIR.

'Tis simply detestable weather!

At home I'm determined to stay;

A fortune I've spent in shoe-leather,

And ruined three hats ev'ry day!

Umbrellas I've borrowed and broken,

And angered their owners no doubt:

These things I consider a token,

'Tis not the least use to go out!

But let the weather be foul or fair,

I'll sit and smile in my Easy Chair!

The morning's uncertain and hazy—

I can't be quite sure of the time—

I'm feeling exhausted and lazy,

Not equal to reason or rhyme!

Let editors clamour for copy,

And printers persistently tease!

I'll maunder and nod like a poppy,

And take forty winks at mine ease!

My dreams are pleasant, so I don't care.

I'll sit and snooze in my Easy Chair!

There's nothing of note in the papers,

There's nothing to do or to say:

We suffer extremely from "vapours"—

The fog and the damp of each day.

Though streets may be frozen or flooded,

'Tis useless to fume or to fret;

Though friends are be-spattered and mudded—

I'll smoke a serene cigarette!

And all the burdens I have to bear,

I'll smoke away in my Easy Chair!

Within it is snug and quiescent,

Without it persistently pours;

My chair is well-cushioned and pleasant,

Though life's full of angles and bores!

My room is deliciously torrid,

By frost or by rain I'm unvext;

The world is decidedly horrid—

So call me the month after next!

The world may roll and may tear its hair,

I'll roll and laugh in my Easy Chair!

"I've often heard," remarked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "of
Mr. RUSKIN being cut up by those vicious Critics; and
I'm not a bit surprised that at last he's come to be the
Slayed Professor!"

At the Adelphi Mr. CHARLES READE advertises "Two
Great Mine Scenes." He might just as well have written
"Two Great Scenes of Mine."

A LITTLE ABROAD.

(A few Notes of a Return Visit to Paris via Monte Carlo.)

IN consequence of a tremendous success at Monte Carlo—of which, more anon, for I am sure my "system" will be useful to all my readers, and to thousands yet unborn—I was able to stay a few days and nights—I prefer the nights—in Paris. I seized this opportunity because Paris itself may not be able to offer it me again this year.

Foreigners don't like to go for pleasure to a place where a reign of terror may commence at any moment, and where you may be awoke, the morning after your arrival, by the Chambermaid who has



"Very Like! Very Like!"—Hamlet.

become a Pétroleuse, entering your room, accompanied by the Boots and gigantic porters with tri-coloured cockades in their hats, swords in their hands, and pistols in their belts, ferociously insisting on taking you off to be shot as a spy, simply because your *Conversation Book* in three languages, your *Illustrated Guide to Paris*, and your *Ollendorff's Easy Method of Learning French in Sixty-four Lessons*, all lying by your bedside, have been considered as *pièces de conviction* quite sufficient to seal your fate with the Communist Committee, which has been pronounced the Government *de facto* since 4 A.M., while you were in your first sleep.

Paris is in a dence of a state that's evident: the *Garçons* wait on you anxiously, as if they would like their *pourboires* in advance, not knowing but that the next minute they will have to hide in the cellars to avoid service at the barricades. The Half-World is having a pretty good time of it, on the short-and-merry-life principle, and the Three-quarters-World flock in crowds to the numerous gambling Clubs for all classes which have gradually sprung into existence,—to the Cafés, to the Bals Masqués, the Restaurants and the ill-ventilated and uncomfortable Theatres, which, when there is any attraction at all, have never been more crowded than they are now, or, from a fire-panic point of view, more dangerous.

JUDIC appeared in a new musical piece, *M^{me} Nitouche*, which, some of the Critics said, was remarkable neither for wit nor tune, and is now a great success, so that a queue of people is seen all day at the box-office anxiously waiting to get seats whenever and wherever they can. It was the same at the *Eden-Théâtre*, where there was, on the morning of my visit to the *bureau de location*, some considerable delay, on account of the clerk having, as far as I could make out, quarrelled with the lady who assisted him in letting seats for the extra *matinées*, which made him very short with the public generally, on whom he tried to revenge himself by attempting to seat everyone as near the big drum and cymbals as possible. If you wouldn't have this, he selected a good draughty place, and gave you, defiantly, a ticket for that. I was very polite to him, but it wouldn't do, and, yielding to his nasty temper and to pressure from the single file behind me—in these painful circumstances anyone would move on,—I accepted the position he offered, and in the evening sat in a most refreshing draught.

But it is the "Victorian Era" of the Drama in Paris, and it is at

the Vaudeville, where the Great SARAH herself is playing the heroine of SARDOU's *Fédora*, that the demand for seats is beyond the supply for three nights a-head. Here, outside all day are those pests of Parisian theatres, the "touts," to be seen hanging about, pretending to sell what they haven't got, and worrying the weak and the simple. Their continual presence suggested a brilliant Anglo-Parisian *jeu-de-mot*, which I let off on a friend, to whom, as I pointed out one of these fellows as a specimen of the rest, I exclaimed, "*Noscitur a sociis, et voilà Tout!*" [N.B. The directions for making this joke successfully are, first: that "*Tout*" must be pronounced as in English; secondly, that your friend be an Englishman, who understands French and his own language. The right of reproducing this side-splitter I have secured by International Copyright.]

At last the police have determined to come down upon these touting gentry pretty sharp, and it is just as well the police of Paris should do something to show they have still some of their old power in the streets, where, with a policeman calmly looking on, you can be knocked down and run over without any official interference, and then be fined twenty francs for obstructing the thoroughfare. Yes, this is one of the things which we manage better in London.

In two or three parts I like SARAH much—I *l'Étrangère*, for example—but "I know her tricks and her manners," and, as a rule, am not her devoted admirer; but I am forced to acknowledge that her *Fédora* is a triumph of dramatic Art. In the Third Act I forgot that it was SARAH, and saw only *Fédora*. In the Fourth Act, in spite of my being compelled to ask myself why on earth when everything was supposed to be going on as happily as a honeymoon ought to do, she should still affect towzled hair, and look as if the previous night's supper had thoroughly disagreed with her, I was soon fixed by her "glittering eye," became oblivious of her affectations, and again, when she was once in action, I followed her every movement right through that terrible bit of realism where her lover turns on her like a raging lunatic, and seems almost to shake her head off in his attempt to throttle her, until, having escaped from him, she takes poison, and rolls off the sofa—a corpse!

PAUL BERTON acts up to her, and acts really well when with her; but, when left to himself, plunging about on a soft sofa, and diving his head into the sofa cushions, with his heels uppermost, like a porpoise at play, sobbing, "*Ma Mère! ma Mère!*" he is eminently unmanly and peculiarly ridiculous. The Parisians, however, applauded him, though here I fancy the *claque* led it; but a Parisian audience are always ready to applaud anyone, in any situation, who sobs, and shouts, "*Ma Mère! ma Mère!*" if he only sobs and shouts loud enough. There is no reality, no touch of nature in such an hysterical exhibition of grief.

But as to SARAH, she is *Fédora*. The piece may be, and will be easily adapted for the English Stage, will attract, and will be a success with all who have not seen SARAH, but I am unable to name any English Actress who can really play this part. And this is no disparagement to our Actresses, as the Play is, in effect, a one-part piece, and that one part was written for SARAH. As the song says, "It's all done for the sake of SARAH!" Mr. BANCROFT has purchased it for the Haymarket, but unless he secures Mr. IRVING, between whom and SARAH there is a remarkable resemblance, and



Excelsior! Ballet Costumes at the Eden-Théâtre.

induces him to—but this is an improbability which it would be only waste of time to discuss, though the notion can be suggested, as above, pictorially.

After the Theatres, at some of the Cafés the Parisian "Masher" is in great force. He is not so much *en évidence* in the theatre itself, though he is dotted about here and there. He is just the same as his London brother of the same order. He wears a white waistcoat, a white tie (fancy that!) round a stiff white collar, an immaculate shirt-front, but not always with one stud in the centre,

—usually two or three,—a shining hat with very much curled-up brim, and he carries a stick with a gold knob to suck, which, when applied to his lips, seemed to produce on him a soothing effect similar to that of the india-rubber mouth-piece of the pap-bottle on a



Messieurs les "Mashers" Parisiens.

baby in the cradle. In this respect the "Masher" of to-day is an exact repetition of the "Gent" studied by ALBERT SMITH some twenty-five years ago. If the night is cold, the Parisian Masher, evidently a weak creature, comes out strong in an elaborately fur-trimmed overcoat. Just now he specially affects the *Eden-Théâtre*, where there is such a ballet as I have never yet seen, and of which, in our time, the Alhambra has not approached within even measurable distance. It is called *Excelsior*, and is divided into a Prologue and two Acts, illustrating the triumph of the Genius of Civilisation over the Spirit of Obscurantism. The Prologue is the best. There are men-dancers as well as women-dancers, all equally good. The precision of the *ensemble* is admirable, and the effect—I speak of the Prologue—marvellous.

The scenery and costumes can be done as well here, or better; and if the entire *troupe* could be brought over for the re-opening of the Alhambra, it would be a fortune straight off to the Management. They are all evidently trained dancers, and have been drilled and disciplined by a stern autocrat; while the varied *tableaux* and the

constant kaleidoscopic combinations and permutations are triumphs of ingenuity.

The theatre itself, called *Eden-Théâtre*,—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as there is no *Paradis* in it,—is an extraordinary place, with refreshment-saloons, bars, corridors, and *foyers*, where, during the *entr'actes*, the crowd try to circulate while listening to music by the Hungarian band, and some monotonous performances on the *cors de chasse*. Stout ladies in Tyrolean costumes invite the Masher to refresh himself with liquor at the bars, for the heat is intense, and the crush greater than I ever remember to have seen anywhere except on some very special occasion at the Promenade Concerts. The entrance to the *Ambulacrum* portion is three francs, and to the Stalls nine. There are about five or six hundred Stalls, besides *strapontins* and portable seats which, thank the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, would not be permitted in any London Theatre.

There is a great deal made of LESSERS and the Suez Canal in one scene, but no reference to England in Egypt. The "*Marseillaise*" once heralds the triumphant arrival of the French Engineers in the St. Gothard Tunnel, when they rush in and embrace the Italian Engineers, and kiss them on both cheeks, after which they all dance together. The "*Marseillaise*" awakened no response among the audience, and was subsequently played as a polka—and, in fact, it was to this arrangement of the National Anthem that the Engineers danced off.

Parigi o cara! au plaisir! "Confound their politics! frustrate all their knavish tricks!" Why can't Paris be managed by an International Company Limited as "The Holiday City of the World"?



A Game at Dominoes; or, a Scene during the Carnival at Nice.

Here is a suggestion thrown out well worth the consideration of Europe. Now—I return to my Notes on Nice and Monaco, of which, as I have already said, "More anon!"

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.

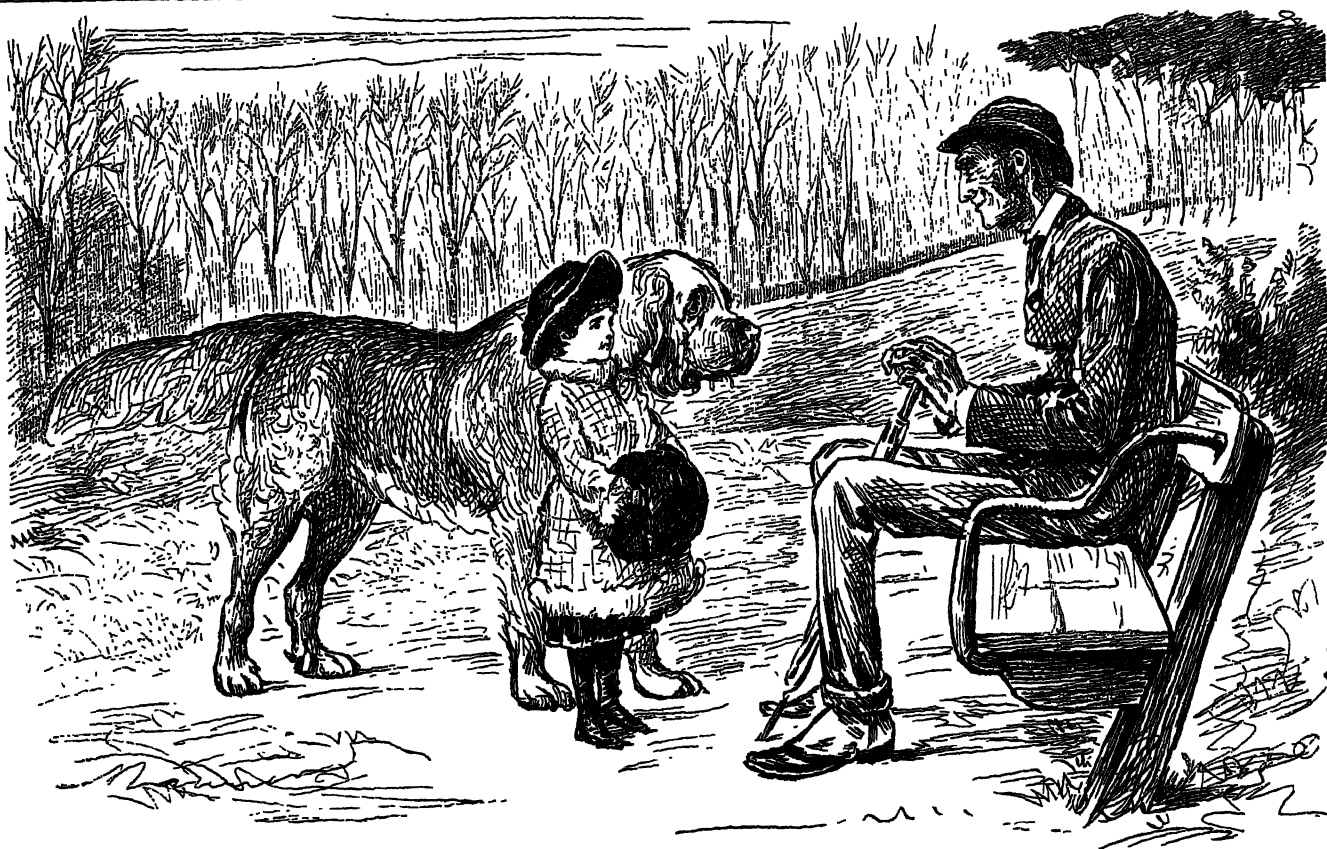
By Our Special Johnnie.

Look here, old Chappie. Very glad to oblige, don't you know. But why want me to go up there so early in the morning? And such a mornin', too, as it was on Friday, to go splashing about Islington! Drizzlington would be a better name for that extraordinary suburb. Haven't been there since *La Fille de Madame Angot*. See they're buildin' a new Theatre. Hope it'll be as amusin' as the old one. Wish you wouldn't ask me to go out on muddy mornin's. Got so splashed in hansom cab that my own tailor wouldn't know me. As for my boots—they were quite unfit for publication. Row with driver about fare. No one seems to know fare to Drizzlington—Islington I mean—every one has his own idea on the subject, which never seems to coincide with mine. Coincide? Go inside? Very good! Of course I went inside. Being a Sportsman's Exhibition, I became quite the sportsman at once. I said "Yoicks!" to the man at the wicket, but he did not respond with enthusiasm. So I looked cheery, and enjoined him to "Hark forrard!" With that he became very angry, and pointed me out to a policeman. By the way, what is the meaning of "Yoicks!" and "Hark forrard!" I possibly swore at the good man in choice Islingtonese, without knowing anything about it.

Oh, yes, I was very much pleased when I got inside. It reminded me of a mixture of the old Polytechnic, the Hill at Epsom on Derby Day, a bit of the beach at Brighton, and a touch of Madame Tussaud's. There were a lot of coaches and cabs, and carts and

carriages; horses all taken out, and drivers gone to dinner. Many people seemed so have come in boats, and a very good way of comin', too, this beastly weather. I saw a heap of wonderful things. There were some curious brogues which the Irish Fishermen wear to acquire their accent in Donegal, and there were gaffs which they blow when they want to give information. I also saw some very curious corner-crushers, which, I understand, are highly recommended by some of our leading chiropodists; there was dubbing, always used by the QUEEN when conferring the dignity of knighthood upon one of her subjects; there were dumb jockeys—excellent on a quarrelsome race-course; and there was saddle-soap, a capital thing to prevent your falling off, don't you know.

Let me see, old Chappie, was there anything else? Oh dear, yes! There were cross-eyed guns for shootin' round the corner, I suppose—the ejector gun, which they must find very useful in Ireland just now, and a lot of smart, gay-looking boats, called, I know not why, dingies. I also noted some chaff-cutters, most invaluable for using at dinner-parties, on race-courses and in the House of Commons. Among the few live things there were some clay pigeons, and some decoy ducks. There were a lot of drags, which you know are used for huntin', and some ladies' spurs, which are supposed to incite them to all kinds of good deeds. Oh, and a lot of other things! You must go yourself, and have a look. Can't expect me to tell you all about it when I've been so splashed. They ought to have a lot of men in red coats there, and have a run with a salmon, or stalk a fox, or course a partridge. Plenty of girls in country costumes to sing sportin' songs, would be an excellent notion. Tried the man with "Tantivy!" as I went out, but it was of no use. I'm splashed if I have anything more to do with sporting matters!



CAVE CANEM!

Effie. "AREN'T YOU AFRAID MY BIG DOG 'LL EAT YOU?"

Stranger. "HE WOULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A MEAL OFF ME, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "MY BIG DOG LIKES BONES!"

A MYSTIC RITE.

MR. MACBETH and MR. GREGORY were, last week, elected as worthy to be Associates of the Royal Academicians. The ceremony of MR. MACBETH's initiation was peculiarly striking, as the official Representative Artists could not lose the opportunity afforded them by the new Associate's Shakspearian name. The Council Chamber was fitted up as The Witches' Cavern, a Calderon was in the centre, and the *dramatis personæ* were as follows:—

<i>Macbeth</i>	. . .	By Himself.
<i>1st Witch</i>	. . .	Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
<i>2nd Witch</i>	. . .	J. C. HOESLEY, R.A.
<i>3rd Witch</i>	. . .	W. P. FRITH, R.A.

After an incantation, arranged for three voices, which was very finely sung, *The Second Witch* announced that, "By the pricking of thumbs, something clever this way comes. Open locks whoever knocks!" upon which MR. MACBETH entered, and was presented by the Weird Sisters with "a deed without a name," which the new Associate had to sign. Then, joining hands, they danced to mysterious music, played by MR. SART, R.A., on a concealed harmonium, and while throwing into the Cauldron old paint-brushes, broken palettes, bits of easels, chips of mahlsticks, dry leaves from RUSKIN on Art, BLACKBURN'S Illustrated Academy Guide, and an old Catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery, they sang—

"Come high or low,
Thyself and office deftly show!"

when the thunder was splendidly shaken by MR. HERBERT, R.A., and in a vivid flash of lightning, also contrived by the same talented Artist, arose a Head, wearing a Judge's wig, whose features were at once recognised by everyone present as those of The Last of the Barons.

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power!

First Witch. He knows thy thought.

Second Witch. Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

Third Witch. Or be committed for contempt of Court.

The Last of the Barons then made a few learned observations on Art in general and experts in particular, and after making a few

learned observations on Art and experts, the Baron was courteously dismissed, cigars and liquors were produced, and dancing round the Cauldron was kept up to a late hour.

THE FRENCH ANDROMEDA.

WANTED a Perseus! There she stands, poor France,
Helpless and faction-shackled, with wild eyes
Watching the red-gorged monster's slow advance,
Oh, issue sad of warring vanities!
'Twas Cassiopea's boastings brought black fate
On snowy-limbed Andromeda of old.
Where's he, who in the interest of the State
Will make, with resolution calm and bold,
A holocaust of self, of all the small
Hot-raging egoisms that enmesh
What else were great? Where's he, not passion's thrall,
Who the clean downright blade of Truth will flesh
Fast in the common foe? Must every man
Of modern Frenchmen, valorously vain,
Play Cepheus to his country, blindly plan
To forge fresh links for her disabling chain,
What time the monster nearer nearer creeps,
And the Gods laugh, and the deliverer sleeps?

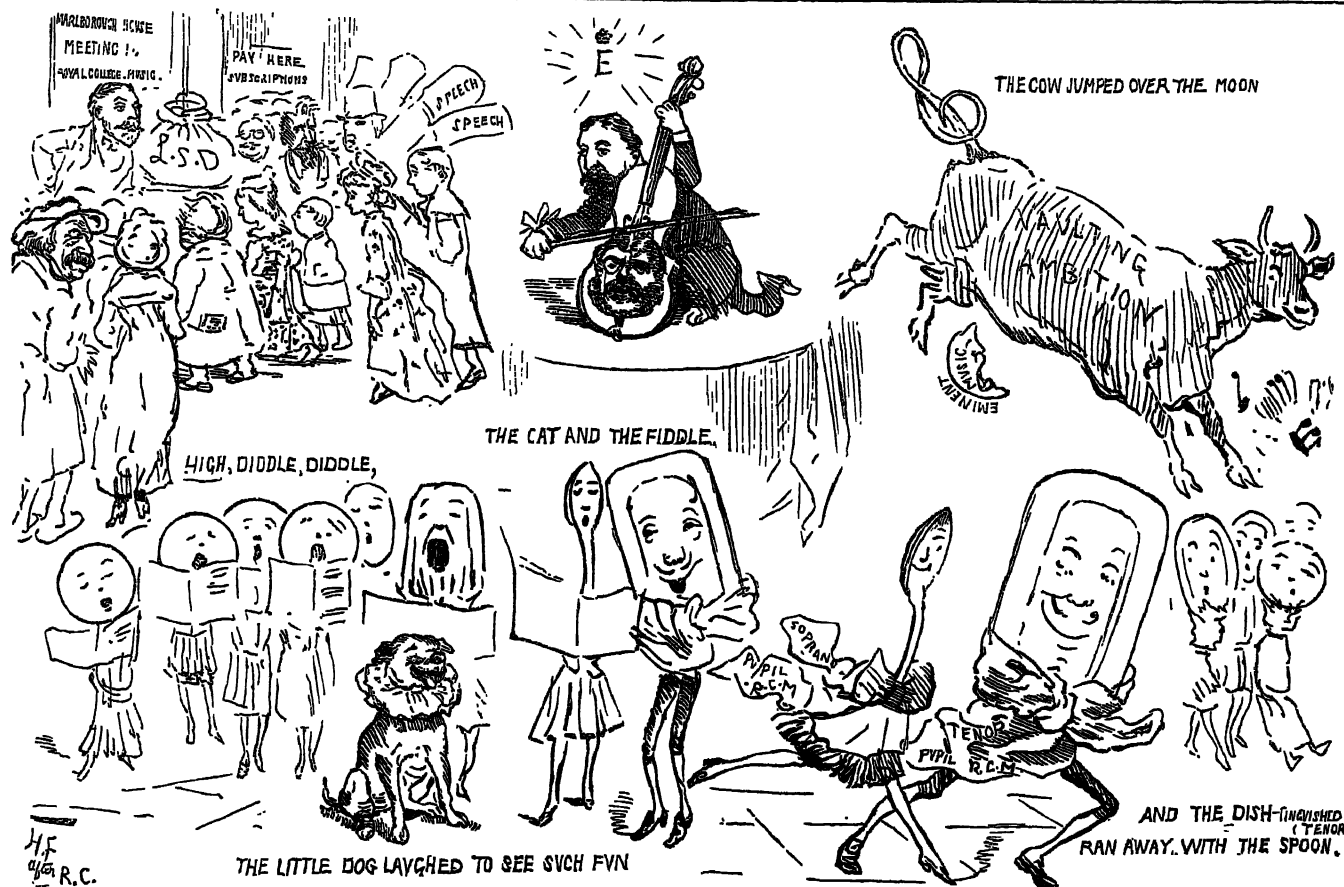
QUERY AND EXPLANATION.—At an entertainment given by Mr. BASS at the Brewery, Burton-on-Trent, to his merry men and many others, the Opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed. But why have played *Lucrezia Borgia*? Why, asks our friend WAGE, didn't Mr. BASS or SIR ARTHUR select something from MEYER-BEER? The answer is evident. The satirical M.P. for Burton-on-Melancholy—no, on Trent,—chose *Lucrezia Borgia* because, at the finish of the Opera, all the guests are poisoned by wine, and are led out staggering to their bier. Oh, *Basso Profondo*!

THE MOTTO OF THE DEMON DRIVER.—"Hurrah for the—Wrong side of the—Road!"



THE FRENCH ANDROMEDA ;

OR, WANTED, A PERSEUS.



ROYAL MUSICAL COLLEGIATE NURSERY RHYME.

IN THE CALDECOTTIAN STYLE.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

"For myself I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times."—*Mr. Ruskin at Oxford.*

Three Notes on above from an Undergraduate's Diary.

RETURNED from lecture stumped and thoughtful. Wonderful things the old boy says about colour. Odd idea that, now, of his to have a fresh bit of rock-opal on the table, and dip it into a bucket of water, to test one's sensibility to prismatic beauty. *Mem.*—To try it. Order a pound or two in from SPIERS. Can't quite believe, though, it will show anything that will be a patch upon our Boating-Club colours. What does he mean, too, by this?

"Entirely common and vulgar compared with these, yet to be noticed as completing the crystalline or vitreous system, we have the colours of gems. The green of the emerald is the best of these; but, at its best, is as vulgar as house-painting beside the green of birds' plumage, or of clear water."

Don't fancy FLORENCE will see this, and give up sporting her engagement-ring. "Birds' plumage,"—that must be bosh. He can't be thinking of that dusty weather-beaten old parrot in the High? And as to clear water,—come, I'll back an average emerald against the Cherwell any day. Perhaps, though, he had Sandford Lasher in his eye? Shouldn't wonder:—still, take it at its best,—it's not what I should call a "killing" sort of green. However, I'll turn it all over as soon as SPIERS sends in the opal. "It presents more lovely colours than can be seen in the world, except in clouds." Evidently, he has been walking on Sunday afternoon to the top of Shotover to see the sun over Carfax in a fog. No accounting for taste, but—well—if it comes to clouds—give me a three-volume novel, and a pipe full of bird's-eye.

Quite converted by that last lecture, and no mistake. Am so glad. I went through the whole course. Mind quite changed again now. Break off engagement with FLORENCE, because she won't give up wearing that staring, vulgar, gimcrack, emerald hoop, and take to a little natural ring of freshly-picked chickweed. Very nasty of her, I think, and really vile taste! Never

mind—I can keep it up. Go into chapel crowned with moist cabbage-leaves. Fined; but no matter. Hide my Uncle's carbuncle signet-ring, explaining to him that "unless set in tinfoil," it is not prettier than the "seed of a pomegranate," and that he must live up to a higher standard of Art. Calls me an "upstart jackanapes," and strikes me out of his will. Console myself by emptying a jug of clear crystal water on the head of the Regius Professor of Divinity. When he sends for the Proctor, explain to him that the passionate admirer of colour can see less glory in the priceless diamond than in the simple dewdrop, and that as he is dripping from head to foot, he awakens in me a feeling of unbounded admiration. He says, that "may or mayn't be," but that he suffers badly from rheumatism, and he'll have me "sent down for a term or two." Celebrate my departure by an oyster-shell supper. When some of the men want to throw me out of window, try to make them understand that the real beauty of the oyster is not the miserable fish one eats, but the glorious corrugating preciousness of the nautilus of the shells one looks at. Ducked. Hit out right and left. Give the Senior Censor, who intervenes, "one for himself" by mistake. Says, for the moment he sees "the purest rainbow-tints, as glistening in meridian sunshine on a butterfly's wing," all at once in his right eye. Quite believe him. Rusticated. Never mind. Take rock-opal with me in a carpet-bag.

Changed my mind again. Must be right this time. Made it up with FLORENCE. Just read in my lecture-notes, "The ruby is like an ill-dyed and half-washed-out print compared to the dianthus." Stuff! *Mem.*—Give FLORENCE a complete set on the spot. Married to-morrow. Don't talk to me of "the delicate harmony of shade in the sea-washed tracery of virgin coral." I mean to be married in a blue coat with brass buttons, and a red tie,—and then live in a stucco-fronted house, with cheap cast-iron railings and a pea-green door. It isn't exactly what I meant to do when I first went in for the SLADE Professor's lectures, but as I have contradicted myself and everybody else at least three times, I ought to feel tolerably satisfied that I'm right at last. *Mem on final note.*—"In reverence is the chief power and joy of life." Now, what does the old boy mean by that?—I have it! Of course,—*Throw the rock-opal at my father-in-law.*

THE GAIETY NOVICE.

"FARQUHAR" is a good name in connection with the Stage. Towards the end of the Seventeenth Century young FARQUHAR, who was subsequently to make a brilliant reputation as a dramatic author, offered himself to a Manager as an Actor, and was accepted, "probably," says his biographer, "as a godsend, being a young gentleman from College," and he came out as *Othello*. Fortunately for his future authorship, FARQUHAR had every qualification for the Stage, except that he couldn't act. He had no voice, no confidence in himself, and never got over "stage fright." He probably murdered several characters before he accidentally stabbed a brother Actor when playing in DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*, after which, having made this one hit, he quitted the Stage for ever.

His namesake, who appeared at a *matinée* some ten days ago, does not suffer from want of confidence or from lack of voice. He made a very creditable beginning as an amateur, and, as he chose this method of introducing himself to the notice of London Managers anxious to engage a young man of fashion, we may look upon "Gillie's" first appearance at the Gaiety as a modern version of FARQUHAR'S *Beaux' Stratagem*.

Shakspeare Adapted.

(For the Use of the Conservative Leaders.)

You cannot hold the Tories well in hand
By railing at the Liberal Causes!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 122.



LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES R. FARQUHARSON.

"My foot's upon my native heath—
My name, McMASHER!"

Rob Roy.

WHY BRIGHTON IS CHOSEN
FOR THE EASTER REVIEW.

BECAUSE the Committee of the Commanding Officers are fond of special trains.

Because the town authorities have not forgotten the attacks of the *Lancet*.

Because Colonels of Volunteers are greater men on the South Coast than at Aldershot.

Because a great deal may be learned by military men on the West Pier and at the Aquarium.

Because Portsmouth has had enough of "Citizen Soldiers" for the present.

Because "our great standing camp" is not exactly the place for amateurs.

Because Prince EDWARD thinks it within easy railway distance of his Command.

Because the Corporation of "the Queen of Watering-places" find trade bad.

Because no one expects the "Sham Fight" to be of any military service to anyone, and, therefore, that one place will do as well as any other.

Finally,—because "the Duke" has no objection.

Now that the only Frenchman who could lay claim to the title has departed, we must gradually become accustomed to regard the world-renowned Personal Conductor, Mr. Cook, as the "Dictator of Tours."

THE nearest approach to Midlothian the PREMIER could make when forced to go abroad for his well-earned rest, was "The Chateau Scott."

"THE SILVER THAMES."

MR. PUNCH'S great motto, as all the world knows, is "Justice to all!" Bearing this in mind, although he has had many a good hearty laugh, and trusts to have many more at some of the funny and old-fashioned and cumbersome doings of the old City Corporation, he has always borne willing testimony to their many good deeds for the benefit of the whole Metropolis. For instance, he hears nothing but good accounts on all hands of the admirable school they have just opened on the Thames Embankment, on which they have lavished their wealth with an unsparing hand, thanks, in no small degree, to the exertions of the energetic Chairman of the School Committee. He also hears from his



numerous staff of young men who are constantly employed, at enormous salaries, in verifying quotations, and other important literary work, that the Guildhall Free Library is as near perfection as a Free Library can well be. Free admission to all, early and late, a priceless collection of books, a most courteous Librarian, and careful and ready attendants. Then, again, Mr. Punch can speak from his own personal experience of the magnificence of their latest gift, for, fearless of risk, or even of the probable subsequent discomfort, he rode lately, accompanied by two of his trusty lieutenants, for hours through Epping Forest, and although his critical eye saw many things that might be easily improved, he bears willing testimony to the priceless value of this grand acquisition. And now, again, when not only public gratification and public recreation, but even public health is imperilled by the polluted condition of our noble river, the old Corporation is again to the fore, not as in the olden time, struggling and battling

for the rights and liberties of the people, but for their comfort, their enjoyment, and their health.

For a long time past reports have been rife as to the simply disgusting state of the Thames in the neighbourhood of the outfalls of the Main Drainage System at Crossness and Barking. Complaints by the Corporation to the Metropolitan Board of Works being of no avail, they applied to the Seldom-at-Home Secretary, who has at length woken up and procured the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into this most important matter. Strange to say, the Commissioners have resolved to sit with closed doors. No one except the officers and witnesses of the Corporation, who are the Plaintiffs, and of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who are the Defendants, is allowed to enter the sacred chamber, or to reveal one word of the important evidence given.

This being the case, Mr. Punch, as usual, comes to the rescue, and sympathising with the natural impatience of the Public to know the facts of the case without that delay that seems inseparable from Royal Commissions, he has again summoned to his aid his Own City Commissioner, whose Reports upon the Livery Companies of the City, lately published, have so exhausted the subject that the Royal Commissioners are said to have adjourned *sine die*. This Gentleman, with that alacrity that is as praiseworthy in a Commissioner as it is unusual, has held several sittings, and has now forwarded a copy of a portion of the evidence taken:—

No. I.—CAPTAIN CROSSTREE.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Captain, you know the importance of the inquiry I am now commencing. What can you tell me of the state of the River?

Captain Crosstree. Well, Sir, I have been on it almost daily for the last ten years, as master of one of the river steamers, and it seems to me to get worse and worse every year.



"FOR EXAMPLE."

Miss Netherblew. "WILL YOU ADVISE ME AS TO PRINTING AND PUBLISHING, MR. STIERKROGH? I HAVE A LITTLE WORK READY FOR THE PRESS, BUT HAVE HAD NO EXPERIENCE——"

Gallant Publisher. "MY DEAR MADAM, PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ARE VERY DIFFERENT THINGS. FOR INSTANCE, IF I PRINT A KISS ON YOUR ROSY CHEEK, IT IS NOT AT ALL NECESSARY TO PUBLISH IT!" *Miss Netherblew.* "SIR!" [Tableau!]

Our Own C. Have you any doubt of the cause of this terrible state of things?

C. C. None at all. It all arises from the fearful blunder of emptying all the sewage of the Metropolis into the River instead of into the Sea.

Our Own C. Can you tell me anything like the quantity pumped into the River?

C. C. Yes. I have a nephew employed at Abbey Mills as a stoker, and he told me once that they reckoned it at about a hundred millions of gallons a day.

Our Own C. A hundred million gallons a day! Surely there must be some mistake!

C. C. No, Sir, there is no mistake. And I believe it's much worse than even that.

Our Own C. Why?

C. C. Because the receptacles at the pumping stations are so insufficient in size, that they are sometimes obligated to turn the sewage into the River at least two hours before high water.

Our Own C. And what is the effect of that outrageous proceeding?

C. C. Why, that instead of the ebb tide carrying the sewage towards the Sea, the flood tide carries it towards London.

Our Own C. Really, Captain, this is hardly credible.

C. C. It's quite true, Sir, and they are now about to enlarge the receptacles in consequence.

Our Own C. How does all this affect you and your men?

C. C. Well, you see, Sir, we are pretty well used to it by this time, but it's cruel work when the weather's at all warm or close. I've sometimes known every man of the crew to be as sick as so many land-lubbers on their first sea-voyage.

Our Own C. Thanks, Captain, that will do for to-day, and I am much obliged for your very interesting and important evidence.

C. C. You're quite welcome, Sir. And if anything can be done to improve matters, it will be a real blessing to the thousands of poor men and women and dear little children who take a run down the River on their rare holidays. [He retires.]

No. II.—JAMES BOSHER.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Mr. BOSHER, I am informed that you can give me some information of a peculiarly interesting character as to the condition of the River.

James Bosher. Well, yes, Sir, I think I knows a thing or two. P'raps as much as most people.

Our Own C. Are you often on the River?

J. B. Yes, Sir; almost every day when the water's pretty smooth.

Our Own C. I suppose you avoid the neighbourhood of Crossness as much as possible?

J. B. (smiling). Oh, no, quite the contrary. I spends hours and hours within a very short distance of it. I shouldn't go on the River at all if it wasn't for blooming Crossness.

Our Own C. You really quite surprise me. Pray what is your object in going there?

J. B. Business.

Our Own C. Business! Why, what business, in the name of all that's wonderful?

J. B. (smiling again). Why, the fact is, Sir, I'm one of them true patriots who objects to anything in the shape of waste, and so I devotes my precious time to skimming the River near Crossness of a very valuable oil, which I afterwards, by the aid of certain chemicals, convert into a certain article of daily consumption, which is sold by the pound under the name of butt—

Our Own C. (hurriedly). That will do—that will do for to-day.

[He departs abruptly.]

(To be continued.)

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, thinking that she was quoting the proverb correctly, said, "Ah! a man with a large family has indeed 'given ostriches to fortune.' Nothing can be truer, my dear, for just think of the appetite of an ostrich."

JUSTICE OUT IN THE COLD.

(Or, what may be expected before Easter.)



SCENE—Interior of one of the Royal Courts just opened, during the trial of a Civil Action. General Chorus of sneezing and coughing. Sounds of hammering, and occasional alarms, alarms and excursions, to which the Bench and Bar pay no attention, having become acclimatised to their occurrence.

The Judge (speaking through a storm-trumpet, and interrupting a cross-examination). Before we proceed with the further hearing of this matter, I must really restore the circulation to my feet by a little more exercise. *[Rises, and walks rapidly up and down the bench.]*

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. (also through a storm-trumpet). If I might make a suggestion, my Lord, I would suggest that your Lordship would get considerable relief by adopting the course pursued by my learned friends and myself. We are standing in foot-baths filled with hot water.

The Judge (doubtfully). Have you any authority for that?

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. (handing up report). Yes, my Lord, the Master of the Rolls, in a recent case, permitted a Counsel to appear before him with his feet encased in a brief-bag.

The Judge. Well, then, I think I may go so far myself as to rest my legs on a hot-bottle.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. As your Lordship pleases.

Foreman of the Jury (shouting in chorus). The Jury wish to say, my Lord, that they have been much more comfortable since they have been supplied with a stock of warming-pans.

The Judge (bowing). I am very glad to hear it. *(After consultation with sundry Officials.)* I may take this opportunity of mentioning that I find the hot-bottle extremely valuable, and that I have no doubt I shall be able to sit to-morrow continuously, as my chairs and tables are to be fitted with gas-stoves.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. With your Lordship's permission, I will now continue the cross-examination of the witness in the box. *(Turning to his Junior.)* Kindly hold my respirator.

The Judge. I don't want to interfere with your mode of conducting this case, Mr. Wigblock, but I notice that you have taken off the woollen comforter you have been wearing since the commencement of the proceedings. Now I would put it to you—is this wise?

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. I would submit to your Lordship that my woollen comforter rather detracts from the dignity of my appearance, and, as I feel the necessity of impressing this Witness with the majesty of the Law, I have thought it advisable to discard it. I may add that I have not ventured to pursue this course until after consultation with my learned friends associated with me in this case.

The Judge. Just so. But I may remind you, as I have no wish to take you by surprise, that you have already confessed to a foot-bath.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. Which is out of sight, my Lord.

The Judge. No doubt,—no doubt. But any reasonable person will form his own deduction when he sees the Solicitor by whom you are instructed continually handing you over cans of hot water.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. Certainly, my Lord, although there is no direct evidence of what becomes of the cans, or, indeed, the hot water.

The Judge. Except your own admission. Well, I say no more. My only wish is to assist. I have no desire to dictate to Counsel. But I presume no objection will be raised to my wearing my cap. I admit that it is customary only to assume it when passing a sentence of death, but the draughts up here are so unbearable that a head-covering of some sort is most comforting—nay, absolutely necessary.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. As your Lordship observes, it is not a usual course.

The Judge. But as you say that the Witness requires impressing with the majesty of the Law, it has occurred to me that my black cap may possibly help you in creating the desired impression. I merely throw out the suggestion.

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. I have no wish to raise a point on a side issue, and, consequently, I bow to your Lordship's wishes. *(Turning to Witness-Box.)* And now, Sir, attend to me. During our conversation you have had plenty of time to collect your thoughts. Now then, Sir, on your oath, did you or did you not poke the fire in the Plaintiff's presence on the occasion to which I have just referred?

Now, Sir,—yes or no. *(A pause.)* Yes or no, Sir? *(A pause.)* Out with it! We must have your answer. Now then, Sir, your answer!

Usher (after a long pause). Please, Sir, the Witness can't answer. He's frozen to death!

The Judge. Indeed! *(Briskly.)* Gentlemen of the Jury, having, I regret to say, had many cases of this kind, we have decided upon a mode of procedure. The Court will stand adjourned until after the inquest! *[Curtain.]*

HYGIEA VICTRIX.

"It not unfrequently turns out that if the dwelling on which the learning and skill of the Sanitarian have been expended had been left to Nature, or to the primitive appliances which were almost on a level with it, the inmates could not have been worse situated."—*Standard.*

I've built a house, and, at a glance,
You see it's not an ancient plan,
For it has all that can enhance
The comfort of the modern man.
I've dozens of electric lights,—
A comfort, in this murky weather,
—
And yet they give me awful
frights
By going out, and all together.

The Sanitary Engineer
Comes in to see me thrice a
week;
I stand in most exceeding fear
Of any words that he may
speak;
I know they mean more open
drains,
And tons of pipes before us
carted;
And still, in spite of these my
pains,
Bad odours have not all de-
parted.

I have a wondrous kitchen-range,
Whereon with scorn my serv-
ants look,—
A patent,—but I soon must
change;
'Tis patent that it will not cook.
A network of strange pipes is
spread
Around me—most expensive
toys:
I scarcely sleep when I'm in
bed,
My ventilators make such noise.
We're warmed by every sort of
stove
That scientific men admire,
And yet I often think, by Jove!
I'd rather have a cheerful
fire.
I try each Richardsonian craze,
And Sanitarian's idea,
And feel I'm shortening my
days
In this wild worship of Hygiea.

NOTE FROM CANNES.



DELIGHT OF FRENCH BLANCHISSEUSES WHEN WASHING THE
G. O. M.'s COLLARS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A NOVELTY.

THE new "Photo-filigraane" note-paper and visiting-cards, invented by Mr. W. H. WOODBURY, and published by Messrs. BROWN, BARNES AND BELL, Photographers. You can write over your own portrait, artfully concealed within the sheet, and only discoverable by the uninitiated reader, when after vainly endeavouring to brush something off the paper—he can't tell what—and feeling that he must either send for a doctor, or give up everything he has been in the habit of taking freely at once, he holds the letter up to the light, and finds the photograph of the writer. It is proposed to develop this new invention in cheque-books, promissory-notes, bills, scrip, and debentures, which last will always have the portrait of the holder, and those of the two signing Directors. It is likely to lead to a good deal of heartburnings and jealousies, and rows generally in private families, and may safely be recommended to disappointed lovers. When you don't recognise the name on a Photofiligraane visiting-card, you have only to hold it up to the light. "Oh, that fellow, is it? All right, JOHN: mind I'm not at home when that gentleman calls!" It has its advantages, undoubtedly.

"CAPITAL place for luncheon is the Criterion," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "after a long morning's shopping. As my Uncle the Dean says, 'Dum Spiro Pondo!'"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 123.



JAMES STAATS FORBES, ESQ., L.C.D. AND D.R.

"Keep your eye on your Chairman, and your Chairman will pull you through."
Toole's Tric Sayings.

A DRAMATIC TONIC.

AMONGST all the fashionable Drama-olatory—Actor-olatory, and even Theatre-olatory, it is as refreshing as a tonic to find one body of men, however mistaken, who boldly oppose dramatic entertainments in any shape, and give, as a reason, that young men are better without them. The Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges of the University of Cambridge, are perfectly within their legal right in holding these opinions and acting upon them, and the townspeople are perfectly within their right in opposing the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges. Our own opinion is, that the Drama, even in its least elevated form, is a much better amusement for Undergraduates than many time-honoured dissipation that are found in every University City. *Verbum sap.*

A SONG OF SOUTH LONDON.

AIR.—"Mary had a little Lamb."
LONDON had a demon Tram,
Huge, lumbering, noisy,
slow;
And everywhere that London went,
That Tram was sure to go.
An Ogre-pet, a Frankenstein;
Where'er man's footsteps fell
Was heard the thunder of its tramp,
The tinkling of its bell.
Oh, Nature! your so vaunted course
Is surely but a sham,
You "bring not back the Mastodon,"
But will you take the Tram?

"STAY" NOT!

THE SURGEON'S SONG TO THE SEX.

Sung by Dr. Richardson.

"STAY" not! No longer don
Tight cinch to your hurt,
Trust Lady HARBERTON,
Try the divided skirt.
Most parlous is your state,
Your only hope of cure
Lies—try it ere too late—
In dual garmenture.
"Stay" not! "Stay"
not!

"Stay" not! The torturing steel,
The rib-compressing lace,
Will mar the human weal,
Will wreck the human race.
What profits waist of wasp,
Shape on the hour-glass model,
When you don't breathe, but gasp,
When you don't walk, but
waddle?
"Stay" not! "Stay" not!
[And they stay not—to listen.]

THE case against the Sir Per se Shelley Theatre is adjourned for an *entr'acte* of a fortnight. The talented Baronet is probably now considering Shelley or Shelley not come to terms with Mr. SLINGSBY BETHELL, who, if there is anything in a name, evidently resides within a stone's throw of Sir Per-se's House of Entertainment. But was it ever expected that there could be anything but a difficulty when a small Theatre and a little Bethel were in the same street? If peace be restored to the latter, and piece be permitted in the former, then—

All's welly that ends welly,
In the House of PERCY SHELLEY.

THE BLACK-LEGS OF THE TURF.—Girllettes on the Tennis-Lawn.

BUMBLEDOM AGAIN.

THE longer Bumbledom exists, the more wonderful it becomes, especially at Christmas time. Its finest qualities are always brought out by contact with "entertainments." When a liberal Theatrical Manager offers a few hours free amusement to people who are compelled to live upon the charity of ratepayers, it is not uncommon to find the Poor-Law Guardians refusing such a gift on behalf of the wretched creatures under their charge, and priding themselves on their self-denial. It is so easy to refuse something which is given by somebody to somebody else,—something which deprives the Stoic of no appreciable pleasure. Much as Bumbledom has distinguished itself in connection with firmness of this order, it has been left for the Guardians of a somewhat unsavoury Eastern Parish to go still further. The Shoreditch Guardians have suddenly discovered that all children unfortunate enough to be what is called "illegitimate" are not entitled to witness an exhibition of dissolving views. What lawfully-begotten idiot first hit upon this new development of Bumbledom, it is impossible to say, but the decision, we believe, was approved of and acted upon. In this neighbourhood of fried fish and cheap clothing, a Lady has been striving for years, at great cost and trouble, to show the world what practical charity is, and it appears that she has taught the world, but has not taught Shoreditch. Shoreditch has perhaps never heard of Lady BURDETT-COURTS, or the good Samaritan, and may regard the cloak of Charity merely as a specimen of "old clothes."

EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT.—Proverb for the First Commissioner of Works to mutter as he surveys the dismounted Duke.—"Put a statue on horseback, and it's the very deuce to get him down again."



THE MAIDEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Mamma (to Maud, who has been with her Brother to the Play, and is full of it). "BUT WAS THERE NO LOVE IN THE PIECE, THEN?"

Maud. "LOVE? OH DEAR NO, MAMMA. HOW COULD THERE BE? THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE, YOU KNOW!"

THE POOR DUKE.

(A Legend of Hyde Park and Piccadilly.)

"FORWARD, my brave charger!" cried the Iron Horseman, as he ponderously rode away from the site of St. George's Hospital towards the south side of the Thames. "At least I know where to find a home. I shall be honoured there!"

As he passed by the Houses of Parliament he was greeted with moans.

"Do not stay here!" cried a number of statues in chorus. "We are so *triste*, and no one takes the trouble to read our inscriptions!"

"Certainly not," replied his Grace. "I never intended to abide with ye. My place is on the roof of that temple dedicated to my grandest victory," and he continued his way across the bridge, and reached the Amphitheatre.

"Mustn't loiter here, Sir," observed a policeman, as he noticed the grimy horseman taking up a commanding position in the centre of the road. "The trams have stopped running for the night, but they will be beginning again presently."

"Tell me," replied the Iron One, "Is not this Astley's?"

"That's what it *used* to be called; but now it's Sanger's."

"SANGER! SANGER!" murmured his Grace. "Never heard of him! Well, and how did the Battle go last night?"

"What Battle, Sir?" asked the policeman.

"Why, the Battle of Waterloo. Surely they played it?"

"Played it!" replied the custodian of the law. "Why, Sir, they haven't played *that* for the last twenty years or more! Why, it's almost forgotten."

The Iron Duke uttered a moan, and galloped away.

"And this is fame!" he cried, as he crossed Blackfriars Bridge, and cantered down the Embankment. "This is fame! Even Astley's knows me not!"

"You, surely, are not going to join us!" exclaimed JOHN STUART MILL, who seemed to be seated on a chair charged with electricity. "You cannot imagine how dull BRUNEL and I find it watching the penny steamboats! And, pardon me, your horse would frighten the Hansoms."

The Iron Duke shook his head sorrowfully, and hurried to Charing Cross.

"Ah, your Grace, you have come here at last!" exclaimed the First Gentleman of Europe. "Very pleased to see you. We wanted another equestrian statue to balance mine. Gad, Sir, what could make a better pair than the King and the Duke—the two Heroes of Waterloo!"

"You are very good, Sire," replied the Iron One. "But if I stay anywhere, it will be with HAVELOCK and NAPIER—not with you. You want a contrast as great as poison and antidote. I resign *my* claim in favour of THACKERAY."

"And his Grace passed on, leaving GEORGE THE FOURTH in his obesity puffing with indignation.

"What—what—what!" piped a squeaking voice at the corner of the Haymarket. "Ah, WELLINGTON! Yes—yes—yes! Distinguished himself in India and other places. Stay—stay—stay! Eh—eh—eh! What—what—what!"

"Sorry I must bid adieu to your Majesty. I am weary, and am anxious to get to rest. One hideous monument is sufficient, without the addition of another!"

And with this the Statue once more entered Piccadilly, and sorrowfully rode to Hyde Park.

"There is no fit resting-place for me anywhere!" he murmured mournfully. "Where shall I hide myself? When shall I shake off the ridicule I deprecated in my letter to the Duke of RUTLAND more than half a century ago? Ah, a happy thought strikes me! Yes, it shall be done! And at once! Good night, Apsley House! Good night, Achilles' Statue! Good night, good night, good night!"

Saying this, the Duke took a plunge, and sank to rest for ever—in the bed of the Serpentine! And there—with the profoundest respect—it is best to leave him!

HULLABALLOO!

SOMEONE, we observe, is advertised as "the celebrated Bellewesque elocutionist." If he overdid it, he would probably be known as "the Bellewesque contortionist."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday (anticipatory).—*Members all back as delighted as if they were going away. Everybody shaking hands with everybody else. PETER RYLANDS doing the honours of the place, as it were; quite in boisterous spirits.

"Another good Under-Secretaryship gone wrong," DRUMMOND-WOLFF slyly whispers in his ear. "You'd better come over and join us."

"Thanks; but I'll wait a bit longer," PETER says. "CHILDERS was all very well at the War Office; it's different at the Treasury. I give him six months there, then there may be a call for a man who has finance at his finger's ends, is trusted by the country, and is a pretty fair speaker."

BRADLAUGH in high spirits. Tells me he's been round spending half an hour with GOSSET practising the steps. Sergeant-at-Arms, it seems, who has not forgotten his old skill, wants to reverse when they waltz backward from the Mace. After the practice of three Sessions, BRADLAUGH can do the forward step well enough, but finds it hard to reverse. Still means to try.

"The eyes of the country are upon us," he says, "and we must do the thing well."

Black Rod arrived shortly after two o'clock. Door shut in his face as he

walked across lobby. Sir WILLIAM KNOLLYS too much of a gentleman to take notice of this. They let him in after he'd given three raps that shook the door. Walked up, bowing to the Mace with ease and dignity. Going back was the difficulty. Mr. BRADLAUGH, from under the Gallery, looked on with interest. Thought at one time he was going to offer to accompany Black Rod to the door. Capital opportunity of practising the reverse step. But gave up notion, and, amid breathless attention, Black Rod bowed himself out backwards.



Commencement of Lent. Peter refusing a Little Party.

Everybody relieved when crisis passed. No precedent for dealing with Black Rod when prone on his back on floor of House of Commons. Sure to do the wrong thing. The House of Lords would raise question of privilege, and on very threshold of Session there'd be conflict between two Houses.

All rushed off after SPEAKER to other House, where LORD CHANCELLOR, made up like an old butterwoman in red cloak patched with white rabbit-skin, lugubriously read the Queen's Speech. Not liking to push and scramble like some Hon. Members, I got a little behind, where couldn't hear very well. But, as far as could gather, Speech ran thusly:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"It is with more than usual satisfaction I again invite your advice and assistance in the conduct of public affairs. Not but what in your absence things have been going along pretty smoothly. Indeed, I sometimes think of recurring to the example of some of my ancestors of the Plantagenet line, and giving you a few years' recess right off.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"You, in particular, are inclined to be meddlesome, poking your honourable nose into all kinds of things, worrying our trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Sir CHARLES DILKE, and unduly and untimely elevating the collar of our immaculate WILLIAM. A pretty mess you would have made of the Egyptian Question, supposing you'd been permitted to revel in the niceties of the negotiation! A bull in a china shop, an elephant in an egg-store, would have been harmless and adroit as compared with you. Now, we've managed it nicely and quietly, got our own way in everything, shown Europe that we are Diplomats as well as soldiers, and raised the prestige of England to a point at which it has not stood since the days of PITT.

"You are all very well in your way, especially when money is wanted—and, by the way, I may here mention that the Estimates for the service of the year are in an advanced state of preparation, and will be promptly submitted to you—but what with your inconvenient questions, your party manoeuvres, your intervention, and your non-intervention, your sentimentality and impracticability, your habit, in short, of playing to the Gallery, you are sometimes best away. As Lord BEACONSFIELD used to say, 'Parliamentary Government would be impossible but for the Recess.'

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I trust we shall not have any time wasted this Session by conflicts between your two Hon. Houses. There was a good deal too much of this last year. We all mean business this Session, and I look forward to the opportunity, early in August, of congratulating you upon the amount of useful work accomplished. Both at home and abroad affairs are in a condition which leave you time to mind your own business. Whilst we were prancing abroad, getting up wars, little and big, and at home were misgoverning Ireland, my people in England, Scotland, and Wales have been woefully neglected. Now that all the running accounts of our spirited Foreign Policy in Europe, Asia, and Africa are happily closed, and when Ireland is in a more settled condition than it has been for six years, let us give the other parts of my Empire a turn. Bend your lofty souls to the Bankruptcy Bill. Curb your boundless aspirations to the level of the Corporation of London Bill, the Consolidation of the Criminal Code, the Repression of Corrupt Practices at Elections, the Conservancy of Rivers, and the Prevention of Floods. In brief, talk less and do more, and so shall your wisdom and energy prove equal to the varied and increasing needs of this extended Empire."

Thought Lord SELBORNE's emotion would have choked him. Scarcely a dry eye in the assembly when he finished. Then all away to come back at four o'clock, and see the revival of the favourite Westminster piece, *Pas de Deux*; or, *The Mace, the Speaker, and the Bounding Brothers*.

WAITING AN ANSWER.

A "JUSTICE OF THE PEACE" complained the other day in the columns of a contemporary that the use of the honoured affix, "J. P.," was not solely restricted, as it ought to be, to the magnates of his own order, to wit, the County Magistrates "chosen from the chief landowners and men of position in the county," but was borne equally by "BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, small shopkeepers, with jurisdiction in their own small borough only." Let such small fry, adds the indignant County Justice, "be satisfied by being called 'Justices of the Borough,' or 'J.B.'"
Mr. Punch is not in the habit of troubling himself with the petty squabbles of puny people, but as the rather too often repeated phrase "Justices' Justice" occurs to him, he confesses to being struck with a certain stolid robustness about the intelligence of this particular J.P. He had always been under the impression that some of the worst decisions in the three kingdoms invariably emanated from provincial benches graced not by BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, the small shopkeepers of the borough, but by the very bigwigs, "the chief landowners and men of position in the County" to whom the J.P. in question (who might also sign himself S.N.O.B.) so proudly refers.

By the way, did not the unhappy woman sent up only last week, in a dying condition, from Guildford to Westminster,—and of whose case—for it was a terrible and sorry one—*Mr. Punch* hopes he has not yet heard the last,—receive her gentle sentence of three months' hard labour for the heinous offence of sleeping in an outhouse, from one of these same rural Solomons? If so, the less for the moment the public hear about such worthies in a vaunting key, the better. Anyhow, *Mr. Punch* puts the question; and, in the interests not only of peace and justice, but of common humanity, if there is any satisfactory reply to it forthcoming that will clear the fair fame of a J.P. or of anybody else, he will be mightily glad to hear it. *Mr. Punch* waits an answer.

POETICAL LICENCES.

WE understand that a new feature will shortly be added to the Inland Revenue by the introduction of a Poetical Licence tax. By a curious coincidence, which is only an additional proof of the greatness of our nation and the readiness with which the people of these islands resent any interference with their liberties, attention of the Government has been drawn simultaneously from all quarters of Britain to the extraordinary extravagance and waste which has been permitted in the human mind by the reproduction, annually, of what is known as the "rhetoric of the recess," and the increasing exuberance of volumes of poetry and sermons by budding poets and country clergymen. The new licence, unlike those for dogs and guns, will vary according to the requirements of the applicant. Country residents will be supplied at the local post-offices; the postmaster to decide whether the application shall be granted or not. It is expected that the new measure will be largely taken advantage of by the Editors of the leading London journals.

"READY, AYE READY!"—*Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge the receipt of a Five-pound Note from "A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER,"* in generous response to the Life-Boat verses in last week's number. The donation has been forwarded to the National Life-Boat Fund.

* What does this signature mean? "A Constant Subscriber" of Five-pound Notes? How nice!

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIM?"



THE First Commissioner wants to know where on earth, or under the earth, he's to put him? He can't go dragging this thing about with him all over London.



OUR OPENING DAY.

(FIRST TABLEAU AS ARRANGED BY THE G. O. M. AT CANNES.)



WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Intelligent Child. "WHAT A STRANGE THING IT IS THAT THE ANIMAL WHICH FURNISHES OUR COMBS SHOULD HAVE SO REMARKABLY LITTLE HAIR!"

AN ADVERTISING SUGGESTION.

THE ingenuity of most Theatrical Managers in discovering new ways of recommending their productions to the Public being nearly exhausted, it has occurred to us that the good old form first used, we believe, by Professor HOLLOWAY, might be revived with advantage. The clerical certificate has been tried with success, and there is no reason why a form of approval such as used to be signed by the "Earl of ALDBOROUGH" should not help to fill the overgorged advertising columns of the daily press. We give a few skeleton forms which can be filled up according to the taste and enterprise of the Managers:—

FOR A BURLESQUE-HOUSE.

"I have now witnessed your invaluable Burlesques for several years, and I fearlessly pronounce them to be the best life-regenerators ever produced. My wife, who has witnessed them with me on several occasions, joins me in this testimony."

FOR A DRAMA-HOUSE.

"Your powerful and moral Dramas have converted me from a drunkard and a thief into a respectable member of Society. I have left off kicking my wife, and I have not assaulted the Police, or pawned anything illegally for four years. This is written for me by a member of the School Board, as unfortunately my education has been neglected."

FOR A COMEDY-HOUSE.

"I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your refined and refining entertainment. Before I attended your Theatre regularly, I suffered very much from nervousness and neuralgia, but both these afflictions are now thoroughly cured. You can make any use you like of this testimonial."

FOR A PANTOMIME-HOUSE.

"*Remarkable Case of Longevity.*—MATTHEW SLURR (supposed to be a corruption of METHUSELAH) now a resident of the Asylum for Decayed Cheesemongers, completed his one hundred and tenth year, last Thursday. He remembers the original production of *Mother Goose* with GRIMALDI. Has no hesitation in saying that the old Pantomimes were not a patch upon the new ones."

THE DUKE'S MOTTO (*to be inscribed on the Arch opposite Apsley House*).—"I am not here!"

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has not yet joined the Sal-vation Army.

OUR OPENING DAY.

TRIO AND CHORUS FOR THE POLITICAL HUNTSMEN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

AIR—"The Chough and Crow to roost are gone."

THE *Ins* and *Outs* from rest are back,
The *SPEAKER*'s in his chair.
The talk-mill now resumes its clack,
As birds begin to pair.
The wild-fire quickens tongue and pen,
Wit's bow is strung to slay.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day!

Chorus—Uprouse ye then, &c.

Both Whigs and Rads are wide awake,
Unlosed are Tory's eyes;
The morning papers now will make
Less room for fads and lies.
Bewilder'd Cits through columns ten
Once more will plod their way;
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Chorus—Uprouse ye then, &c.

The *Clôture*'s power own we now
To silence faction's jaw;
PAR shall not raise eternal row,
In spite of taste and law.
Home-legislation looms in ken,
England shall have *her* day.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
And use it as ye may!

Chorus :—

Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men!
Uprouse ye then, I say!
Fill up your horns, and let the glen
Resound with echoes gay!
The hunt is up,
Brim high the cup,
Big game we'll bring to bay.
Uprouse ye then,
My merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day!

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—The veteran dramatist, JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Author of the immortal *Box and Cox*, which is now an English classic—[*Happy Thought*.—Test for Low Comedy Degree at the New Dramatic College:—To pass an examination in *Box and Cox*—has just published a small volume of plays, which, being all as full of his fun as ever, will be invaluable to amateurs and drawing-room theatricalists. They are to be had at the Dramatic Authors' Society, 28, King Street, Covent Garden.

THE NORTHAMPTON VALENTINE.



Mr. Br-dl-gh sings—

MISS PARLIAMENT, I LOVE YOU TRUE;
OH, SHORTEN MY PROBATION!
I CANNOT TAKE MY OATH. WILL YOU
ACCEPT MY DECLARATION?

"Or, if you swear at all, swear by your gracious self."
Romeo and Juliet.



MUNICIPALITY REFORM—A LORD NIGHT-MAYORISH DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

"THE NOTE OF BUSY PREPARATION."

THE Corporation of the City of London having resolved, apparently, to make a good fight for those priceless privileges they have so long enjoyed, and some of which, to their credit be it said, they have at all times been ready to share, not only with the celebrities of the whole Metropolis, but with any distinguished Potentate who has visited our shores, such as the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of PERSIA, have appointed a Special Committee to whom they have referred the whole distasteful subject of Reform, and the Committee, doubtless after due deliberation, have selected as their chief, that doughty champion of true Conservatism, Sir FRANCIS WYATT TRUCCOTT, Knight and Alderman. We understand that the campaign

will be opened, contemporaneously with the opening of Parliament, with a series of those brilliant festivals, dedicated to the Genius of Civic Hospitality, that have on so many previous occasions enabled them to send away their bitterest foes softened and subdued.

"Wit and good-humour sparkled like the wine,
And Rads who came to scoff remained to dine."

There being probably but one Institution in the whole civilised world that delights in bringing together all that is high and noble by birth, station, or intellect, or all who have been successful in Art, in Arms, or in Wealth, in that grand spirit of hospitality that animates the City Fathers, many a generous spirit will wish them success in their battle against the cold logical deductions of their hungry assailants.



SHADES, VARIOUS.

Mrs. M. (on being complimented on the charms of her Daughters). "YES, SIR, THEY'RE WELL ENOUGH LOOKING GIRLS. SOME ADMIRE THE 'BRONZE' AND SOME THE 'BLUENETTES'!"

GAMMON OF BACON.

"Mrs. HENRY POTT—a name which we must confess to not having previously met with in the world of letters—has published an edition of BACON's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* (LONGMANS & Co.), in order to prove that BACON, and not SHAKESPEARE, was the real author of the plays that pass current under the latter's name."—*Saturday Review*.

SCENE—Lord BACON's Library. BACON recumbent and meditating, as usual, ("Sic Sedebat,") in his arm-chair.

Bacon. The proof of the pudding lieth in the eating and experiment, and not in the supposition or imagination thereof. (*A gentle tap at the door.*) Come in! (*Enter SHAKESPEARE.*) What, WILL! Thou art right welcome. Sit thee down, WILL. (*SHAKESPEARE sits.*) And now, how doth business at the Globe? How goeth our *Hamlet*?

Shakespeare. Indifferent well, my Lord.

Bacon. Why, so. Playest thou the *Ghost* still?

Shakespeare. Ay, my good Lord, even yet, at times, so please you.

Bacon. It pleases me well. Talk of your *Ghost*, doth the *Ghost* at the G. continue to walk as he ought?

Shakespeare. Punctually, my Lord, in good sooth, every Saturday night.

Bacon. Good. I will therefore thank thee to hand me over the balance of our little account.

Shakespeare. I shall, my Lord, incontinently. Meanwhile, so please your Lordship, I must become yet further your Lordship's debtor for the wealth, I mean the workmanship, of your wit. My Lord, Her Majesty the Queen did last night come to see *Henry the Fourth*. After the play she called me to her presence, and did declare her pleasure that I should produce her a piece with a part for *Falstaff*, and therein present *Falstaff* in love.

Bacon. How didst thou answer her?

Shakespeare. In your Lordship's own words—"I shall in all my best obey you, Madam."

Bacon. And what then said she?

Shakespeare. Straightway capped your line, my Lord, saying, "Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply."

Bacon. Long live the Queen! But, *Falstaff* in love! A most

inconceivable suggestion and unimaginable fancy of Her Most Gracious Majesty's, in respect both of love and of *Falstaff*.

Shakespeare. But how, then, my Lord, may we in anywise manage to perform her Royal command?

Bacon. About my brains! Methinks I seem to spy some glimmer of a way. A gross fat man fallen into the conceit that some fair dame is enamoured of him, lured on to make love to her after his own fashion. *Falstaff* in love *c'y pres*, as we say at Westminster.

Shakespeare. That would serve, my Lord.

Bacon. *Falstaff* thereto befooled, moreover, by the contrivance of some merry women. Merry? Ha! So! Why, certainly it seems to myself that all this hath passed through my mind before—as we do sometimes feel. I must have dreamt of writing such a play. Methinks I even recollect the name on't. Merry! Yea, marry, quotha,—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Shakespeare. A title passing good, my Lord, and a taking. Truly, a happy thought—Let me pray your Lordship about it presently.

Bacon. Marry and shall, with all the expedition I may. As soon as possible, I'll send it to thy playhouse.

Shakespeare. A thousand thanks, my Lord.

Bacon. In the meanwhile, I prithee forget not that small balance.

Shakespeare. Trust me, my Lord.

Bacon. Needs must I until thou render me the needful.

Shakespeare. Your Lordship shall be straightway satisfied. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit SHAKESPEARE.*]

Bacon. There goeth honest WILL, the reputed Author of the greatest works in their kind the world hath ever seen. But to acknowledge myself a writer of stage-plays would not now sort with my dignity, nor exactly serve my turn. Their excellences also are, for the time being, too far above popular valuation to make it worth while. And what doth it signify? For Posterity will sooner or later be sure to discover that my plays could not possibly have been written by any of my contemporaries, or anybody else whomsoever in any age or country, of abilities inferior to my own. Suffice it for the present that I do make a little money of them, by means of my factor, WILL SHAKESPEARE. [*Curtain.*]

GOING TO THE DOGS.—The National Canine Club.



THE COMMENTATORS.

First Quidnunc (in an ecstasy). "I'VE JUST BEEN WRITING TO THE 'NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.' 'BELIEVE I'VE MADE A DISCOVERY—THAT HORATIO WAS HAMLET'S FATHER!'"

Second Quidnunc (enchanted). "YOU DON'T SAY SO!"

First Quidnunc. "MY DEAR SIR, DOESN'T HAMLET, WHEN HE HANDLES YORK'S SOUL, ADDRESS HORATIO, 'AND SMELT SO, PA'? I THINK THAT'S CONCLUSIVE!!"

SARAH'S SALE.

(Extracts from *Her Own Private Catalogue, which that Salle, which is called Salle des Ventes, declined to Print.*)

My Indian bracelet, in enamelled gold, representing a two-headed serpent, and enriched with rose-diamonds and rubies, given by the Prince—our Prince—the only Monseigneur of all our many seigneurs who appreciates Genius, Art, and Beauty. All necessity for printing this Catalogue at all would have been obviated if I had addressed myself directly to the donor of this interesting lot. But Art has its pride as well as its little presents, and DAMALA's dignity would never have survived it.

My Gold Comb, representing a trophy of Comedy and Tragedy, and bearing my own proud device—*Quand Même*—which I shall now write: *Quand m'aimes, fais-moi des cadeaux*. This lot really represents for anybody with a soul under his waistcoat an allegorical *souvenir* of Art and Literature united more or less fraternally, given to me by EMILE DE GIRARDIN in return for my bust of him—there's a historical memento for you! With a decent auctioneer possessing the slightest sense of the picturesque it ought to go like *Fédora*. Picture the great EMILE, who sat upon everybody else, sitting to the sublime SARAH! Why, there's not a playgoer or newspaper-reader worth a wretched million who would not be proud to spend half-a-million of it on a relic of such extraordinary interest. I will throw in, if they like, a few recollections of how EMILE would say—but I mustn't put them in the Catalogue, because they wouldn't fetch anything if already published.

My set of Mormon Spoons and Forks. This ought to be regarded as a kind of half-humorous, half-serio-theological memory of Me. I remember the disreputable old Elder who gave them Me after that famous performance at BRIGHAM YOUNG'S theatre of the evergreen (particularly in the dying scene) *Dame aux Camélias*. How all the wives cried! You could not see a husband for the clouds of pocket-handkerchiefs. They had been weeping over our wicked Parisian polyandry, the Elder said, entertaining MARIE COLOMBIER and Me at supper afterwards—in order to *étrenner* the forks and spoons. It need not be added that

the forks were found to be in perfidious Bohemia metal, and that the only real spoons were those evinced by the perfidious Elder.

My Italian tributes from Queen MARGHERITA and the Duke d'AOSTA: This lot should be considered in the light of a peace offering from Italy to France. Italy hadn't been behaving very well to France for some years, and I went there purely on a patriotic mission. Therefore I think this tribute of amicable feeling ought to be bought up (as high as possible) by the State, and kept in the Louvre alongside the Marie Antoinette and Napoleon relics. The Duke formally told me, after the Second Act of *Hernani*, that they had no intentions with regard to Nice; and the Queen was quite civil in her inquiries about Monsieur GRÉVY. And I could throw a Treaty offensive and defensive in, if it were worth my while.

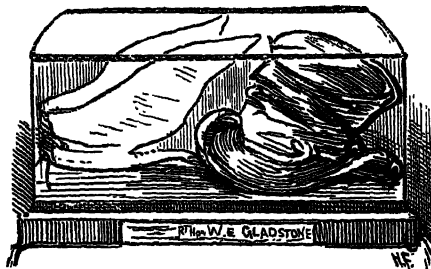
My Service of Gold Plate for Crowned Heads: This would admirably suit a Lord Mayor, low comedian, or successful pawnbroker. The sovereigns who have deigned to eat off it all left their marks—in the shape of presents which would defray its cost three times over.

My Silver Service for every day, I think we shall buy in. DAMALA says he can't resign himself to pottery; and, as for MAURICE, he is like LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, when he pawned the Crown plate; he says our only resource is Sèvres for the table, and old Rouen for the kitchen.

My Talisman, given by my godmother, whose name I forget. This lot I have decided to withdraw. People wouldn't understand. It is of no great use to anyone save the owner. It is a very small amulet, in the shape of a superb Cheek. My other amulet, *chic*, isn't worth half as much.

THE HAT THAT BRAVED!

(A Carnival Echo.)



Mr. GLADSTONE has presented the tall hat and high collar which he wore at the Carnival (Feb. 6) to the Museum of Curiosities at Nice. The Treasures, slightly damaged, will be placed under a glass case for the veneration of the Public.

Thou Grand Old Man from England,
Enjoying mirthful ease,
Whose hat has braved a thousand jeers—
And endless pints of peas:
Above those ample linen gills
Thy classic features show,
And meet the shower of sugar'd flour
That greets thee from below;
The drenching dust of sweetmeat hail
That floors thee from below!

Thy meteor hat—thy topper,
It like a beacon burns;
And cartloads of *confetti*
For thee, its owner, earns!
'Tis riddled through:—to wear it now
Would not be *comme il faut*.
Let it, in peace, rest here at Nice,
And grace the local Show.
By Jove! throw in the collar too—
You'll make the local Show!

"ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY."—The continuation of "Rather Abroad," commenced last week, is unavoidably crowded out of this Number. It will, to use an entirely new and original form of notification, be "Continued in our next."



NORTH AND SOUTH.

Miss Smith (from Bayswater). "I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO LOTS OF DANCES?"
Miss de Smythe (from Belgravia). "I'M GOING TO MRS. MOWBRAY MASHAM'S, OF COURSE, ON THE 28TH. I'VE—A—NOT HEARD THERE'S ANY OTHER."
[Miss Smith, who has Cards for a dozen Dances at least, but has never even heard of Mrs. Mowbray Masham's, feels rather out of it.]

WANTED A WATER-LEAGUE.

(A Colloquy worth Consideration.)

Interlocutors—JUPITER PLUVIUS, JOHN BULL, and SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

John Bull (plaintively). Really, great JUPITER PLUVIUS, this is becoming most serious!

Jupiter Pluvius (impassively). What?

John Bull. Your perpetual downpour, Sir! Anything more deleterious, Dismal, depressing, detestable, cannot, I'm sure, be conceivable.

Beastly! Besides, there's the loss, which will very soon be irretrievable.

Jupiter Pluvius. Yes—if you do not look out.

John Bull. You speak drily, and that is the sole thing That is dry about you. Perhaps you'll explain; I am sick of the whole thing.

Jupiter Pluvius. Pooh! I provide you with rain.

John Bull (hotly). Oh, you do! There is no one disputes it. Just look at the state of the country! Why, whether for grain, grass, or roots, it

Is awful. Can't sow in a pool, or grow grain in a swamp, and, by Jingo, To live we must soon be like frogs, or stilt-legged like a stork or flamingo.

Jupiter Pluvius. Have you done your best?

John Bull. In what way?

Jupiter Pluvius. Why, "Self-Help" and Mechanical Science, For those are the things—you ask SMILES—in which gumption will place chief reliance.

Look after your rivers. What's that that I see sticking under your arm there!

John Bull. A Bill for Prevention of Floods.

Jupiter Pluvius. Why, then, pass it. There may be no charm there To give you fine weather, but Science and Capital banded together, Well worked, may do wonderful things towards making you careless of weather.

You try it, and don't bother me. It's no end of a question, is Water.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson (eagerly). It is; oh, it is! Local Option—

Jupiter Pluvius (to John Bull). You won't get much help in that quarter.

He'd turn on the main at full flood; like your pestilent Parliament spouters,

Who talk out good practical measures. You shut up the hobby-borne spouters.

And—what do you think of a *Water-League*? Land's had it's turn, and I warrant

There's more in this question of Water than dreamt by the nincompoops arrant

Who see but one tree in a forest. You set your best brains on the question,

And next time you'll not worry me, but give thanks for my friendly suggestion. [Exit.]

LEGAL DELIGHTS.

THE man who has never been a Defendant in an action-at-law has never tasted one of the chief pleasures of existence. He is probably served with a writ, and his servants, and perhaps his wife, begin to suspect that he is connected in some mysterious way with the Dynamite Brotherhood. He goes to a Solicitor, and, after several days of patient teaching, he will have taught that Solicitor something about his case. In due time the Solicitor will take the same trouble, second-hand, to teach a Barrister; after which the Barrister—if the case goes into Court—will take the trouble, third-hand, if he is not called into another Court, to teach the Judge; and the Judge, fourth-hand, will take the trouble to teach the Jury.

The man, now called a Client, will be asked, in writing, the most insulting questions called "interrogatories," and these he will be expected to answer, without losing his temper. Various legal messengers will now wait upon him at various hours of the day to swear various affidavits. He will be asked to step out and find a Commissioner empowered to take Oaths, and after trying two ground-floors and three first-floors, will discover one of these privileged persons in an airy garret. He will now learn the meaning and beauty of the word *venue*.

He may be sued in Yokelshire, or he may be sued in Clogshire. In the latter case he will be marched down to Mudchester with his Solicitor and a small party of witnesses—the majority of whom will never be wanted. He will be fed with reports that he is Number Four on the list, and may come on at any moment. After waiting a week, he will find that Mudchester has more cases than it can try, and he is marched off with his party to the neighbouring town of Livelypool. Here he is comforted with the assurance that he will "come on" at the opening of the Assizes, and, in consequence, he has only to wait four days for his long-expected trial.

His case is sure to be one that can only be properly judged without favour or prejudice by a London Jury, but, if the *venue* is laid in Clogshire, he must be tried by the natives. He finds his Solicitor and Barristers sitting in cramped pews, with huge bundles of papers before them the size of hotel-pillows. These papers seem to make them very unhappy, but still they cling to them. Being about the longest documents in existence they are called "briefs," and do not appear necessary to any person who can write the history of England on a shirt-cuff. The Barristers get tired of these unwieldy documents before the trial is half over, and are thankful to anyone—even to the "Client"—who will give them information that can be put upon a railway-ticket.

The case will probably be ably argued on both sides, without temper or bad taste—for the Northern Circuit is served by leading lawyers and Judges—but the Jury will doubtless take their own view in spite of evidence and ruling. The Client will have the pleasure of obtaining a new trial in London, if he likes to apply for it, and if not, he will have learnt something for his money.

"THE best thing for breakfast," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is a nice Fenian Hammock or a Skipper on Toast."

NEW SONG (Dedicated to Mr. BIGGAR, M.P.).—"Oh where, and oh where is my *Hyland Lassie* come?"

"BUMBLEDOM AGAIN"

ONCE MORE.

LAST week under this head we remarked that "the Shoreditch Guardians had suddenly discovered that all children unfortunate enough to be what is called 'illegitimate' are not entitled to witness an exhibition of Dissolving Views," and, we added, "the decision, we believe, was approved of and acted upon." We have since been officially informed by Mr. CHAY—we do not mention his name for the sake of "puffing our clay"—the Clerk to the Guardians in question, that our belief as to the decision was erroneous, and that the decision itself was that "the able-bodied male inmates and the mothers of illegitimate children were to be excluded" from the entertainment of Dissolving Views, and so concerning the whole matter we are glad to say that our own views have been entirely dissolved. It only remains to suggest that the next time the Shoreditch Guardians give an entertainment it should be a good play belonging to the Legitimate Drama.

NEW SORT OF FRUIT—Currents of Air in the Law Courts. *A propos* of this subject, the last of the Barons observed that "The Architects of the new buildings, having distributed the cold air pretty fairly all round, would be remembered hereafter as Equity Draughtsmen." The Lord Chief Justice said he'd never laughed so much in all his life.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 124.



DR. RICHARDSON RETORTING.

HOTEL ME WHEN, HOTEL ME WHERE?

THE Proprietor of an Hotel advertises in the *Times* that—

"With the opening of the New Law Courts this old-established hotel will take a new departure, it is so admirably placed for witnesses, &c."

If this establishment is "so admirably placed for witnesses, &c." why does it not remain where it is? If a witness went to sleep there under the impression that it was close to the New Law Courts, and woke up the next morning and found himself at Bayswater, it would be a "new departure" that he would by no means relish.

Song of the Fourth Party.

THERE's nae fun about the House,
There's nae fun at a';
There's no one to rate, and to bait,
When our Grand Old Man's awa'!

PHIZ-ICAL FORCE.—The Exhibition of the Works of the late HARLOT KNIGHT BROWNE at the Liverpool Art Club.

THE TWO TERRORS.

ALAS, poor France, thy spectres now are twain!
A Reign of Terror, and a Terror of Rain.

HAMLET AT THE MONEY-LENDERS.—"To what base I. O. Uses may we come at last!"

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

THE excellent suggestion thrown out the other day by the French Minister of Public Instruction, that deserving scholars should be rewarded by free admission to the Paris Theatres, will, no doubt, be rapidly adopted by reflective Head Masters on this side of the Channel.

As the various Metropolitan entertainments will, of course, be appropriately apportioned, the following scheme will probably be the first put in hand; and it will be highly interesting to watch how it works.

For Proficiency in—

Theology.—Lyceum. Church Scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Dynamics.—St. James's. *Impulse*.

Constitutional History.—Drury Lane. Procession of Kings and Queens.

Zoology.—Comedy. *Rip Van Winkle*.

Latin Prose.—Strand. *Comedy of Errors*.

Metallurgy.—Princess's. *The Silver King*.

Book-keeping.—Savoy. *I. O. Ulanthe*.

Medicine.—Toole's. *Dearer than Life*.

Drilling.—Haymarket. *The Little Sentinel*.

Botany.—St. George's Hall. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN'S *On root*.

The use of the Globe would also be elegantly explained at the house at present under Mrs. BERNARD BEER's management; while *Pneumatics* would receive ample and interesting illustration in the final exhaustion of *Jane Eyre*. Altogether, the Metropolitan and other Schools ought to have a very agreeable and instructive time of it.

WHY is tightly tying up a sluggish horse, sure to be a cure for his pace?—Because you make him fast. (N.B.—So you do if you don't give him anything to eat. There are more remedies than one for a slug.)

A WAIL FROM THE CITY.

FAREWELL to big dinners and soup of the turtle,

Which shows how we feed in BRITANNIA's clime;

The enemy's arrows around us now hurtle,

Then why not reform when perchance there is time.

We've revelled too long upon port and madeira,

Too often have sipped the insidious punch;

But now comes the dawn of a terrible era,

When we mayn't get even gratuitous lunch.

How nobly we've struggled through excellent dinners,

Involving, perchance, the persuasive blue pill;

Why single us out then as specially sinners,

When crowned heads have dined with us, eating their fill?

But certain it is that the whole British nation

Must fall—if we fall—that the City will swear;

Pull down if you like then the great Corporation,

And England will vanish like bubbles in air!

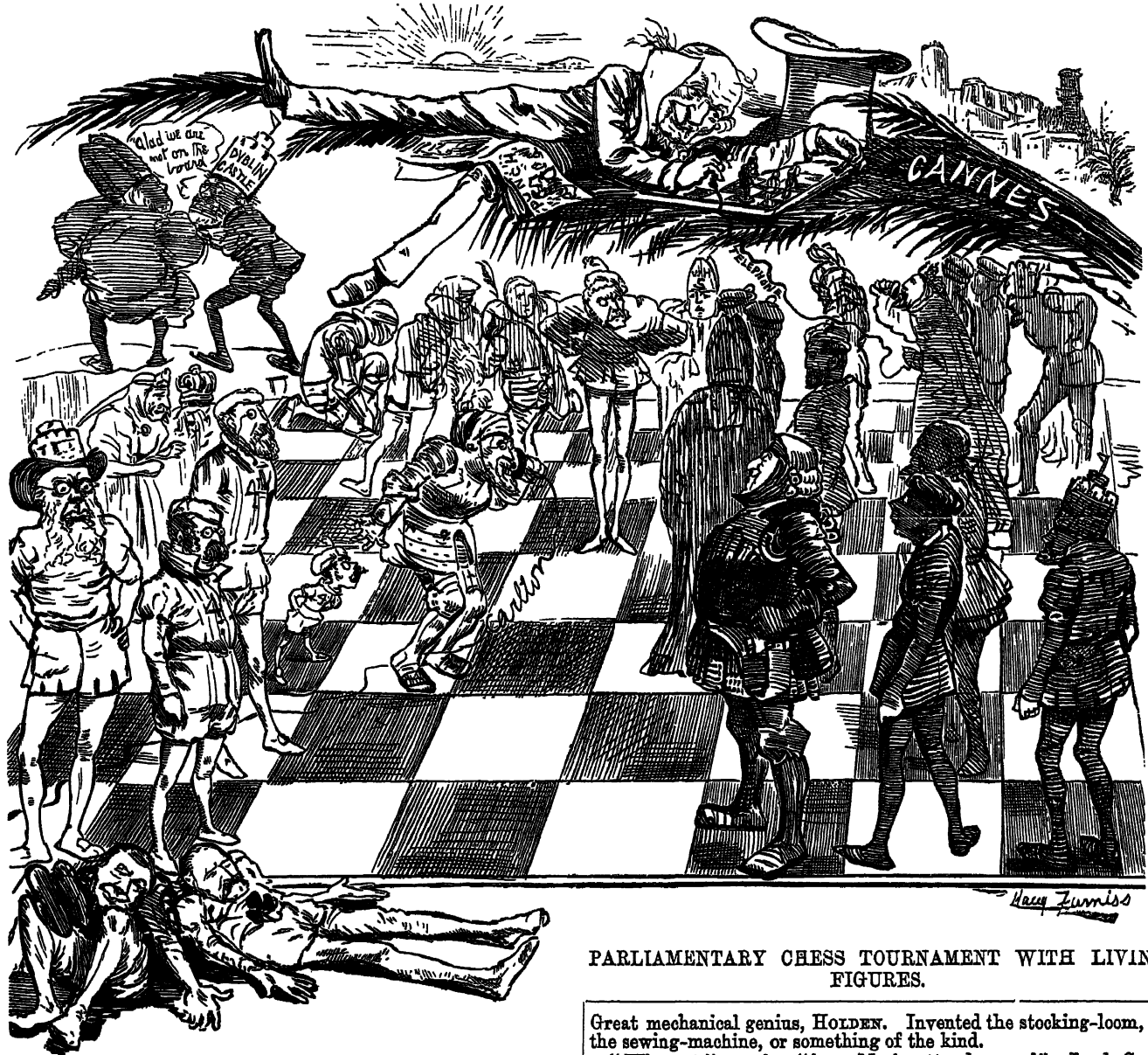
A STATIONER's Clerk had doubts about a fiver proffered by a Chance Customer, who thereupon became very abusive. Says the Clerk, "I won't be bullied, Sir, and I tell you that if you take it to the Bank of England you'll find the fiver's a bad 'un, and then you'll alter your tone."

"I shall only alter my tone," was the reply, "if I change my note." [Exit Chance Customer delighted at having "led up to it" so well.

"SPRING HANDICAPS."—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, on hearing these mentioned, immediately asked where they could be purchased, as they sounded like a most useful invention.

SINGING BIRDS' SHOW.—Go to Bond Street, and see the Whistler's Exhibition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PARLIAMENTARY CHESS TOURNAMENT WITH LIVING FIGURES.

House of Commons, Thursday, February 15.—“If there’s one thing in this world that’s worse than BRADLAUGH it’s mock-turtle.”

It was the voice of the Alderman whom I heard thus complain. He was standing near me at Bar in House of Lords; temper a little soured, having been elbowed out of the front row by some Radical Members who have no respect for Corporations, whether they be of the City of London or merely of Aldermen.

“Turtle’s something like,” the Alderman continued, and the expression of his face softened, his eye lost its glamour, and his tongue gently caressed his lips. “But, if we can’t have it, let’s do without soup.”

Found out presently that this Aldermanic parable was intended to express dissatisfaction with the performance of opening Parliament by Royal Commission. Rather Radical sentiments for the Alderman. Otherwise seems to be right. Funny to see for the first time the five Royal Commissioners in their butterwoman’s cloaks, with cocked hats which, at a signal from another Gentleman in black wig and gown who bobs up and down before them, they lift and replace. But not the sort of thing you care to see often. Wouldn’t get fifty nights’ run on any other stage. Mr. HOLDEN, the young Member for the West Riding, is full of new idea as to how it might be done.

Great mechanical genius, HOLDEN. Invented the stocking-loom, or the sewing-machine, or something of the kind.

“Why not,” says he, “have Marionettes done up like Lords Commissioners? Could easily work in the Clerks at the Table; have a barrel-organ to play ‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot,’ and there you are. Nothing like machinery for saving time and labour.”

Seems good idea; worth thinking of when House of Lords come to reform their procedure.

House looked a little better at four o’clock when Peers came down, and the battle of the Address commenced. Princess of WALES in the Gallery looking a little pale in her mourning. Prince of WALES on the Cross Benches, looking jollier than ever. Brought back some good stories about the Grand Old Man at the Carnival, and other dissipations of the Riviera. Told a few to GRANVILLE and myself in the Robing Room. Lord WOLSELEY took the Oath and his seat for Cairo. Afterwards sat on Cross Benches between Prince of WALES and the great soldier who planned Egyptian Campaign. Looked critically on first Parliamentary encounter.

“Not much to you after Tel-el-Kebir,” H.R.H. said, pleasantly. “No, Sir,” replied our only General. “I’m getting tired of sham fights.”

In House of Commons at four o’clock great crowd, and suppressed excitement. Outside, people risen in their thousands, and having games with the police. First they fill up one part of the roadway, and policeman on curvetting white steed backs into them.

Space cleared here filled up in another place ten yards higher up. Another policeman on bounding bay backs into them. They return to old stand, and curvetting white steed has another walk round. This is what the police call "passing away." It passes away the time pleasantly enough, till Mr. BRADLAUGH appears in Hansom cab. Murmurs of disappointment among the throng. B. had introduced himself as "your General for the day." Thought he would appear in a chariot, in scarlet coat, sash, and plumed hat, like the City Marshal. Hansom cab, chimney-pot hat, black coat, and no other weapon about him than probably a stylographic pen concealed in breast pocket, naturally lowered enthusiasm of mob. Fortunately white steed and bounding bay began again, and arrested deep depression stealing o'er them.

Inside, much same sort of thing. Sergeant-at-arms drawn on pair of white kid gloves (two buttons), also new pumps. Floor waxed, and everything ready for the giddy dance. But after Lord HARTINGTON, in reply to question, said Parliamentary Oaths Bill would be brought in, Mr. BRADLAUGH went out.

After this Irish Members fell quite flat. "Never knew anything like the luck of those fellows," Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES drawled, surveying them through his eye-glass, as if they were occupants of a monkey-house. "Always got one of their number in prison. Believe they draw lots who's to be put in gaol, so that the others may come down here and make a row."

It's HEALY happens to be out of luck this time. Yet should have thought there needn't have been all this bother. Remember when HEALY declared he "didn't care two rows of pins whether he was in prison or the House of Commons." House has a preference on the subject. If it can be gratified without individual suffering, why not? Put it this way to PARNELL, who says that may be all very well in social life, but in politics things are different.

"But you usedn't to be so desperately fond of TIM when he was here," I urge.

"No," says PARNELL, in his soft sad voice; "but you know absence makes the heart grow fonder."

A military tread, the clank of a sword, the smell of gunpowder. "Adown the glen march arm'd men." Look round and behold a terrible figure at the end of the corridor near the ante-room where peaceful Members enter to secure places for mothers and wives in the Ladies' Gallery. Thought at first it was the Duke of WELLINGTON coming to enter protest against his disestablishment. Like him about the plumed cap, but figure not quite so tall. As it came nearer by forced marches, discovered it was only DYKE ACLAND.

"What, in Heaven's name, 's the matter?" I asked, when breath came back. "Are the Reserves called out? Have the French landed? Or is it the mob that's broken through Palace Yard?"

"No," said the Colonel. "Don't you know I'm going to move the Address?"

"Now, General, look here!" I said, my blood boiling. "I'm a general supporter of this Ministry. I think GLADSTONE the Grandest Old Man of this or any age. But I'm sick of this systematic Coercion. Outside you make the British Public 'pass away' at the horses' hoof, and inside you move the Address at the point of the sword. I'll join WILFRID LAWSON, LABOUCHERE, and HENRY RICHARD, and you see if the Fifth Party won't be worse than the Fourth."

"Nonsense," said the Commander-in-Chief; "you don't understand. It's merely a matter of form; horribly uncomfortable for us; but if Address not moved by Gentleman in Military Uniform what would become of British Constitution?"

"That's all right, Corporal. Perhaps I don't understand. There's many things I don't understand in this House. But what do you mean by marching and counter-marching in remote corridors, starting Hon. Members?"

"Fact is, Toby," said the Quartermaster-General, lowering his voice, "it's a little hard to walk in these things, when you're not used to them. If this leather reticule at the end of the strap doesn't get between your legs, the sword will. Between the two my life's a burden. General BURNABY was good enough to give me half-an-hour's drill. But you can't learn to walk like a turkey-cock in half-an-hour. Quite sure I'll come to grief with the sword going into the House, and with the reticule going out, or the other way about. I'm sure I don't care which it is."

The gallant Major, however, managed very well when the time came. Walk a little stiff, and face a little pale. But got safely to his seat, and back again.

Altogether, sitting very dull. Same thing here as WOLSELEY'S eagle eye discovered in another place. Only sham fight, and not very brilliantly carried on. House further depressed by dejected appearance of Mr. BIGGAR. Whatever may have been weighing on his mind is evidently growing more oppressive; the light faded from his eye, the bloom from his cheek, the gaiety from his heart.

"Come, come, JOSEPH!" I said to him, "this will never do. Things don't mend by knocking under. Besides, they mayn't be so bad. CAINE tells me he means to push forward his Bill. If your fellows don't obstruct, it might easily be got through by Easter. Couldn't you manage it with them?"

"No," JOEY B. answered in husky voice, and with manner no longer sly. "I saw what could be done as soon as CAINE gave notice of his Bill. Went on my knees to PARNELL. Says he can't interfere. DICK POWER told me, confidentially, WARTON means to block the Bill. Too late, Toby, too late!" And JOSEPH wiped away a tear with the cuff of his coat-sleeve. *Business done.*—Address moved.

Saturday Morning.—PETER burned his boats and crossed the Rubicon, as PARNELL once said the Government had done. More convenient to cross first, and burn boats afterwards. But that's a trifle. CHILDERS has come back, looking quite ruddy; evidently good for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer as long as this Parliament lasts. But if the Ministry won't have PETER one way, they shall another. So last night gave notice that "on early occasion will call attention to the present state of the National Expenditure, and move a Resolution." Uproarious cheering from Conservative benches. Odds rapidly falling against PETER some day joining Fourth Party.

This morning Bradlaugh conflagration unexpectedly broke out on Motion to bring in Bill. Struggle lasted two hours—a "small and early." No dancing. *Business done.*—Address moved.

KNOW YE THE LAND ?

(A City Song.)

"FROM facts just published, it appears that New York furnishes the chief market for that Aldermanic luxury, the turtle. The City receives every year from 150,000 to 180,000lb. Turtles are most plentiful during the summer, and when the supply is larger than the demand, the turtles are kept afloat, and given cabbages, lettuce, celery tops, and water-melon rinds, the last-named article of diet being the most highly prized."

Know ye the land where the high price of turtle

Tacks on to your dinner as much as the wine;

Where you big Civic swells would with cyprus and myrtle

Sit crowned in despair—asked without it to dine?

The land, where to-day simple oysters and porter

Are counted fit lunch for a *millionnaire*;

Where, stook of the *real* run shorter and shorter,

The *mock* takes its place with a confident air?

Ah, know ye the land where, when "green fat" abounded,

Three helpings you held nothing out of the way;

Where now, by the calf that deceives quite dumbfounded,

Untasted you send your one portion away?

Ah, well! if ye know such a land, and are frantic

To think that it boasts scarce an honest tureen;

Take courage: there's hope yet beyond the Atlantic

On shores where the fat that you love is still green!

Where the cook whom ye trust doesn't prove but a traitor,

And the turtle is kept in condition that's fine;

Supply than demand being delightfully greater,

And all but the spirit of man is divine!

So pluck up your courage; your turtle awaits you,

On cabbage and lettuce enjoying his ease;

And if fierce Reform with economy baits you,

Pack up: seek three helpings beyond the green seas!

"HANG it!" exclaimed Mr. JEREMY DIDDLE, on reading the provisions of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bankruptcy Bill. "They're going to make Bankruptcy easy—to creditors!"

WANTED: A SITE FOR THE DUKE'S STATUE.—No; keep it out of sight,—say in Hyde Park.

Mashionable Intelligence.

WHEN a young man joins the Mashers, he is said to become emashediated.

The Mashers are about to start a journal of their own, to defend themselves against the violent attacks to which they have been subjected in other newspapers. It

will be called the *Morning Mash-tub and Chappies' Chronicle*.

CHEZ NOËL PETERS.

AN important question for visitors to Paris who are frequenters of the above-mentioned Restaurant is, how will the Expulsion Bill affect the *Passage des Princes*?

MR. SHIELD has been deputed to take charge of the Cambridge Corporation Bill in the House of Commons. This is as it should be, "Defence—not Defiance."

WHAT is the distinction between Mr. PARNELL and Sir WILFRID LAWSON?

One's a Land Leaguer, the other's a Water Leaguer.





FIENDISH REVENGE.

"OH, GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BEAUTIFUL TERRA-COTTA PLATES?"
 "ONLY PRACTISING FOR THE TERRA-COTTA PIGEON, MY LOVE!"

PLON-PLON IN ENGLAND.

(A Fragment from an Autobiography.)

9 A.M.—Reached Charing Cross more dead than alive. Gave LOUIS his breakfast, who has consented to accompany me on condition of receiving a week's holiday, a youth's chemical chest, and a popgun. He insisted upon having breakfast. The passage seems to have agreed with him. He apparently spent his time on board in attempting to drop my luggage into the engines. Was too ill to look after him. Made for Leicester Square.

10 A.M.—Have finished my *déjeuner* at the *Hôtel de Paris et les deux Mondes*. *Absinthe* wretched! Took a sardine with my *rosbif*, *bifteck*, and *cotelettes* in honour of Lent. Shall mention this to EUGÉNIE when I see her later. LOUIS finished the *cognac* when I was not looking, and consequently is as incapable as his brother VICTOR to cuss me, or to do anything else.

11 A.M.—Having dropped LOUIS into the Leicester Square fountains, he has revived. Visited Madame Tussaud's Wax-Works. Much annoyed at finding no "Portrait Model" of myself. Pointed out that as my Uncle was represented as reclining on a tent bedstead, his duplicate effigy in the centre of the Imperial group might do for me—with a fair amount of stuffing. LOUIS suggested that I might be put in the Chamber of Horrors. Very much annoyed, and would have publicly thrashed him had he not threatened me with his Uncle HUBERT in Rome. The boys (ungrateful little mites!) are always trying to get up a family quarrel. Half a mind to send them back to CLOTHIDE. They are not a bit of use to me—rather the reverse.

12 Noon.—Called at Marlborough House. The family out of town. Gave my name at the gate, and was informed that the Prince had left word if I called that "he was indisposed." "To see you!" shouted LOUIS, who is a vulgar little fellow for a king's grandson. Much annoyed. Took an omnibus to the Waterloo Station, and quarrelled about the fare. Having to wait for a train, looked up a local bill-poster, and find that I can get a Manifesto issued much cheaper in London than in Paris. Made a note of this. Advertisement Agent very intelligent. On learning my name and purpose, suggested that I should use some old posters of the "Battle of Waterloo" he had in stock. He said I could have the block altered so as to appear myself as the Duke, whose nose had disappeared in the course of wear and tear. Thought that if I could secure the services of a dozen regiments just to back him up, he might "make a good job of it." Was obliged to refuse, as his terms are "fixed prices—payment in advance."

1 P.M.—Took a train to Farnborough. Very pleased with the military display. Quite reminded me of my old Crimean days. Much nicer, too—no danger. Sentry saluted me. Delighted. LOUIS roared with laughter, and told the man that he had made a mistake—"That I was not a soldier." Chased the young rascal with my umbrella until I was forced to desist from want of breath. I am not so slim

as I used to be. Never mind! When I get back to the throne and my relatives, Master LOUIS shall have a couple of years or so in the Conciergerie! I will teach him to be rude to his father!

2 P.M.—EUGÉNIE has very civilly sent a carriage for me. Hurried to see her. She says she does not know why I have come. Explain it's a return visit. "So kind of her to have looked me up in Paris." She says that she did nothing of the sort—she came to see MATHILDE, not me! She is generally nasty, and says she won't have her name "dragged into my ridiculous *flascos*." Grieved, as I hoped to have induced her to pay at least a part of the Manifesto printing-bill.

3 P.M.—Found that the carriage in which I came had returned to the stables. Suppose the coachman wouldn't wait because I hadn't tipped him. Very well! I will pay off old scores when I get back! Had to carry LOUIS all the way back to the station, as the ungrateful little wretch threatened to give me into custody if I didn't. He says that two of the umbrellas I have now in my possession came from the house I have just visited! Told him that he was too young to understand these matters, and that I had a perfect right to "requisition" anything I liked.

4 P.M.—Back in London. Called at the Zoological Gardens, and visited the Eagles. Asked the price of one of the smallest, with a view to making a descent upon Boulogne. Found them much too dear. Said they would let me have a vulture cheap, which would do just as well if I concealed the bird's neck with a large *tricolor* rosette. Said I would think it over. If I came at night, an old fowl with a Roman-nosed beak would answer all my purposes. Obligated to be economical. Borrowed, privately, a Napoléon LOUIS had received from his mother. He was very much annoyed on discovering his loss. Must, however, be businesslike and economical.

5 P.M.—LOUIS, having discovered that I had annexed his money, set up a yell. To quiet him, promised to show him all "the monuments" of London. Visited consequently the South Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, and the Albert Memorial. Really very interesting, and not expensive. Mislaid my son in Kensington Gardens, and dined at the Holborn Restaurant admirably.

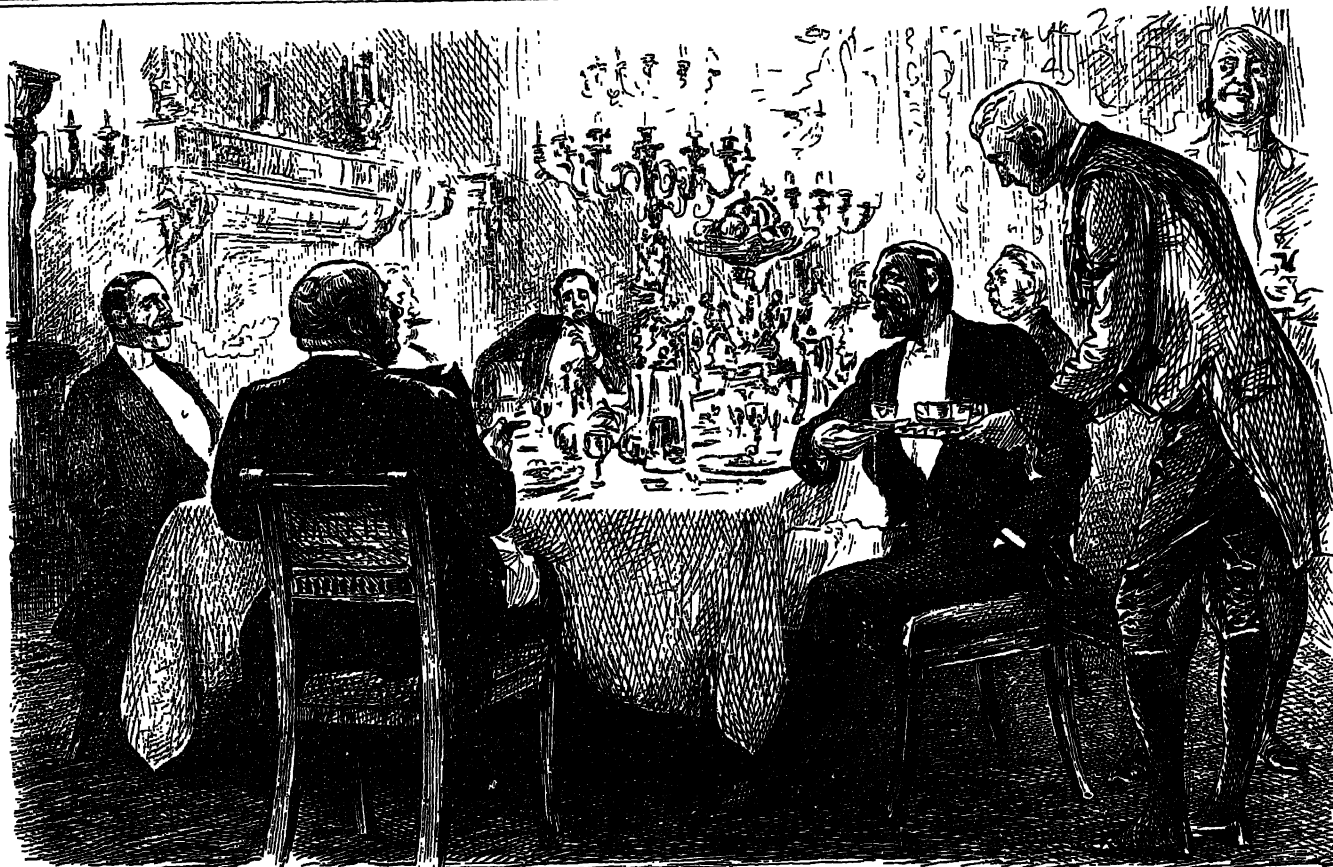
6 P.M.—Feel very much better. Saw my name in large letters in the contents bills of the evening papers. Nervred myself for tomorrow's Channel martyrdom with unlimited *absinthe*. Everything *couteur de rose*!

7 P.M.—Can't find LOUIS anywhere! Made acquaintance with a lamp-post! Don't care! Beast of a boy! Can't say French Constitution! Never could!

8 P.M.—Just assured a couple of policemen that "it's all right!"

9 P.M.—Have been accommodated with a cell. Going to bed—in my Uncle's boots!

AND QUITE RIGHT TOO!—After all, the Municipality of Geneva is only following the principle of many of our country towns—namely, not to allow Booths in the street save in fair time. But the Salvationists say it evidently isn't a fair time at Geneva.



PLEASANT !

Lord Reginald Sansdenier (in answer to confidential remark of his Host). "TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF PLATE ON THE TABLE, SIR GORGIVUS ! I WONDER YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF BEING ROBBED !"

Sir Gorgius Midas. "ROBBED, MY LORD ! GOOD 'EVENS ! I'M SURE YER LORDSHIP'S TOO HONNERABLE HEVEN TO THINK OF SUCH A THING !"

ON THE TRAIL.

At last ! 'Tis hard to check the glow
Of gladness, or to still the bound
Of burdened spirits, which have found
The patient steps of Justice slow
Upon the track of Crime, whose stain
Burns heavily on heart and brain.

Not hate's exultant thrill, and not
The savage thirst of vengeance. Nay.
But he who Law's stern step would stay
On ruthless Murder's tiger-slot,
Plays pander, in the name of good,
To Violence's vampire brood.

Pace forward, therefore, figure stern,
Yet even-pulsed and steadfast-poised !
Whatever warring cries are noised
About her way, she will not turn
One step aside, nor faint nor fail,
When once the sleuth-hound strikes the trail.

And Erin, following in the wake
Of that unsheathed but stainless steel,
For all her woes and fears, may feel
A fire and force to burn and break
The hideous toils of murderous lust,
Typed by that red track in the dust.

ENCROACHMENT OF THE COCKROACH.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, "A solution, prepared by soaking fat female cockroaches in whiskey," has already been introduced into medicine. We may probably live to see the day when a Black-beetle Draught will be reckoned among our most popular cures.

THE BEAUTIFUL DANUBE !

SCENE—Interior of the Conference Chamber.

PRESENT—Mr. PUNCH, and the Delegates of the Great Powers, under the Presidency of the British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

Lord Granville (rising gracefully). Messieurs—

Mr. Punch (interrupting). Pardon me, my Lord. Before we commence business in earnest had we not better speak in plain English, and discard diplomatic French ? The former is easier understood. (Turning to Ambassadors.) Are you aware, Gentlemen, that the Danube is practically valueless from a commercial point of view ?

Ambassadors. Well—

Mr. Punch. That a company without a competitor for through traffic, running a fleet of steamers and other vessels on the 1000 miles nearest the mouth of the largest river in Europe, with a limitless supply of coal on the very banks, can hardly keep its head above water ?

Ambassadors. Yes, that may be, but—

Mr. Punch. That any officials that may be appointed to look after the river will have absolutely nothing to do ?

Ambassadors. So we understand, yet—

Mr. Punch. And that any attempt to improve the navigation over 450 miles of shaggy river-bed will be utterly absurd and fruitless ?

Ambassadors. It looks like it, still—

Mr. Punch. Well, now that you have heard the plain English of it, you may return to your diplomatic French. [And they do !]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM intends to subscribe to the "Homiletical Library"—which she sees is just announced. She has long been in want of a good Cookery-Book that can give her full particulars with regard to Omelettes.



ON THE TRAIL.



FORCIBLE.

"SURE, SIR, HE OUGHT TO BE HUNG, IF HE'D AS MANY LIVES AS PLUTAR-ROH!"

Richard Wagner.

BORN, MAY 22, 1813. DIED, FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

IN Music-World arch-revolutionist,
Titan-assailant of its elder gods,
For him the menace of the Jovian nods,
The thunders and the rock-storm. Yet he kist
With climbing crest the empyrean's crown,
Out-nodding old Olympus in his mood
Of most aggressive mastery. Of the brood
Of Demiurgus militant, whose frown,
Like that of mailed Mars amidst the boys,
Frightens away Convention's chirrupers,
And to wild cackle as of goose-flights stirs
Pale Peace's pretty flutters of small joys
And fine factitious sorrows. Then what wonder
He brought the sword into mild Music's sphere,
And in the clangour of the hurdling spear,
The clashing mail, and the loud battle-thunder,
Missed, sometime, of the finer harmony
The still small voice, known of the subtler ear,
Which outlives all War's clarions? Year on year
May pass ere he is measured. Yet we see
The work of a strong shaper, one whose part
Was with new light to show a newer way.
He stripped the gewgaw'd shams of Opera,
Lord of two spheres, he wedded Art with Art,
And Music, sunned in brighter, larger fame,
May date its nobler dawn from WAGNER's mighty name.

Purse-onal Attractions.

WE cull the following from the *Sussex Daily News*:-

ADVERTISER (Widower) seeks a CHRISTIAN PARTNER (domesticated) willing to invest capital in profitable business, and property under her own control, with a view to matrimony. —Address, by letter only.

The Advertiser evidently wishes to, to quote the *Era*, "combine leading business with general utility." He wants a Christian, a commercial, and a matrimonial partner all in one. "Domesticated," however, sounds like the attribute of a cat.

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Introductory Preface, showing how it was done—Digression on Johnnies—Inspiration—Extract from Pocket-Book Notes—Off, off!

MY Doctor is always telling me to "Go away!" Though undoubtedly excellent advice, yet when it comes to be written down in, literally, the two words, "Go away," it looks like the pettish expression of a schoolboy who is being teased, or of a girl who doesn't want to be bothered. Perhaps my Doctor is being teased, and doesn't want to be bothered, and that is why he says, "O go away!" Curiously enough, I have often noticed that whenever he has told me to "go away" he has generally "gone away" himself. "Gone away" is suggestive of a fox; but Heaven forbid I should, for one moment, insist on such a comparison. All I wish to record is that my Doctor told me to "go away;" that he enforced his precept by practice,—he has an excellent practice,—and that, while in doubt, I happened to fall in with young WILLIE WADD, who was introduced to me as one of the set of "Johnnies" whose acquaintance I had the great pleasure of making last autumn in Wales.

By the way, before continuing the main subject of these Notes, I cannot resist this opportunity of remarking on the universally growing tendency to speak of everyone by a Christian name,—it may or may not be his own Christian name as given him by his god-fathers and godmothers, but whether it is or isn't depends entirely upon the fact of the sponsors having selected a good one for conversational purposes.

There are, as I remarked on a former occasion, a number of "HUGHIES" about,—quite a run on HUGHIES,—which starts the curious question as to unconscious nomenclature; that is, was there a sort of general inspiration going about some time ago to call every boy HUGHIE, so that people utterly unknown to one another, living hundreds of miles apart at the extreme points of the United Kingdom, when requested, as sponsors, to "think of a name"—(this sounds like a game or a puzzle—"add ten to it—halve it—subtract fifty from it")—all suddenly shouted "HUGHIE!" and positively refused to think of any other. By this time, besides the preponderating

"HUGHIE," a fair crop of ARCHIES, JOHNNIES, WILLIES, REGIES, ALGIES, and CHARLIES has sprung up, showing either that there were several inspirations within a few months of one another, or that a universal conspiracy to name every one "HUGHIE" has been broken up through the insubordination of some of its members, who had rebelled against the arbitrary decree, and had gone in for other names on their own individual responsibility. Occasionally we come across a BOB, now and then a HARRY, sometimes a TOMMY, and very rarely a NEDDY. They all come under the heading of "JOHNNIES," and are particularised, to save trouble, as "this JOHNNY, that JOHNNY, the other JOHNNY," and so forth.

Again, stopping on my road,—I've not "gone away" yet—I notice the sudden familiarity characteristic of the most modern manners. This tendency to call everyone by a Christian name, to which I have just alluded, has reached such a pitch, that no one, no matter to what respect his age, character, or social position may entitle him, is safe, nowadays, from being addressed by his Christian name by the most recent and casually introduced acquaintance, who establishes himself, within five minutes, on the footing of an intimacy of half a lifetime, dating from your earliest schooldays, though ten minutes ago you were utterly unconscious of your new acquaintance's existence.

The age of universal brotherhood may be approaching, that happy time when everybody shall call everybody else by any Christian name, or *petit nom* that may occur to him, when everybody shall dine with everybody else at anybody's expense, and all shall be JOHNNIES. There may be just the faintest dimmest prospect of some such Paradise of JOHNNIES looming in the future; but, at present, it is a very long way off, and just now we are in a state of general familiarity which is as likely as not—in fact, more likely than not—to lead to a row all round.

There are, of course, JOHNNIES and JOHNNIES. They're not all friendly, though they are familiar; they don't all love one another, or think highly of each other, and are, in fact, generally very wide awake when they meet; and, while adopting an air of reckless candour, have still "got a little bit up their sleeve," and are uncommonly suspicious of even their dearest and most intimate friends; though, of course, it immediately occurs to any logical



"HELP! HELP!" OR, WANTED A WATER ACT.

mind that if you are not suspicious of your most intimate friends, of whose very smallest ways you know most, of whom would you be suspicious? As a rule, when two or more JOHNNIES meet, no matter how friendly they may be, they are, for the first five minutes, mutually distrustful. For instance, when HUGHIE BEECHAM is in a room with WILLIE WADD, ARCHIE DYESTERSMAN and a few other "JOHNNIES," the first assertion, or piece of information tendered by any one of the party is met in a spirit of determined incredulity by the others, who immediately throw out feelers, so to speak, and cautiously inquire whether "there is a sell on" or not; and, if not, does he really mean it, and so forth. The next anxiety on the part of everybody, individually, is to be quite sure that he personally has not been singled out to be the victim of a practical joke played on him by a combination company of all the others, and for the first quarter of an hour or so each man keeps his eye on the looking-glass, so as to command the general situation, and furtively puts his hand behind his back, to feel if there's a piece of paper, or a bit of string, or a long straw stuck under his coat-collar. After ascertaining, each one to his own satisfaction, that none of these contingencies have occurred, mutual confidence is gradually restored

until the time of departure arrives, when it becomes the one object of each man to get out of the room as quickly, and as safely, as possible.

As a rule, in spite of all this brotherly affection and calling of Christian names, the JOHNNIE keeps his hat on when in a room with other JOHNNIES, as, were it once off his head, it would be safe to be tampered with. For this reason among others, the JOHNNIE seldom carries an umbrella, usually preferring a hansom hired by the day following at his heels, in which he can take refuge at the first sign of rain. But he clings to his stick as to a talisman, and any "nonsense" with this he deeply resents. No, the JOHNNIE's stick is sacred,—at least, so long as he keeps it in his own hands: once out of them, and the other JOHNNIES will hide it and forget where they put it, or present it as a testimonial of regard and attachment to some unsuspecting person, who accepts it in the most perfect good faith.

This digression has arisen from the mention of WILLIE WADD, whose conversation chiefly consists of the catchy titles of the latest music-hall songs, who suspects everybody of selling him, who meets any piece of information with a sly wink, a shake of the head, and a thrust in the ribs or a hit on the shoulder, and the observation, "Oh,

go along!"—meaning thereby that he is not to be taken in, and that unless you take your oath of it (he is evidently a man of religious convictions), he will not believe you.

I happened to remark to WILLIE WADD that I was afraid I had a touch of gout, and was not, in a general way, "quite the thing," when he at once hit me on the shoulder (a dangerous place for an invalid to be struck), said, "You got the gout! Oh, go along!" and insisted that I was "selling him."

"Oh, yes," he says, silly, "there's some sell on,—it won't do, you know."

In vain I try to argue reasonably with him. What possible object, I put it to him earnestly, could I have in pretending that I had the gout when I hadn't? How could I sell him? Where was the sell?

"Oh yes," he replies, shaking his head knowingly; "it won't do—go along!" And then he sings the refrain of a popular song, of which the burden is, "I couldn't tell a lie if I were to try, For I'm always gay and hearty"—which, being a decided reflection on me, both in my character of a strictly truthful man and an invalid, I cannot help resenting. I speak more in sorrow than in anger, like *Hamlet's* father's ghost, and beg him to be serious for one moment, and to oblige me by believing what I say. Not that, as it occurred to me on after-consideration when alone, it could possibly matter to me whether WILLIE WADD disbelieved me or not. And yet, on second thoughts, it might: for might he not tell his friends that I had been trying to sell him, and add, "Oh, he's always doing it;" so that henceforth—for such a report would spread—any assertion of mine, no matter in what company it might be made, would be immediately met with winks of incredulity, would be treated as a stupid joke, and I should be told by everybody to "Go along!" No—I feel I was quite right in assuming an earnest and serious tone, and thus impressing the flighty WILLIE WADD, who, but for this, might have seriously damaged my character.

When he found I meant what I said, and that I really had a touch of the gout, and was not altogether well, he evinced a deep sympathy, which, in my turn, I began to distrust; and when he put his hand on my shoulder compassionately, I was obliged to stop the conversation, and ask him if he had stuck a bit of paper on to my back, or under my coat-collar, or hung anything on my coat-tail buttons. He seemed hurt by my suspicions, and assured me he had done nothing of the sort. When, with a view of making a deeper impression on him, I repeat my Doctor's advice to go away, WILLIE, who I do not think had been giving me his undivided attention up to this part, suddenly broke out with another comic song which seemed to him appropriate to the occasion. It was: "*She told me to go To Jericho: I said that I would do it*"—when, by one of those inexplicable inspirations which occur when least expected, and which can only be called a "Happy Thought," the words seemed to take this form:—

He told me to go
To Monaco!
I said that I would do it.

And starting up, like WHITTINGTON when he heard the bells calling him back again to London (another Happy Thought this), I said to WILLIE, "Yes, thanks; I will—much obliged for the suggestion"—and then I left him, staggered, and still, I am convinced, under the impression that I had been "selling him"—though how he had been sold, or "where the sell was," it would be extremely difficult to say. But the



"MOPS AND BR—"

(She left him to wait outside while she went into her Silk-Mercer's in Oxford Street. But she did not see him again till he was brought home in a cab, in this disgraceful condition, at 1 a.m.)

Wife (indignant). "YOU HAD BETTER NOT HAVE COME HOME AT ALL, GEORGE, THAN ARRIVE AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND IN THIS STATE!"

Husband. "NONSENSE, MARIA—MY DEAR GAL, HOW WASH'T WE MISSE'D E' SHOTHER? I WAITED F'YOU TILL SHIXSH—AT BAR SWISH—FAM'L 'ROB'SH—I MEAN PE' ROB'NSH'N CRUSHO—DON'T B'LEIVE ME, ASKE O'MMISH'NARE-MAN FRIDAY—STANDSH AT DOOR—IF I—"

Wife (loftily). "I SHALL GO TO BED. WHEN YOU SEE THE BILL, SIR, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE YOU LEFT ME!"

quotation settled me—"He told me to go to Monaco,"—and as I had for years been longing to go there—"I said that I would do it."

Note for Pocket-Book Diary.—Called on Doctor. He said, "Not gone away, eh?" I asked him what he thought of Monaco? By all means. Go to Nice and Monaco." That quite determines me. Off to Monaco, *via* Nice. Odd that the suggestion should have come from a comparative stranger. "Off, off!" said the stranger. "off, off, and away!"—Have quoted this for years. What is it from? N.B.—Consult Quotation-Book, *Notes and Queries*,—and "G.A.S." in the *Illustrated London News*.

PICTURES FOR POSTERITY.



POLICEMAN OF THE PERIOD, EQUIPPED FOR ENCOUNTER WITH ARMED BURGLAR.

LAKES AND LOCOMOTIVES.

(By Our Own Philistine)

[Proposals are under consideration to run railways round the head of Derwentwater and round the shores of Loch Lomond.]

WHAT ho! my merry Philistines, here's news and no mistake;
They're going to run a railway round and spoil each pretty lake;
And near the famous cataract that SOUTHEY sang of yore,
The locomotive's noise shall drown the murmur of Lodore.

Loch Lomond, too, shall have her train, and I would ask, why not—
There's "naething like gude dividends," is there, my canny Scot?
It's very well in poetry to talk of "banks and braes,"
But we prefer another bank that punctually pays.

Don't rave about your scenery, what's all such trash to me?
I only care for any view that brings in £ s. d.:
And if you'd know the kind of scene that I regard with pride,
A good coal-pit's the fairest thing upon the country-side.

A lake's a very useless thing, and only serves to drown
The lunatics who boat thereon; but ta'en in pipes to town,
As reservoir for waterworks, some little good it yields;
If not, it should be drained and made remunerative fields.

Then may the merry trains run on until each echo wakes,
And let the locomotives scream by Scotch and English lakes;
And as commercial travellers are whirled by streams and hills,
They'll sigh to think the scenery is charged for in the bills!

RARE ARTISTIC OPPORTUNITY.—PUBLIC STATUE FOR DISPOSAL.—Messrs. MITTFORD, BOEHM, LEIGHTON, FERGUSON & Co., having received instructions from the trustees of that peculiar and valuable artistic property, commonly known as the "Duke of Wellington's Statue," and sometime prominently situate at Hyde-Park Corner, to dispose of the same as soon as possible to the greatest advantage, are prepared to receive tenders for the immediate reception either of the whole as it stands, or of various selected portions by private arrangement. The attention of intending purchasers in the travelling-circus line is specially directed to the unique features possessed by this grotesque lot for the purposes of provincial advertisement. Horse could be had separately. Duke no object. N.B.—The latter would make a bold and graceful figure-head to a steam-launch requiring a little weighting in the bows, or could, covered with luminous paint, and seated on a garden wall, be utilised as a handsome and effective scare to burglars. Might, in combination with quinine, form the basis of a popular patent medicine. No reasonable offer refused. Would be glad to hear from a County Lunatic Asylum in want of a new sensation. For further particulars apply at the Committee Rooms as above.

"READY, AYE READY"—MONEY FOR THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT FUND.—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge one guinea from Miss E. ELIAS, and ten pounds from "AYE READY," Glasgow.

THAT KIRBY GREEN!

(As frequently sung at F. O.)

"ON receipt of the disquieting rumour, Mr. KIRBY GREEN instantly started for Cettinje."—*Daily Paper*.

OH, an active chap is that KIRBY GREEN,
And we've heard his name of old!
All over the place he's sure to be seen,
If a Bosnian gets too bold.
Bless you, of a row he's not afraid;—
Why, a fight all round's his whim:
And though at the news we're all dismayed,
It's the wildest fun for him.
In a row down East he's sure to be seen:
Oh, an active chap is that KIRBY GREEN!

A JEROMIAD.

(Supplementary.)

THE official "confidential communication" as to his future policy and proceedings, that somehow or other a distinguished Pretender managed to slip, the other day, into the leading columns of a contemporary, though encouraging and explicit, omitted to make the following gratifying announcements:—

- (1) His relations with his tradesmen and the other Great Powers of Europe are satisfactory.
- (2) His attitude towards the nation in face of recent events, will still be one of comic fatherly interest.
- (3) It is his intention, pending the development of further great political problems, to fit himself for the responsibilities of a national crisis, by accepting a temporary engagement as Clown in a travelling Circus. And
- (4) He will not, therefore, after mature deliberation, demand a *plébiscite* of the nation—just at present.

A FORLORN HOPE.

At a meeting of the London Diocesan Conference, Mr. BRESFORD HOPE, speaking very much against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, is reported by the *Morning Post* to have said, "Change the law, and could the sister-in-law enter the house?" ("No!") Yes; if there were a little private arrangement between them, she could—(Laughter.)—but if she were a pure and holy woman, who meant to continue a sister-in-law, she could not."

Mister BRESFORD HOPE

Took plenty of rope
When he spoke with misplaced hilarity
Upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill,
But of women and men he thinks so ill,
That he's HOPE without any charity.

For ourselves, with faith in the ultimate triumph of common sense, we venture to hope against HOPE that this act of justice may speedily become law.



Who's he?
Nobody.

AVIS IN TERRIS.

(A Long Way after Vincent Bourne.)

THERE is a new—political—bird,
With the croakiest croak that ever was heard,
In a state of alarm that is most absurd,
With fright every feather on end is stirred,
And into despair he'd talk us.
He views the State's great roundabout,
With the Liberals in and the Tories out,
And he hasn't the tiniest bit of a doubt
That we're going wrong, and shall end in rout;
And he knows the reason, and croaks it about,
And whenever he goes on the stump to spout,
He cries—what cries he?—*Caucus!!!*

"Speak gently to the—Meerschaum!"

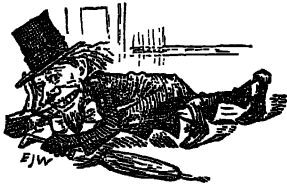
ACCORDING to a local paper, the Mayor of Hastings and his brother Magistrates, the other day, fined a young man five shillings for swearing at his pipe, when he dropped it, on a Sunday. The Mayor probably had never had the misfortune to drop a beautifully-coloured meerschaum in the street. However, this decision will be a warning to visitors. A great many are now compelled to remain indoors.

OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 3.

DICKENS—POPE—GOLDSMITH.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete.]

MARCH 6.



A prowling prying hound; a hypocrite; a double-faced, white-livered, sneaking spy; a crouching cur to those that feed and coax him, and a barking yelping dog to all besides.

MARCH 15.



A fat-faced puss she is, as ever I came across.

MARCH 20.



You're as slow as a tortoise, and more thick-headed than a rhinoceros.

MARCH 31.



He furthermore took occasion to apologise for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes."

APRIL 8.



And drinking largely sobers us again.

APRIL 15.



The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in his head.

APRIL 20.



She glares at balls, front-boxes and the ring, A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing.

APRIL 24.



A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, Too rash for thought, for action too refined.

APRIL 30.



Most women have no character at all.

MAY 5.



Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art, Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart.

MAY 10.



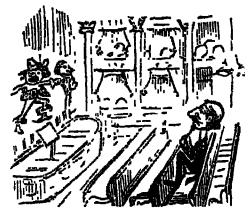
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.

MAY 16.



Plague take the block-head!

MAY 22.



Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.

MAY 29.



I'll give thee — ah! too charming maid, I'll give thee — to the d— (Ahem!)

CORPORATIONS AND QUITTANCES.

ONLY think of the privilege a parchment expresses, As pertaining to Queensborough's loyal burgesses. There is no Corporation old English more thorough Than the jolly burgesses of this ancient borough.

They are quit, in the whole

Of this kingdom, of toll;

Of pannage and murage and hagage and pickage;
Of groundage and lastage they likewise are free;
Of stallage and tidage in this sharp and quick age:
Moreover of rivaige and wreck of the sea.

Then Okehampton e'en yet ('tis a fact and no fiction),

By a Charter that CHARLEY SECUNDUS conferred,
Enjoys, only fancy, its own jurisdiction

Concerning all manner—don't deem it absurd—

Of felonies, witchcrafts, withal incantations

And sorceries, magic arts also, the same,

Forestallings, regratins, extortions—vexations

Of that sort whatsoever a lawyer may name.

VENTILATING QUESTIONS;

OR, THE STRANGER ON THE EMBANKMENT.

1. CAN this dirty-looking place where the boards and bricks are scattered about, and where workmen are trampling on flower-beds, and wheeling barrows of rubbish to and from an immense pit, be really what the Guide-book describes as "the lovely Public Gardens by the side of the Thames," or is it a private brick-field?

2. I had always heard that the Embankment was "the finest Boulevard in Europe." Is it possible that the selfishness of private enterprise, or the supineness of public authority, should allow the only unequalled and unrivalled thoroughfare which London possesses to be utterly ruined?

3. This third-rate shed, seventy feet long, and twenty high, and built in the plainest style of Neo-Gothic red-brick-and-slate architecture, must be either an experimental design for a cheaper kind of workhouse, or one of the ventilators of the Underground Railway.

4. I wonder if it is really true that the Underground Railway Company are about to obtain powers to open a ventilating shaft in the nave of Westminster Abbey?

AN ENCORE VERSE.

(FROM THE ROCHDALE SONG-BOOK.)

"It is quite impossible, therefore, for me to accept your invitation for the coming month, and I cannot hope to take part in the interesting proceedings to which you have invited me. . . . But I may say something more. I never liked the sea."—*Reply of Mr. BRIGHT to the New York Union League Club.*



JOLLY JOHN BRIGHT IN HIS FAMOUS SONG, "I NEVER WAS MEANT FOR THE SEA."

I've faced an Opposition gale,
I trust, in perfect form:
I've never known my courage fail
In any Party storm.
You say, "Then, why not cross the main?—
Fulfil the dreams of youth?"

I but reply, "You plead in vain,
Because, to tell the truth,
There's a queer up-and-down on the ocean,
An un-parliamentary motion,
Which suggests, unlike CHILDERS and GOSCHEN,
I never was meant for the Sea!"

COMMERCIAL PATHOS.—A new and original advertising attraction in the window of a mercer's shop, beside the main street of a Western suburb, appeals to the desiderated purchaser in the form of a ticket posted on a peculiar style of lady's fur bonnet, and bearing the startling legend—"DESPERATE. 1s. 2½d." This is probably meant to imply that, in the article so labelled, utility and elegance are combined in so great a measure with such extreme economy as to constitute an instance of commercial enterprise courageous even to the daring of desperation. The single word thus significant has poetry as well as pith in it.

BANK NOTES.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A FLOODED RIPARIAN.

Sunday.—"Riverside." Charming name I thought this when I took the place last summer. Never thought the river would put on so much side as it does now, though. All over the lawn, and still rising. Had to go to church in a punt. Great fun. Children delighted. Rector and Curate came in a pair oar, steered by Organist. Organist fell into the water on landing; had to be dried instead of playing the organ. On return, butler reports water very high in cellar. Fear the bin of Thirty-four port may get diluted. Youngest baby carried away in perambulator by stream. Had to pay five shillings for rescue.

Monday.—Water nearly up to front door. Distressed swans tap with their beaks at the drawing-room windows. Wonder how the foundations of the house are. Fancy the tall chimney over the billiard-room looks out of the upright. Water in cellar rising. Butler says wine must be moved at once.

Tuesday.—A dying cow landed in front of the drawing-room window; groans awful! Why couldn't it die in the stream instead of coming here? Bellows! Expires! What am I to do with it? Shove it off! I see it go whirling down the stream, and it will probably block up the lock. Hope it will. Water trickling through the hall. Butler nearly drowned in gallant efforts to rescue Thirty-four port.

Wednesday.—Arrival of butcher in punt with a lot of nice joints he is anxious to sell cheap. Think of my old friend the cow. Won't have anything. Butcher comes back and wants to know if I have noticed the tall chimney over the billiard-room. Says he fancies it's "settling a bit." Wonder whether he is in earnest, or whether it is only because I would not have anything to say to the joints. Wonder whether it is "settling a bit." If it does, it will settle us all a bit, I imagine. Butler with acute rheumatism in both knees, in consequence of wading for the wine. Capital subject for song, "The Wading for the Wine."

Thursday.—Water still rising. Slime three inches deep over the drawing-room carpet. Postman dropped letters out of his boat in delivery. All of great importance. They are probably at London Bridge by this time. The Governess's ankle severely bitten by a large ferocious and hungry pike which swam into the school-room. Governess has to go to bed. Great joy of girls. Boy reports water three feet in the knife-house. Sixteen pairs of boots washed away altogether. Four ducks swim in at the front-door, and round the dining-room. Cook washed out of the kitchen along with a milky rice-pudding for the nursery dinner. Only cold meat for dinner, and most of it very damp.

Friday.—Fowl-house carried away by flood, all the fowls drowned. No letters. No newspapers. No milk. Gardener says he thinks he saw long chimney over the billiard-room rook. Fancy I observe two large cracks in dining-room ceiling. A shoal of eels caught inside the grand piano. Paper beginning to peel off the walls. The whole place smells like the pound of a lock when the water is drawn down. Governess still laid up. Girls uproarious. Mamma sends them all to bed. Bread-and-cheese and bottled-stout strongly flavoured with mud, for dinner.

Saturday.—Water much higher. Furniture floating about generally on the ground-floor, and proof-engravings falling out of

their frames. A big uprooted elm-tree and a dead pig are jammed in the porch, and the flower-beds on the lawn have all been carried into the shrubbery. I see my wife's new brougham float past the window when I am dressing. Nothing for breakfast but wet captain's biscuits and a bottle of Thirty-four the faithful butler has rescued from the general smash. Windows won't open, doors won't shut. I do really believe the house is "settling." Waterrunning through the hall like a mill-stream, breakers on the door-step, weeds on the umbrella-stand. The babies are crying, the girls are getting frightened, and their Mamma alarmed. There is a boat at the front-door, and an official tells me the Thames Conservancy steamer is lying off the lawn, and I'd better put all my people aboard without delay, as he thinks the house may be washed away altogether.

TO AQUARIUS.

Look here, you old hydropot, can't you just vary us
Weather a little? This is *not* hilarious!
Slop has its limits. Come, don't be contrarious!
Man's occupations are most multifarious,
Can't all be played in a pool, and vicarious
Ducks, frogs, or fishes can't help, ah! no
"nary" us,
So that you place in a precious quandary us.
We are worse off than contemplative MARIUS.
His were *dry* ruins, his seat was calcareous.
We should just squat in a swamp like gregarious
Frogs. Once our weather was—well, at
least various,
Now it would liquify Saint Januarius'
Self, in the body. Give old Sagittarius
Sol and his arrows, *dear* Aquarius!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I wish to put my case before you. I am twenty-two years of age, strong, active, and willing to work, but I cannot stand the *drudgery* of an office. Would the Colonies suit me? I incline myself to Manitoba. What is the climate like there? Is there any shooting there? Can you tell me about the fishing? What sort of work is a gentleman expected to do? Is there a good opening for a young fellow who would ride about on a horse all day? If you will answer these questions by return of post, and also use your *great* influence to get me a free passage, you will greatly oblige

Yours sincerely,

TIMOTHY COUNTER.

Messrs. Baggs & Bunns,
13, Brandy Lane, E. C.

New Reading.

(Commended to the attention of Supporters of
the Salvation and Skeleton Armies.)

WHATEVER bawls fill gospel-halls,
Peace should possess the street.
Where business drives and Fashion crawls,
"Armies" should never meet!

"WHY can't they speak out direct?"
exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I do hate
amphibious phrases."

"CROSS PURPOSES"—To oppose the Affirmation Bill.



GENEALOGICAL.

The Rector. "A VERY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN, GILSON. DID I HEAR RIGHTLY THAT SHE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER?"
Rustic. "YES, SIR, SHE WAR—SUSY WAR!"

The Rector. "HOW DO YOU MEAN—WAS?"

Rustic. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, FAITHER, HE MARRIED AGAIN, AND IN COURSE I CALLED HIS MISSUS 'MOTHER,' AND WHEN HE DIED SHE MARRIED BILL TOMKINS, SON O' JACK TOMKINS, AND I'M BLESSED IF MY SUSY DIDN'T SET UP AND MARRY JACK, WHO WAR A FRESHISH OLD CHAP. NOW, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, AIN'T SUSY MY GRANDMOTHER!"

"DANCER'S LAND SCANDAL."—(Vide *Daily Telegraph* last Saturday.)—Quite appropriately, "Dancer's Land" is associated with the doings of Vestries.

THERE'S going to be a Tramway up to the highest point of Hampstead Heath. The Hampstead-Heathians say that "this will be a great pull." Dray-horses will be in demand.

"INDEPENDENT of his title, he is a great and good man," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "As the Post says, 'The rank is but a penny stamp, the man's the gold for a' that.'"



VERY LIKELY.

Effie (to pretty Nursemaid). "OH, MARTHA, DID YOU SEE? THAT POLICEMAN WINKED HIS EYE AT ME!"

A "CASTE" IN OUR EYE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the best of ROBERTSON'S comedies. From first to last it is amusing, and always more or less interesting, according to the capability of the performers. The parts are all true to Nature, —allowing here and there for a certain exaggeration necessary to Drama,—and the Actors have only to be true to art. How well this is done may be seen in Mrs. BANCROFT'S admirable impersonation of *Polly Eccles*, Mr. BANCROFT'S *Captain Hawtree*, and Mr. DAVID JAMES'S *Eccles*,—though, in the last instance, this clever artist is too much inclined to be gentle to the old villain's vices, and to tone down the character into a weak, besotted old fool,—to "draw it mild," in fact,—instead of insisting on the more repulsive features of the character.

A Hit. An unrehearsed effect. "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the Baby!"

a brute whose cruelty killed his wife, who made his weaker daughter his drudge, who beat and bullied her (we know all this from her own account), who would have sold his girls to the highest bidder,

Eccles has grown old in wickedness: he is a depraved *Captain Costigan*;

or committed any crime, had the opportunity offered and the reward sufficient. It is a mistake, though probably not so from a Low Comedian's point of view, to give undue prominence to the temporary maudlin or convivial aspect of this irreclaimable old scoundrel.

ROBERTSON was inspired by THACKERAY in many of his pieces: in *Caste*, *Eccles* is founded, as we have said, on *Costigan*; *Hawtree* is a fashionable *Dobbin*; *Polly Eccles* is a very superior *Fanny Bolton*; and *Sam Gerridge* is founded on *Sam Huxter*, who dislikes *Pendennis* as cordially as *Gerridge* does *Hawtree*, and who marries *Fanny Bolton*.

The dialogue is not brilliant,—that is, if by "brilliant" is meant a lot of sharp epigrammatic sentences dealt out at hap-hazard to the *dramatis personae* all round, without any reference to their individuality, and worked up into dialogue,—but it is thoroughly natural. *Polly* talks as such a *Polly* would talk, and her mild joke about *Hawtree* looking as if he were "superior to ham and up to tongue, glazed," is thoroughly enjoyed by the audience as being capital "for her"—due credit being given, of course, for the inimitable way in which it is given by Mrs. BANCROFT.

Mr. BROOKFIELD makes *Sam Gerridge* too brutal. He looks like a ruffianly costermonger, lurching and sulking about, as if he'd got a knife in his pocket to stick into *Hawtree*; and so evident is it that he only wants just a little more provocation from *Polly* in order to give her a convincing proof of the thickness of his boots, that he excites the compassion of the audience for the sprightly girl whose fate it is to be linked for life to this ruffian, and who will come out of her honeymoon with a black eye, aching bones, and a broken heart. So "nasty" appears to be his temper, that his worst suspicions must have been aroused by the glitter of the numerous gold rings which ornament *Polly Eccles*' fingers. *Polly* is only a ballet-girl, receiving a pound a week, and, of course, it must speak very highly for her thrift if, after subscribing to the household expenses and giving father his sixpence on Saturday, she can have saved up enough to buy rings representing, we should say, a matter of about a few hundred pounds or so. *Sam* has an eye to those ornaments, and from his manner, we should surmise that he intends to marry her first, beat her next, rob her afterwards, and realise as much as he can on the jewellery. We don't think ROBERTSON ever meant *Polly Eccles* to wear these rings,—at all events, not without some explanation as to their being honestly come by. *Sam* is instinctively jealous of *Hawtree*, and we fancy that if he had caught them in that back kitchen, to which they retire for a considerable time, in the First Act, there would either have been a big row, or *Sam* would have accepted the situation, and looked forward to a further instalment of diamond rings.

The *Honourable George D'Alroy* is made rather too hard by Mr. CORWAY; he does not impress us as being really in love with his wife, or caring a scrap for his mother. Whether Miss GERARD, as *Esther*, is too theatrical when she ought to be natural, as in her grief in the Second Act, and in her burst of passion in the Third, and too natural when she might well be theatrical—that is, when at home, in the First Act, where, we may say, the "scent of the foot-lights is over them all"—is difficult to decide; but in neither instance did she appear to win sympathy.

Mrs. STERLING, as the *Marquise*, is simply perfect. Had the Author been living now, we fancy he would not have brought on *Eccles* and *Sam* in the Second Act, and would have cut out all the



Fearful Scene between Sulky Sam and Polly in the Borough Road. "Who gave you those rings?"



A Man who strikes us with "Aw!"

lines which from time to time are lugged in to attract the attention of the audience to the word "Caste," as if he himself was doubtful as to the congruity of the title with the story, and was anxious to lose no occasion of connecting it with the action, as if the whole thing were a charade.



The Ma-quizzing them.

Perhaps we may be hypercritical, if so, it must be set down to obliquity of vision from the fact of having a "Caste" in our eye when we went to the Haymarket. But, be this as it may, the performance is well worth seeing, the play is charming, and the evening passes only too quickly; laughter and tears alternate, and in view of its being shelved for *Fedora*, we advise everyone to see it while they can, or hereafter those who have missed the chance will regretfully own that "they have lost Caste."

As we were leaving the theatre, a friend, deeply interested in the play, observed thoughtfully to us—"I wonder what the future of all these people would be in a Fourth Act." He has since thought it out, and the following is the result:—

ACT IV.

The Scene represents the drawing-room of a nine-roomed Villa at Brixton Rise. ESTHER discovered sewing together little diagonal pieces of brightly-coloured satin, and embroidering them with spangles. Enter POLLY, quietly but handsomely dressed.

Polly (announcing herself). "Mrs. SAMUEL GERRIDGE." Where's your butler?

Esther. Ah, POLLY, it isn't always a butler that makes the true happiness of married life.

Polly. No; it's his livery. Happy? Why, you haven't even got your title on the door-plate!

Esther. No, indeed not. For my brave and reflective GEORGE is so good. He says that as he has discovered it is quite impossible that I can ever live up to his rank, he will do his best and try and live down to mine. He is going on the Stage. See—(*holding up her work*)—I am making him his first Harlequin's dress!

Polly. I hope it's loose.

Esther. It is, dear. But now tell me about SAM.

Polly. SAMUEL, if you please. Don't cut him in half like an over-sized orange. You forget that I'm in Society, and that he's up for the Junior Carlton.

Enter D'ALROY. He is carrying a baby in his arms, and is followed by five other children, ranging respectively in age from six downwards, and all more or less bruised, and covered with mud.

D'Alroy. Ah, my darling; we've had such a glorious morning in Kennington Park! I've been lying on my back and kicking all the children into the air. Look at them! I should have balanced the baby, only the Police interfered.

Esther. My brave, dear, clumsy, but daring GEORGE! My husband! Who would have thought that when I married you I should ever have lived to be the mother of the talented *D'Alroy Troupe*!

D'Alroy (kissing her). My own dear, true, little vulgar-minded wife (*taking down his regimental sword*). By the bye, this may as well find its way to Attenuborough's—eh?

Esther. No, darling. Keep it, and swallow it—for my sake! [*They embrace.*]

Enter HAWTREE. He has on a mechanic's brown-paper cap and soiled brown holland apron.

Polly. Good gracious! What is the matter with the Major?"

Hawtree. Gas. Fact. Gone in for trade, you know. Couldn't pull along with that good fellow, GERRIDGE, in any other way. Aw—no!

D'Alroy. But I thought you had been trying to do the Park with him?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

D'Alroy. And got cut by every fellow you met?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

D'Alroy. And so then you put him up at the Club? Eh?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

D'Alroy. And he has been thunderingly pilled?

Hawtree. Aw—yaas.

Polly. Well, then, the firm is henceforth GERRIDGE, HAWTREE & Co.? I rather like the sound of it. How odd, that you should finish up with gas! D'you know now you always did look to me something like a lamp-post.

Hawtree. Aw—firm-footed—I suppose?

Polly. No. Light-headed.

[*They go up the stage.*]

Enter GERRIDGE with the Marquise DE ST. MAUR on his arm.

Marquise (releasing him). Thanks! Ah, GEORGE, my dear boy, you know that I have long been endeavouring to accommodate myself to the unique circumstances and surroundings of your new connections, with all the hereditary tact and determination of our race. Hitherto I have only partially succeeded. To-day, it is true, on my way here, at the earnest solicitation of this charmingly original young man, I stopped and partook of a *recherché* little *déjeuner sans fourchette* of whelks at a stall in the Borough Road.

Gerridge. I stood 'em.

Marquise (smiling). And no Bayard could have done more. But I am now going to crown my efforts by a supreme act the like of which even my old friend *Froissart* has not yet had to chronicle. I owe you all restitution and apology for feelings cruelly wounded in the past. I can think of no reparation so fitting and complete as this. (*She opens door, and leads in ECCLES. He is perfectly sober, respectably dressed, and decorated with the badge of the Blue Ribbon Army.*) Once, in a fit of foolish pride, I said there was "no ECCLES." I know there is an ECCLES now. GEORGE, behold your future stepfather!

George. This is indeed, dear mother, a pleasure and a surprise! Can it really be true?

Eccles. Yes, my boy! (*Sings*) "They have married me to a Marquizzzy."

Marquise. And you see he is already *voué au Ruban bleu*!

Eccles. Just so. And as I don't happen to have a friend awaiting round the corner, I shouldn't mind a gallon or two of tea, if there's any going.

Polly. Of course. Come along all of you. This is my day. Five o'clock—shrimps.

All. With pleasure.

[*They prepare to adjourn.*]

Hawtree. By Jove! And after this people talk of—Caste!

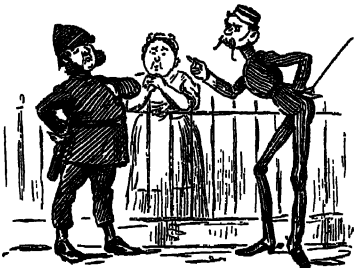
Curtain.

SOLDIERS ON "FRENCH LEAVE."—The Orleans Dukes have scored a victory. Although "in retreat," they have gained ground.

NEW EDITION OF AN OLD LEGAL PUZZLE.—SIR PERCY "SHELLEY'S Case."

CRUISE OF THE CREWS.

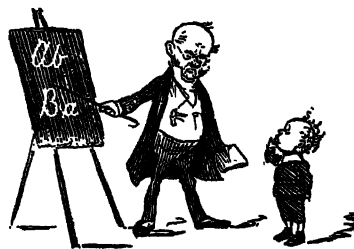
By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



The Rival Blues.



Time and Swing.



A Short Spell.



"The Crew were more lively on the Return Journey."



HEAPING ON THE HORRORS!

Lady Midas. "AND WE WERE BUSTLED INTO THE TRAIN ANYHOW, MY DEAR MRS. DE TOMPEYNS; AND ONLY IMAGINE OUR HORROR, WHEN THE TRAIN HAD STARTED, AT DISCOVERING THAT WE WERE ACTUALLY IN A SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE!!!"

Grigsby (innocently). "DEAR ME! YES! VERY AWKWARD INDEED! YOU'D TAKEN THIRD-CLASS TICKETS, I SUPPOSE?"

[HORROR of Lady and Miss Midas, who generally take a Saloon Carriage all to themselves!]

"THE HIDDEN HAND."

As the coiled snake strikes from the jungle's shade,
In the wood's dim shimmering unbetrayed;
As the lightning flames from the sable cloud,
And leaves no track on the night's black shroud,
So comes—the curse of a troubled land—
The Hidden Hand.

Out from the dark! Must the sleuth-hound fail
Of scent at foot of the dusky veil?
Follow close the ensanguined track
Of skulking Murder, and then fall back
Baffled, missing *the Hand*, that slays.
That prompts, and pays?

Hired assassins, who slay for hire,
May fill the toils till the trackers tire;
Vile are their venal hands, yet worse
The hidden fingers that clutch the purse;
Curst gold that sharpens and points the knife
At Erin's life.

Secret, sinister, unrevealed,
Ruthless ever; though still concealed.
Quivers it not with a late-born fear?
Shivers it not as the hour draws near:
The hour that shall yet drag forth and brand
That Hidden Hand?

AN ARRANGEMENT IN CONDIMENTS.—Rude people call Mr. WHISTLER's new gallery the "Mustard Pot." If they look on the wall, however, they will find plenty of the real Salt of Art, in many of the etchings.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 19.—"I'm not much up in Agriculture," said Mr. BARRAN, surveying the house critically, as if measuring it for a new suit; "but I hear it's in a very depressed state. Certainly depression is admirably reflected in the debate. Think I'll go and spend the evening with my friend GRANVILLE." Happy man, BARRAN, to be so fertile in acquaintance and opportunity! I stop here all night; feel a strong tendency to howl. Agriculture certainly not more depressed than my spirits. BARTELOT amusing for a few minutes. Quite an interesting game to check off how often he says, "I am one of those," and how often, "I am not one of those." In the first quarter of an hour of speech to-night had said one seven times, and the other eight.

Left him "*Not one of those*," but expect should have heard him balance it in the course of next five minutes, if I could have stopped. But life is sweet, and if one must die young, let it not be of vertigo ensuing on attempt to follow a trail of thought through one of Sir WALTER BARTELOT's sentences. Worst of him is, he really seems to be saying something. So emphatic, so impressive, so self-convinced. Emphasis always falls in wrong place; gets attentive hearer off on wrong scent as to secret meaning of a preposition, and fiercely indicates that there's more in a conjunction than meets the eye. I believe the Alderman is the only living being who understands him. Cheers him vigorously, and nods his head profoundly when Sir WALTER says, "I am *not* one of those," and startles the House with terrific cheer when, little later, the worthy Baronet, uplifting his voice, and indignantly shaking his forefinger at the quivering Treasury Bench, slowly thunders forth, "I am one of those."

Quite a relief when, at half-past twelve, the Bradlaugh business came on again. The Burly B. under the Gallery ready for anything that might turn up. But nothing did turn up, except Mr. NEWDEGATE. Sackcloth and ashes out of fashion now; but Good



“THE HIDDEN HAND.”

Old Man had ruffled his hair, mangled his shirt collar, pulled his scarf awry, rubbed his hat on the wrong side of the nap, and thus arrayed ("like JEREMIAH in a dull moment," as Sir CHARLES DILKE said), announced that he'd made up his mind not to vote against Bill at this stage. Sepulchral tones, mournful inflection, woebegone countenance. Then, holding the ruffled hat well out so that it might have due effect, he solemnly strode forth shaking off dust of House from his feet. A sight to make angels weep; but ribald House only laughed.

Business done.—Rambled round Address.

Tuesday Night.—Still thinking of forming a Fifth Party. Engaged in studying the Fourth.

"Always attend to details," as NAPOLEON THE FIRST said, when crossing the Alps. "Trifles are the seed of great accomplishments."

Fancy there must be something in the oratorical attitude of the Fourth Party that has led to their success. Each has distinct way of standing whilst addressing the House. Sir HENRY WOLFF, with



Toby on Guard.

arms akimbo, legs slightly astride, chest expanded, and a pleasant smile lurking about his massive countenance, stands well out in view of the House. If he simply stood there and said nothing, the speech would be eloquent. "Here I am, a buttress of Church and State, the censor of diplomatic jobs, a guardian of British Honour, custodian of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Alexandria."

RANDOLPH makes all his points with his left toe. If the SPEAKER were to rule it out of order that Members addressing the House should stand on their right leg, with the left heel downwards, and the tip of shoe pointing to the ceiling, RANDOLPH would be dumb. Wish we'd thought of that when Rules of Procedure going through. Fancy could have worked in an Amendment by large majority.

This pedal movement more remarkable, since Mr. GORST, watchful of his great leader, frequently imitates it, in variation of an earlier manner of balancing his body from foot to foot, as if the iron floor of the House were uncomfortably hot. Mr. BALFOUR bends his tall figure over the House as if he loved it, certain that all would be well if it would yield to his guidance and throw out Mr. GLADSTONE. Shall get my party together, and drill them in these various attitudes.

To-night, full opportunity of studying the Lord Chancellor GORST, who moves Amendment on Address, and trots out old stories about Kilmainham. Rapturous cheering from Mr. WARTON, Mr. Alderman FOWLER, and Lord RANDOLPH, himself, who has lent his seat to the LORD CHANCELLOR, and hands him up his extracts.

"A six-and-eightpenny sort of young man, GORST," said HARCOURT. "A great light lost to Police-Court practice. Would have shone in dark recesses of County Courts, or even made a name on the blazing roll of Quarter-Sessions fame. A little acid for the House of Commons."

But then Mr. GORST had just referred to the HOME SECRETARY as "incompetent."

Business done.—Strolling through Address.

Wednesday Night.—Very dull afternoon in House of Commons. FORSTER coyly hanging back, waiting for PARNELL. PARNELL waiting for FORSTER. Meantime, hours must be occupied, and various speeches delivered.

At eight o'clock Liberal Party adjourned to Devonshire Club. Elected Mr. CAINE Speaker. Very interesting proceedings. Mr. S. SMITH took the oath and his seat for Liverpool, and subsequently made short speech. Speech of evening, Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR'S.

Summed up whole duty of Liberal Member under three heads:—(1) Always vote with the Government; (2) Always dine in the House of Commons; (3) Never speak unless you are intimately acquainted with the subject. This last might well be emblazoned over Speaker's chair. Would do more to shorten Parliamentary proceedings than any other form of *clôture*.

Wonderful dormant talent for oratory among the Whips! Sir WILLIAM DYKE now becoming one of chief orators on Front Bench. Lord RICHARD never speaks in the House, but evidently not because he can't. Lord KENSINGTON a model speaker. Occasionally, in capacity of Vice-Chamberlain, brings in messages from high latitudes. Does he, by way of introduction, glance at the Heptarchy, trace the growth of Royalty, touch upon the interruption of the Commonwealth, dilate upon the domestic felicity of the GEORGES, summarise the principal events of the Victorian Era, and then arrive at his speech? He does not. He says, "A Message from the QUEEN" walks up to the table, reads it, and then goes his way. We want a little more of that kind of oratory in the House.

Business done.—Afternoon wasted.

Thursday Night.—At exactly seventeen minutes to eight The O'KELLY exploded. Saw it coming for some time. Steam up within ten minutes of FORSTER'S rising. At first seemed likely that Mr. O'BRIEN, the latest messenger of peace from Ireland, would go off first. Fortunately, had O'DONNELL to look after him, who succeeded in keeping him moderately quiet.

"Never do anything violent," Mr. O'DONNELL whispered in ear of neophyte. "Violence doesn't do here. Always puts you at disadvantage. Be calm. Carefully select your words, and you will prosper. But never throw your boot at the head of the SPEAKER, or tear up the Bench to obtain an additional argument wherewith to convince a Minister."

This counsel prevailed with O'BRIEN, still young to the place. But the O'KELLY too old a steam-engine to be cooled down by jets of that sort.

"When the O'KELLY begins to simmer, be sure he'll bust," JOSEPH GILLIS said, in that sententious way recently adopted; and "bust" he did, throwing off his balance for a moment, FORSTER, who had been sitting on safety-valve.

"Dear me!" said Sir CHARLES FORSTER, when the fragments of The O'KELLY were picked up, and carried out in two baskets. "Place begins to have quite a home-feeling. Been sitting here a week now, and this is the first Irish Member expelled."

FORSTER walked home to late dinner in highest spirits.

"My dear TOBY," he said, stretching his mighty limbs, and putting his coat on upside down for a few minutes to refresh himself. (Wouldn't have noticed the change, only saw him do it.) "This is the best night I have had since I made statement in the House on resignation, and gave my old colleagues a dig here and there. I have suffered a good deal from PARNELL and his friends. Have sat night after night, and been pelted with mud and stones by them. Had to bear it patiently, and you know I did. But I don't forget, and to-night rather think I paid off old scores. Am a man of peace, as befits my Quaker parentage. But I own I like a fight, especially when I choose my time, get a man in a corner, and can pound him at leisure."

Business done.—Mr. PARNELL indicted.

Saturday.—PARNELL came up to time to-night, and the great wrestling-match over. Betting up to last moment fifty to one on the heavy weight. Seemed to have everything in his favour, especially facts. But light weight made up in skill for what he elsewhere



"Time!"

lacked. Instead of getting out of FORSTER'S way, ran straight at him, gripped him tightly, and if one had not been so heavy and other so light, might have thrown him. House amazed. In sooth, regarded as play, very pretty. But only play.

Business done.—Mr. GORST'S Amendment rejected by 250 votes against 176.



AMBIGUOUS!

His Own. "I LIKE TO LEAN AGAINST YOUR HEAD, JOHN. IT'S SO SOFT!"

THE MAGNATE AND THE SILVER STREAK.

AIR—"The Magnet and the Silver Churn."

A MAGNATE sat in a big board-room,
But on his brow was a cloud of gloom;
And as he sits in the Chairman's chair,
He talks to the bold Directors there.
He rolls his eye around and he scans
The railway maps and the foreshore plans:
Says he, "Now listen, and, while I speak,
I'll quite demolish the Silver Streak!
The Silver Streak! The Silver Streak!"

"Don't think I'm funning,
But I've a cunning
Plan that is quite unique:
I'll sink a funnel,
And drive a Tunnel
Beneath the Silver Streak!"

The Army, Navy, and Royal Marines,
And Dukes, and Bishops, and Rural Deans;
The Volunteers and the Coastguard too,
Said, "Oh dear me, this will never do!"
And all declared they should be much vexed
If Dover to France were thus annexed:
They howled and yelled at the railway clique,
Who sought to tunnel the Silver Streak!
The Silver Streak! The Silver Streak!

While this emphatic
And autocratic
Magnate began so seek,
As much as ever,
By bold endeavour—
To pierce the Silver Streak!

[And matters have progressed no further at present.]

THE O'MULLIGAN, who is loyal to the last drop in the handiest whiskey-bottle, found great difficulty after his seventeenth tumbler (he had been on the floor of the House several times in the course of the argument) in denouncing "th' Ashshoshiashun for Ashshashinashun."

A MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.

SCENE—The Palais Bourbon, if either of the two objectionable terms be allowed. Ministers, prospective, departed, and some even present mounting the Tribune in rapid succession.

President Brisson. Now, then, *huissier*, who's the next Premier inscribed? And tell that crowd of Prime Ministers in the corridor to keep quiet. One can't hear the simple Deputies for the noise the Premiers are making. M. FERRY, you have the *parole*.

Ferry (*confidently*). I generally have. I am used to it. But, *huissier*, change the glass of sugar-and-water. It has already been used by three Ministers; and if they weren't particularly thirsty, I am. I have just been having three hours with GRÉVY; and if you knew how dry the Elysée is—*je ne vous dis que ça!* I demand the first interpellation.

President Brisson. *Il n'en manque pas*: we are only at the hundred-and-seventh as yet. M. CASSAGNAC has one which may amuse the Chamber a little more than the others, and perhaps he will oblige.

[CASSAGNAC obliges, goes through his usual little entertainment of insulting a colleague or two, calling the President a black-guard, being censured three times, and is received into the arms of CUNEO D'ORLÉANS as he descends from the Tribune. After a little shaking of fists, the President of the Council re-ascends.]

President of Council. Gentlemen, after the esteemed speech of our honourable colleague, whom your legitimate—

[*Cris à Gauche*: "Legitimate! Legitimate! Pas de Légitimisme! Nous sommes vendus! The Government conspires! Finis République!" They rise in the attitude of DAVID'S Picture of the Girondins, and unitedly protrude their tongues at the Ministerial bench.]

Ferry (*clinging hard to Tribune*). Luckily, the Ministerial bench is empty, Messieurs, otherwise the blood of legislators must have flowed this evening, or, at least, to-morrow morning before breakfast. It is always done before breakfast, but I don't know why, although I am an Advocate, and have been three times Premier. You want

to know our policy. Well, Messieurs, our policy is, to begin with, to have a Government.

[*Ecstatic cheering on Government benches, wherever they may happen to be. FERRY comes down, and is carried in triumph, and remarkably uncomfortable arms, by four Gentlemen who have been promised bureaux de tabac for to-morrow.*]

President Brisson. The interpellation of M. CLOVIS HUGUES is about due. He can come up.

Clovis Hugues. I am a Poet and come from Marseilles, therefore you can't expect any oppressive amount of coherence from me, and I also beg, as a Socialist—(*shrieks and scent-bottles on the Right*)—to repudiate the opprobrious epithet of Monsieur. (*Groans of Centre.*) As simple Citoyen, I want to know what the Government are going to do with the Princes? I can reconcile duty with mercy; and I do not demand the guillotine.

[*Falls into the arms of enthusiastic Left, and Citoyennes in caps throw flowers—red—from the galleries.*]

Premier Ferry. The Government—(*aside*)—I wish the Government would come; it must have lost the omnibus—(*aloud*)—the Government has every intention of treating the Princes with every respect due to their rank, together with every respect due to the Republic.

Chamber (*almost united*). Bravo! Something like a Ministerial statement, that.

Ferry (*flattered, but anxious*). Awfully nice, of course; but I do wish that Cabinet would come. I'll pay them *fiacres* next time—and even then, perhaps, they wouldn't.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.—Thursday, March 15. On the Banks of the Thames, between Putney and Mortlake.

WHAT the English Public would like to be sure of is, not that all the Assassins will turn informers, but that of the "Murder-in-Irish" conspiracy none of the Parnellites are approvers.

NOTICE.—In consequence of extra go-to-press-ure of work, "Another Little Holiday" is unavoidably postponed.

WILL IT ALL END IN SMOKE?

CERTAIN Music-Halls wish to become Theatres, and nightly break the law, more or less, to gratify their wishes. Being prosecuted, they intend to apply to Parliament for a special Censorship and special privileges. Certain Theatres, hearing of this, will want to become Music-Halls, or, in other words, will want that liberty, which the LORD CHAMBERLAIN refuses them, to allow smoking in the *auditorium*. The question of drinking hardly enters into the discussion, as the facilities for drinking in Theatres are hardly more restricted than they are in Music-Halls. The point is really one of tobacco:—Shall the Public smoke or not in the face of the British Drama? The Public, if consulted, which they never have been, would probably answer, Yes, leaving the Managers to settle what Theatres should be smoking-Theatres, and what Theatres should remain as they are. In London, forty years ago, smoking-Theatres were permitted without any visible injury to the Public, to Art (with the capital A), or to the British Drama, and in nearly every other European city, at the present day, they are a recognised and popular institution.

Whether the two most Conservative and Protectionist Bodies in England—the Theatre Proprietors and the Music-Hall Proprietors—will face this free-trade difficulty in the only way in which it can be faced, remains to be seen, but our own impression is that they will not have the necessary courage. The Public—never consulted or thought of—may have to wait for the New Municipal Government Bill, and even this may be mangled and worried by Vested Interests.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 125.



ALFRED AUSTIN, ESQ.

HOLDING HIS NATIONAL REVIEW.

"Limpid no more I rush to court assoil,"
 "Proud of the stains of decorating toil,"
 "Soul soaring upwards far" above my 'leaders,'
 I cry "No Programme!"—and I get no readers.
 (From "My Satire and its Censors"—adapted.)

WHISTLER IN VENICE.

A GAVOTTE IN GAMBOGE.

Go to the Fine Art Society,
 Truly a marvellous show,
 See, in a wondrous variety,
 Etchings and dry points a-row.
 Here we can note all the genesis
 Of the Whistlerian art;
 This is what WHISTLER thinks
 Venice is,
 JIMMY is certainly "smart."

Strangely adorned is the Gallery,
 Done up in gamboge and white,
 Even the funkey is "gallery."
 Made a most exquisite fright.
 We may be thought supercilious,
 But, if the truth must be told,
 It looks consumedly bilious,
 This new "arrangement in
 gold."

Then there's the Catalogue critical,
 In which the versatile JAMES

Sneers at the pens analytical,
 Calling them all by their names.
 Each annotation is peppery,
 Full of American gall;
 WHISTLER is such a high stepper,
 he

Prances at will o'er them all.

It must be said too with gratitude,
 There was the Artist himself,
 Airy and artful in attitude,
 Truly a curious elf.

WHISTLER is "Niminy-Piminy,"
 Funny, fantastic, and quaint,
 Yet he's so clever that JIMMY
 nigh
 Makes men believe he can paint.

What of his works? why, each
 etching is

Only at present half done,
 And on the copper the sketching is
 Simply a wild piece of fun.
 Vainly the Critics will sit on him,
 Why such a butterfly slay?
 No one can e'er put the bit on
 him—

WHISTLER's the wag of the
 day.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

(By our Extra Special at Piggleswhistlehof, Berlin.)

HERE I am in the capital of Prussia, enjoying thoroughly the festivities inaugurating the second quarter of a century of the married life of the Princess Royal of ENGLAND and the Prince Imperial of GERMANY. All the way to this beautiful city I noticed the natives waiting for the floods to subside before commencing the sowing of wheat, rye, oats, barley, peas, millet, rape-seed, and the other grain mentioned by good old WHITAKER in his amusing Almanack. I could see by the expression of their faces that they were taking a great interest in the celebration, and were, no doubt, lamenting that the water kept them locked in the Provinces when they would have preferred to be in Town.

And what is Berlin like? Well, the question is not an easy one to answer. It resembles Rome and Wandsworth equally, but, perhaps, is more like Gravesend than either. The finest building in a city of fine buildings is a large edifice not unlike St. Paul's, Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace, called *Unter den Linden*. It was in this magnificent edifice that most of the ceremonies took place. It was here that the venerable Emperor danced the old saraband (dear to every Teutonic heart) with Prince Von BISMARCK, whose faltering steps were superintended by the State Doctor. It was here also that the wedding breakfast (eaten off silver plate, in honour of the day) was held.

Here, again, a certain noble Englishman (whose name I suppress for obvious reasons) won a wager that he would ride a mule forty miles, without turning a hair, before breakfast. Here once more were held the review of 100,000 troops and the afternoon tea given

by the Empress (two days since) to half-a-dozen of her more intimate friends. *Unter den Linden* is indeed a marvellous building, and seems a suitable place for any and every kind of innocent dissipation.

All the world is here. You meet Royalties at every street-corner, and the contingent, "personally conducted" by the first of English tour-organisers, are not only numerous but even respectable. The city is covered with bunting. Flags float from every window; and the masses of colour of the Ladies resemble a *parterre* of flowers.

Of course the great attraction are the presents. In honour of the event they are all of silver. Perhaps the prettiest article is a gold workbox made entirely of the whiter metal. Then there are silver boots, silver handkerchiefs, silver gloves, and silver sealing-wax. The only thing that is not of silver is a silver thimble, which is made of gold. This curious little article was presented by the Padishah, who, as everyone knows, is proud of his Irish extraction.

Last night there was a grand torchlight procession. A thousand flares, a thousand shadows, dots of colour here and there, relieved by dark stone masonry. The joy-bells of cathedrals, and the sad tinkling of the sounding brass of many military bands. In the background the stern mountains tipped with snow, and, over all, a glorious moon floating through scores of purple clouds, gorgeous with the hues of a hundred sunset tinges.

And here I pause, as I have just been summoned to join in the Elizabethan Quadrille, which is now about to be danced in the Winter Palace.

[It is only just to ourselves and the Public to say that the envelope containing the above communication bears the Chelsea post-mark. We print the article, however, as it seems to be the kind of thing published in the columns of our contemporaries.—EDITOR.]

"ROBERT" INTERVIEWED.



I was a setting quietly at home one day last Autumn, in our slack season, when a ring cum to our bell and then a nock come at my door, and I says, "Come in," says I, and in come a Gent as I never seed afore and have never seed sence, and he says to me, says he, "Are you Mr. ROBERT, tho' I needn't ask, for I nose you at once by your likeness," and he pulls out a copy of the emusin publikashun in which I sumtimes appears, need I say *Punch*, scarcely, praps. Well, he then tells me as how he was interwooling all the horthers and hartists of *Punch*, at the request of the P—e of W—s, for his privet colleschun of the sillybraties of the Age, and will I mind ansering him a few questions.

Well, I was natrally ighly flattered and not a little plesed at sitch an igh honner, and sed yes, I thort I would if they wasn't not hobjectionabel as regards peconary matters. So out he takes a longish littel book and off he starts with such a list of questions as amost made my air stand on end with trying to anser. Wen he had quite dun he shook ands with me wery frendly, and he says, says he, "Mr. ROBERT, I am that obligated to you for your kyindness, that I shall report werry favorably to His Royal Ighness, and I calclate as you'll be sure to reseeve at the proper time the customerry dimond snuff-box." I bleeve I axshally terned pail with surpressed estonishment. He added as he thort as how his work would be finished and all complete by about nex April, early in April, perhaps the werry erliest day in April, on which day he thort I might safely calklate on receving my dimond box. I wentured to hint as I hoped he would say as many good words for me as he could consienshusly, when he said, "Why, cert'nly," and away he went.

I leave my readers to judge of my state of mind after my Miss Terryhus friend's departure, and I draws a whale over Mrs. ROBERT's emotion wen I told her all about it, and how she natrally regretted as she was out a-shoppin at the Grosers wen it all apened, or she would suttlenly have suggested a Broche or a Brayslet instead of the snuff-box. Well, munse rolls by, and April seems still a werry long ways off, when ony yesterday I receeves a noosepaper and a letter from Ameriky to the following stronery effec:—

"Boston Journal Office, U.S.

"DEAR MR. ROBERT,

March, 1883.

"RECALLING to your recollection our very pleasant interview in October last, and apologising for some slight variation from the actual facts of the case in which I indulged on that interesting occasion, I now beg to inform you that although it was not strictly true that I was collecting valuable information for H.R.H. the P—e of W—s, yet that, as my Editor is the Prince of Good Fellows, it comes to much the same thing, and although he has, unfortunately, no diamond snuff-box that he can conveniently spare

at the present time, I send you, at his request, a copy of his priceless Journal, in which you will find our interview almost literally reported, for the instruction and amusement of some thirty millions of the smartest people in all creation.

"Yours, with all due respect, WASHINGTON JONES."

I dare not trubbel you with the whole account, so I sends you a few extrax:—

"I found Mr. ROBERT in a very decent sort of room, nice and clean and comfortable, and he answered my questions with the greatest readiness and affability, and our interview was, upon the whole, one of the most amusing I ever had with any literary celebrity.

"When were you born, Mr. ROBERT?—I don't exaely know. Most likely in the middle of the night,—most people is, I think.

"But what year were you born? I haven't the least idea, but I knows as I'm just fifty-eight.

"Where were you born?—In Whetstone Park.

"Oh, indeed! Pray in what County is the Park situate?—I don't know what County, but I think it's in the Parish of St. Giles's, the same as the Seven Dials.

"Where were you educated?—Well, I can't say as I was reg'lar eddicated anywheres in partickler. My werry erliest recklections being connected with carrying home of greens and tatars for my Father, who was a Green Grocer, and used to go out a waiting at dinners and heavny parties, dressed just like a Parson, to the admirashun of all on us, and it was that as kindled the burning desire in my manly buzzum to become some day a real Waiter!

"And Fortune has smiled upon your efforts?—Well, Fortune has giv me about three pound a week, which 'ud make most people smile, I should think.

"Why cert'nly. What first induced you to turn your attention to literature?—Well, Sir, it apened in this most remarkabel way. The *Punch* Staff was a dining at the onnered Albion, one night, and the well-known Hediter appened to say 'There's no man living as couldn't find sumthink emusin to say if he only knew how to say it. Why, this werry respectable Waiter,' says he, 'who is attending to us so admirably, could tell us many a good story if he chose.' And turning round, he says to me, with his merry blue eyes a twinklin with fun, 'What's your name, Waiter?' 'ROBERT,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'ain't I right, ROBERT?' 'Well, praps you are, and praps you ain't, Sir,' says I. 'Will you try?' says he, with a merry laugh. 'I don't much care if I do,' says I. 'Then write down sumthink,' says he, 'and bring it to me in a day or two.' And so I did, and I've writ him enuff since then to about fill a littel wollume.

"Would it be an impertinent question to ask what amount of remuneration you receive for your priceless contribution?—Yes, it would be a werry imperant question, and wot's wuss, a werry useless one. But you can judge for yourself of its fabulous amount wen I tells you as it ennables me to send my boy WILLIAM to the University of Cambridge.

"The University!—Yes; the University. I remember one of my plessant paytrons once asking me weather he went as a Sizer, or as a Pensioner, or as a Fellow Commoner?—and I said as I thought he might be said to be all three.

"How so, Mr. ROBERT?—Well, as he stands 6-foot-2 in his stockings, let alone his boots, he may fairly be called a good Sizer, and as I allows him no less than 10s. a week, he must suttlenly be a Pensioner, and as he allus has his commons with his fellow Waiters, he may properly be called a Fellow Commoner.

"Bravo, Mr. ROBERT! that's one to you, as we say at the Club, but what made you send him to the University?—Well, you see as he aspires to be sum day a Head Waiter, like his Father, I thort as I'd give him just 12 months' experience at Trinity, where I was told as how they could give even the old Copperation one course as a start, and yet win in a canter.

"And does your son find it so?—He does, and speaks of 'em with that amount of enthoosiasm as amost draws tears from my eyes.

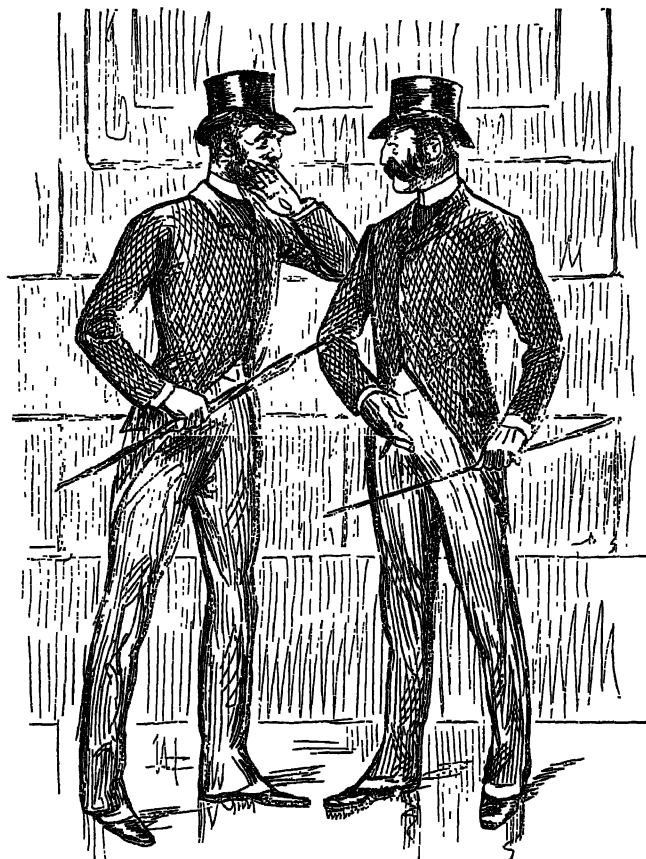
"I suppose you sometimes hear things said that would werry much astonish the public if known?—Ah, you're about right thare, Sir. You see when men are full of wittles and full of wine, whether they're Princes or Statesmen or even Lord Mares, they're a good deal off their gard, and they all seems to think as us Waiters is def, *which we ain't*. Why sumtimes wen I'm just a littel short of money, about this time of the year, I has thorts of offering to some emment Publisher my "Rewelations of an Head Waiter," but then comes my 2nd thorts, which in this case is allus the best, coz they're the most honnerablest, and I says to myself, No, ROBERT, endure your honnerabel poverty and enjoy your self-respec, and never betray the confidens reposed in your honnerabel profession for the sake of filthy luker. And so the mean thort wanishes away, and I am still abel to look all my Paytrons in the face without the blush of Sham."

We had a good deal more tork afore he went away, all of which he has bin and gone and writ down, but I dessey my readers has had about enuff of his American imperance, as I have of his shameful deseshun.

ROBERT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders



THE LATEST FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Hi! BROWN! WHY ARE YOU LIKE AN IRISH DETECTIVE? GIVE IT UP? BECAUSE YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING AFTER 'NO. 1'!"

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

Under the Management of Sir Verdant Harcourt, the Seldom-at-Home Secretary.

THE Manager begs to announce that the Old English Comedy of *The Government of London*, in Two Acts, which has had a successful run of nearly thirty years, to the entire satisfaction of an enlightened Public, will be shortly replaced by a Screaming Farce, in One Act, entitled *The Brand New Municipality; or, A Leap in the Dark*. He is also happy to be enabled to announce that the characters of "The Three Solemn Leaguers" will be played by "The Bounding Brothers of Chelsea," and that fabulous terms have been offered to His Grace the Duke of PIMLICO, to induce him to take the part of *The New Lord Mayor*,—that arrangement failing, the part will be offered to Mr. TOOLE.

The Manager submits the first two Scenes, as a sample of what the Public may expect:—

SCENE—*A blasted Heath. Thunder, lightning, and drenching rain.*

Enter The Three Solemn Leaguers, with umbrellas up.

First Leaguer. When shall we three meet again?

When there ain't quite so much rain?

Second Leaguer. When the Corporation's done,

When we have our good berths won.

Third Leaguer. Then we'll have some jolly fun!

First Leaguer. Where the place?

Third Leaguer. Oh, in some dark Court,

There to meet with rash MCHARCOURT.

Two drums! two drums! MCHARCOURT comes!

All Three. The Three Leaguers, hand in hand,

Sick at sea and mocked on land,

Thus do go about, about,

Three good lies, and three of thine,

And three of thine to make up nine,

Peace! the charm's wound up!

Enter MCHARCOURT and McDILKE, in tourist suits, followed by two Detectives disguised as Keepers.

McHarcourt. Nor fowl nor hare to-day I have not seen.

McDilke. How far is 't called to Chelsea?

McHarcourt. Who are you? You should be gentlemen,

And yet your seedy looks do make me doubt

That you are so. Speak, if you can! What are you?

First Leaguer. All hail, MCHARCOURT! Hail to thee, great M.P.!

Second Leaguer. All hail, MCHARCOURT! Hail to thee, Home-Secretary!

Third Leaguer. All hail, MCHARCOURT! That shalt the PREMIER he!

McDilke. This heath hath humbugs e'en as Chelsea hath,

And these are of them.

McHarcourt. Would we had never seen them!

[*They vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Printing Office in the Strand.*

Enter the Three Solemn Leaguers.

First Leaguer. Thrice the gin punch have we brewed!

Second Leaguer. Thrice; and once on pig we've dined!

Third Leaguer. HARCOURT cries, 'Tis time! 'tis time!

First Leaguer. Now about our task we'll go;

In the poisoned slanders throw.

Lies that in the month that's come—

Days and nights just thirty-one—

Fools and dolts for truth have took,

Put we first in our lying book!

All. Hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,

Lies and shams and sneers we double.

First Leaguer. Here's a sting like a gnat.

Third Leaguer. Put in that, put in that.

Second Leaguer. Here's BADLAW's brain.

Third Leaguer. Put in a grain.

First Leaguer. Here's mud from cads, and slime that's badder.

Third Leaguer. That will make our foes much madder.

All. Hubble, bubble, &c., &c.

Third Leaguer. Oh, well done! He'll commend our pains,

And everyone shall share the gains.

All goes right, and nought goes wrong,

So let us sing our jolly song.

SONG (WITH CHORUS).

AIR—"If I had a Thousand a Year."

First Leaguer.

I once was a Member of Parliament,

And had two thousand a year,

But I couldn't control my unruly tongue,

So now I find myself bare.

But in the New Municipalities

I a something shall find that will just suit me,

So that is why I am here, my Boys, } *Repeat in*

So that is why I am here. } *Chorus.*

Second Leaguer.

Though I am a Member of Parliament,

I have not two thousand a year;

But I soon got a little, and hope to get more,

Though I shall have to wait long, I fear:

But in the New Municipalities, &c.

Third Leaguer.

I ne'er was a Member of Parliament,

And never shall be one, I fear;

But the be-all and end-all of my public life

Is to get just two thousand a year.

And in the New Municipalities, &c.

[*At the end of the Chorus they join hands and dance to the tune of "We are a Merry Family, we are, we are!" and vanish—till they reappear in their next Scene.*]

THE "ROYAL" AMUSEMENTS.—There are a wonderful pair of Clowns—no not Pantaloon—styling themselves "The Two MACs," now performing at the Royal Music-Hall. Their fight is one of the most astonishing and amusing things we've seen for a long time. They ought to call their entertainment "The Two MACs and the Fifty Smacks, which, being successful, they'll stick to like wax." And they really seem to like whacks. The Proprietors must be doing uncommonly well, as there's a considerable amount of COYNE—no duffer, but the genuine article every evening. But when shall we have the part-songs and the glees, ancient and modern, back again, as in the good old days, *Consume* "PADDY" at EVANS'S? Just a sprinkling of these, sung by well-trained choristers, would be highly acceptable to a considerable portion of the public, which is at present prejudiced, and not altogether unreasonably, against the usual kind of Music-Hall Entertainment.



"BEWARE!"

He (poetical). "OH, AMANDA! WHY DO YOU SHRINK FROM MY EMBRACE AS THE STARTLED FAWN TREMBLES AT THE RUSTLING OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES? WHY—"
 She. "'CAUSE I'VE JUST BEEN VACCINATED!"

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS EXPLAINED.

1. *It is unlucky to spill salt.* Of course, for it shows that you are either naturally clumsy, or that your hand is unsteady from over-indulgence in tobacco, and anyhow it is certain to raise the wrath of your host.
2. *It is unlucky to pass under a ladder.* This is when the Gentleman on the ladder is conversing with a fellow labourer, and lets fall a hod of mortar, or a pot of red paint on your head.
3. *It is unlucky to pass outside a ladder.* This is when the ladder projects to the curbstone, the road is very muddy, and a runaway van is in your immediate neighbourhood.
4. *It's lucky to have a black cat in the house.* Its presence accounts for the disappearance of cream, cold game, and other viands notoriously detrimental to the health.
5. *It is unlucky to dream of a black dog.* Of course, as it shows that your present habit of late suppers will shortly be stopped by your medical attendant.
6. *It is unlucky to meet a woman with a squint.* It is a great misfortune to encounter an ugly woman anywhere.

7. *It is unlucky to sneeze on a Friday.* It is not particularly fortunate on any other day of the week, as it probably shows you are in for a severe cold.

8. *It is lucky to hop up-stairs as the New Year comes in.* It ameliorates your grief at the follies of last year, as it shows how-ever capable of idiocy you were then, you are still more capable this year.

9. *It is unlucky to see a single magpie.* It indicates that there are more in the neighbourhood; and for discordant noises the magpie is pre-eminently gifted among birds.

10. *It is lucky to see the first lamb of the year with its face towards you.* It any rate shows that neither your visage nor your apparel is so absolutely repulsive as to frighten a beast of the field.

11. *It is unlucky to sit down to table thirteen in number.* It is equally unlucky to sit down twelve if there is only elbow-room for eight.

12. *There is luck in odd numbers.* This entirely depends upon the game you are playing, and what the other man has up his sleeves.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

AIR—"Moses and Aaron."

As JIMMY and 'ARRY were talking about Art,
 Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "Oh, on that lay I'm smart."

I know the way to fetch the Mob,
 The Swells' applause to carry,
 And pounce the proletariat 'bob.'"

"Lor! 'Ow's it done?" says 'ARRY.

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "The art of Art's to draw."

No, not like MICHAEL ANGELO, but BARNUM.
 That's the law.

You play on fashionable fad,
 And your reward won't tarry.
 Society on Art is mad."

"Oh, right you are!" says 'ARRY.

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "You do a lot of scrawls,

And frame them very carefully, and stick them on buff walls,

You deck the place with saffron silk,
 And pots the hue of mustard,
 A harmony in eggs and milk—"

Says 'ARRY, "Like a custard!"

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "Now that's a Cockney joke,

Fit for a 'cad,' a 'Philistine,' a 'buffer,' or a 'bloke."

The only paying jest—a sell—

With gravity you carry;

Laugh in your sleeve—does just as well!"

"Ah, ah! I'm fly!" says 'ARRY.

Says JIMMY to 'ARRY, "Society's a sham;
 Whene'er 'tis seized with new fad, to fit it with a flam

Is work for the smart charlatan,

Who brain and bounce can marry;

And—do you know the sort of man?"

"You bet I do!" says 'ARRY.

Says 'ARRY to JIMMY, "It seems a rummy start;

But if you stick up Smudge or Scrawl, and kid the world it's Art,

You draw the dollars of the mugs,

The verdicts of the whimmy!

Yer fist! We match like two pint jugs!"

"Oh, hang your cheek!" says JIMMY.

NEW BOOK.—Shortly will be published, *New Pullman Nights*. By the Author of *Old Coaching Days*.



"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY!"

Interesting Discovery.

IN making some alterations at the Gaiety Theatre the other day, the fossil remains of an enormous Mashtodon were discovered. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD will shortly read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries, entitled "The Solitaire of the Mashtodon discovered in making Recent Excavations at the Gaiety Theatre." This solitaire is no less than three feet in diameter—about the size of an ordinary school-room globe—so it would appear the race has of late years greatly degenerated.

Echo on the Situation.

WHAT appears to give our wranglers satisfaction?

Echo. Faction!

What is hopeless made by wrangling, jangling faction?

Echo. Action!

Should men share or shun this palsyng of action?

Echo. Shun!

BULL'S BENEDICTION.—*Tax vobiscum!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, February 26.—Great joy in House of Lords to-night. A Bill is brought in, and prospect of some work. Rather hard on Noble Lords of late. Come down regularly at four o'clock; see LORD CHANCELLOR enter with bag and baggage; hear youngest Bishop say prayers; sit and look at each other for a few minutes; then somebody asks question, somebody else answers it; and they walk wearily away.

"Lords might as well be abolished at once," says Our Only General and Latest Peer. "Every night I come down here I feel like SCHACABAC going to dine with BARMOCIDE."

"SCHACABAC?" said Our Only Commander-in-Chief. "SCHACABAC? Don't seem to remember him? What's his regiment?"

"He was not in the Army, Sir," WOLSELEY explained. "He was a Scotchman travelling in the East."

WOLSELEY's picked up a good deal of information since he went to Cairo. Quite pathetic interest round Our Only Bill, which is for electing Scotch Representative Peers. Marquis of HUNTLY dreadfully afraid we shall gobble it up at one meal, and begs LORD CHANCELLOR not to hurry along with Second Reading. LORD CHANCELLOR promises, and Peers go home pleased.

In House of Commons another dull night. Still harping on the Address. Had Ireland with us through most of last week, on one Amendment or other. Now Ireland has an Amendment all to her unhappy self. Begin afresh, and go through the old familiar story.

"Quite a mistake," Mr. COURTNEY complains, "to say you can't eat your cake and have it. Irish Members ate their cake last week on GORST's Amendment, and now here it comes served up again full-size, and they munch it all night."

In distress of body and soul, under this wearisome wet blanket of words, House spasmodically attempts to be merry. Determines to laugh "whateffer" as Mr. MACFARLANE says since he has been to Styornaway. To-night, for example, Mr. CALLAN up; referring to some statement he doesn't believe says, "Well, I can swallow a good deal, but—" Here the House breaks in with roar of laughter. Laughs consummately for space of three or four minutes. Suppose there's a joke somewhere. Talk it over with Sir GEORGE BALFOUR and Mr. RAMSAY. We give it up.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday Night.—Peers terrible fellows to work when once begin. Only yesterday Bill brought in dealing with election of Scotch Peers: to-day Lord GALLOWAY brings in another.



"The Chamberlain Light."

"If things go on at this rate," I say to Lord REDESDALE, "your Lordship will have to retire to Cannes for a week or two."

"No, TOBY," says Chairman of Committees, "I'll die at my post. There's a good many, including SALISBURY, who would like to hear I was off to Cannes or anywhere else out of the way. Some of the young Peers, too, are inclined to be fractious, and sneer at my little ways. But I know what I owe my country, and I'll pay it to the uttermost snarl. The country's going to the dogs, (no offence to you, TOBY); but as long as I can hold it back I'll hang on."

In House of Commons, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Elect of Newcastle-on-Tyne, enters amid thunderous applause. House knows a good man when it sees him, and here, take him all in all, is the best that has arrived since bye-elections began. Took an opportunity, when the crowd had departed, of giving him a little advice.

"There's a good deal expected of you here, my Jo-John, which is a bad thing to start with. A man might as conveniently walk up to table to take the oath with a millstone round his neck, as with special reputation earned outside. You'll have to fight hard against your own reputation. There is one help to victory, simple and efficacious. *Whatever happens, under any provocation, don't open your lips to speak this Session.* By next year the House will have got used to your presence. You will be JOHN MORLEY, M.P. If you make good speech, you will be one of us, and that will be all right. If you speak in first Session, you are still outsider, and will be dealt with as such. Deal of human nature here, JOHN, including prevalence of the 'arf-a-brick principle when we see a stranger, especially



"Who cares for the Government of London?"

Lord Randolph Churchill's Speech at Woodstock.

if he's made a name outside and thinks he's coming here to crow over us."

J. M. made note of these remarks. Promised to think them over.

Business done.—Still roaming round the Address, with little interludes touching Kilmainham Treaty. Odd word "Kilmainham." RICHARD POWER says so called because inconvenient questions connected with it Can't be Killed.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Still on the Address. More than a little tired of it. Irish Members not managed with the old success in giving it appearance of reality. Got a shock last Monday that settled me for week. Didn't mention it at the time, being ashamed of my own weakness; but may as well make clean breast.

Came in whilst Mr. O'BRIEN, the latest messenger of peace from Ireland, was on his legs. Much struck with manifest earnestness of the man. With hands clenched, teeth set, and eyes flashing under overhanging brow, he literally wrestled with his thoughts. Words well chosen, carefully enunciated; seemed as if he had other things to say, but recognised his position and the place, and after infinite struggle, kept back phrases that would bring down on him reproof from Chair.

Still, words sufficiently burning and not without reason. Was talking about the memorable massacre at Maamtrasna. A helpless family butchered in the night by cowardly ruffians, who deliberately set forth to accomplish the infamy. Neither grey hairs nor infant cries regarded. All butchered in their beds, the skulking murderers making off in dead of night, and long eluding justice. O'BRIEN's frame trembled with honest indignation as he spoke of it. A little puzzled to hear him denouncing the Irish Executive and the present Chief Secretary. But that, I suppose, is the way of Irishmen. Only just came in whilst O'BRIEN hissing forth through clenched teeth his honest indignation. Dare say he was commenting on length of time that elapsed between murder and conviction. LOWTHER standing by me at the Bar listening.

"There, JAMES, you see," I said to him, "these fellows aren't all hardened. Here's O'BRIEN, who speaks strongly enough on political questions, comes out like a man when murder's the matter. This powerful denunciation of the murderers of the JOYCE family will surely have good effect in Ireland."

"Bah! Young Innocence," said JAMES, turning on his heel. "It's not the murders he's lamenting, but the hanging of the murderers."

And so it was, as I learned on fuller inquiry. These clenched hands, this quivering body, these flashing eyes, and this passionate voice all for the men who skulked by night, and, in fancied security, slew the helpless family! Not a word of regret for the victims. Only bitter denunciation for Judge, Jury, and Executive that hanged the murderers. This seems to give one enough of Irish Members for one week.

Business done.—Put another spoke in wheel of the Address.

Thursday.—Quite affecting scene at witching hour of midnight. LYON PLAYFAIR resigned Chairmanship of Committees. Did it in

speech of excellent feeling and taste. Lord HARTINGTON said some things both pleasing and true, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having gone home, not knowing affair coming off, SCLATER-BOOTH spoke on behalf of Opposition. So, amid salvos of cheering, LYON retired from the Treasury Bench, and went to lie down with the lambs behind. Sir CHARLES FORSTER affected to tears.

Fancy conscience of some of the gentlemen on the Opposition benches must have been ruffled as they cheered. Have always said, and will always stick to it, that PLAYFAIR hadn't Fair-play. He held Chair in exceptionally troublesome times, and a dead set was made against him from below the Gangway opposite.

Got through debate at last, after luminous speech from ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, from which I gather that things are looking bad abroad and rather shaky at home.

"Wonderful man, A.-B.," I say to Sir C. DILKE. "Such a grasp of the situation. Sees everything whether at home or abroad."

"So he ought," said Sir CHARLES. "He's Member for Eye." Fancy DILKE was sneering. But A.-B. had just mentioned that when Under Foreign Secretary, DILKE had "succeeded in failing in everything."

Business done.—Address disposed of.

Friday Night.—Ireland again, of course, though Address is passed through all stages. But this time Ireland usefully. Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY brings in Resolution pledging House to agree to compulsory education for Ireland. TREVELYAN accepts on part of the Government. This is to be the Coercion Bill for next year. The best of long series.

More *post-mortem* examinations. "I thank thee, MACFARLANE, for teaching me that word." WILFRID LAWSON on Egyptian War. Funereal aspect of House. Ghosts of jokes. Difficulty in getting a Jury. Verdict—"Now, for goodness' sake, WILFRID, don't let's have any more of this."

Business done.—Supply.

NAME! NAME!

An item of really important Parliamentary news in the *Daily Telegraph*, last week, was this:—

"Mr. CROPPER is to take the place of Mr. GUEST as a member of the Commons' Kitchen Committee."

Something in names occasionally. CROPPER would find his place in the kitchen department as a Hare-dresser; and a Guest clearly



A Caught Haredresser.



Mister Cropper.

ought to be at table. By the way, why is a huntsman who doesn't come off when his horse unexpectedly refuses a fence like the Member for Kendal? Answer: Because he's just missed a Cropper!

"I Guest it!" exclaimed the Member for Wareham.

Programme and Progress.

As Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would put it, "Modesty is always the best policy," and Mr. LEADER, who seems conscious that his self-elected position as Manager of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, is one of no slight responsibility, seems determined to act up to the spirit of the good old familiar proverb.

"We shall," (he says), "I trust, be diverting, but not irreverent; grand, but not gaudy; mirthful, but not meretricious; decorous, but never depressing. A band of tried talent, conducted by a director of acknowledged skill and experience—a ballet of beauty displayed with costliness and magnificence—a stage set with all the grace and fancy that modern scenic art can supply—will be but the guiding force of a company specially selected for its pungency of humour, its love of art, and its power of song."

After this, Mr. *Punch* can only advise every Manager in London, "Follow my LEADER."

NEW BOOK.—"A Nicht w' Burns"—dedicated to Captain SHAW.

PROSPECTS OF THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

By DUMB-CRAMBO.



Part worn great-coats will be issued.



Undue Opening Out on the March is to be avoided.



The Troops are to move over the Ground as rapidly as possible.



A small Body has succeeded in Landing.

"IRISH IDEAS."

"IRELAND should be managed according to Irish ideas."—*Home-Rule Axiom.*

Molloy. Ould Oireland is sick. The best rimidy, bar none, is simply migration to waste lands.

The O'Donoghue. There are none. Migration's all bosh, for our o'erorowd nation The proper specific is just emigration.

Parnell. What! expatriation for Pat? Simply villanous!

Blake. With mere pertaties we can't go on fillin' us. Cannot eat more than some five pounds *per diem*, Fourteen required to support one. You try 'em! Give us a more satisfactory edible, Or a new Sun! You may deem it incredible, But I asshure ye our Sun's got a chill on; Cooling down fast, though of old hot as DILLON. Soon, like the Moon, will die out to a cinder. Cure these two ills, and there's nought else to hindher.

Nolan. Public Works!

Corry. No, Public Workhouses!

O'Sullivan. Query, all!

My hope for Oireland's in—drainage arterial.

Conflicting Charivari of Voices. Fisheries! Narrow-gauge Railways!! More factories!!!

Clear out the Castle!!!! Sack Rads and bring back Tories!!!!

John Bull (deafened and disheartened). Well, to receive good advice one rejoices,

But by St. Patrick the "Iale's full of voices."

Irish ideas may perchance gain the victory—

When their mad chaos is less contradictory.

A FRESH DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.—A lively political meeting, when all the benches are shied at the Chairman.

Demand and Supply.

"SUPPLY and Demand," once held equal, of late

The House's economists greatly must try;

The supply of demands on its time is so great

As to dock the time due to demands of Supply.

EXHIBITION OF DRY POINTS.—The Pens of Mr. WHISTLER's future Critics.

NEW STARS ON THE STAGE.—Electric lights at the Savoy, where each girl appears with her own spark.

DIPLOMATIC "FUTURE IN RUS."—MUSURUS.



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

(THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.)

"WE 'VE HAD SUCH A PLEASANT EVENING, MR. JONES! MAY I BEG OF YOU TO ASK ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TO CALL A HANSOM!"
 "WITH PLEASURE, MRS. SMITH!"

THE OLD "STROKE."

Locum Tenens. Hillo! Here you are! This is really A 1,
 And by Jingo, old man, you look thundering "fit"!
Old Stroke (peeling). Oh, yes! I was right out of form, Sir, clean
 done,
 But I'm glad to believe I have pulled up a bit.
 The Sawbones would have it, you know—couldn't shirk,
 And I really did feel most tremendously stale,
 But I think I'm now game for a good bit of work.
Locum Tenens. We want it, old fellow. How much do you scale?
Old Stroke. Oh, the old "fighting weight." You appear "cherry
 ripe,"
 And "the Rhodian's" back looms as broad as of old.
Locum Tenens (aside). Lots of go, but will splash. Wants a quiet
 tongue-wipe.
Old Stroke. And young Brum?
Locum Tenens. Pulls his ounces, and gets a fair "hold,"
 But some tendency has to—well, pull the boat round.
Old Stroke. You've been doing good work?
Locum Tenens. Bit behind in our practice,
 Two weeks cut to waste, more or less.
Old Stroke. I'll be bound
 That it wasn't your fault.
Locum Tenens. May be not; but the fact is
 I haven't your weight or trained style.
Old Stroke. You're too modest,
 Your long steady stroke will win many a race.
 The rival lot, eh?
Locum Tenens. Well, their style's of the oddest—
 All over the shop. Though some of them show pace,
 They are like a scratch crew—very seldom together,
 And as for their cox., he's the cheekiest lad;
 Too much "patter" on board. Then we've had beastly
 weather,
 And floods—oh, great Swithin! what drenches we've had!

Van Dunk's draught or the Castlereagh—pump flow not in it.
Old Stroke. Well, well, we'll make up for lost time, never fear.
 With the work we've to do we should not lose a minute.
Locum Tenens. Jolly glad to see you back, old fellow!
Boat's Crew (in chorus). Hear! hear!

An Irish Initiative.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, on his legs the other night in the House,
 "declared that the only remedy for Irish evils was for England to
 adopt the policy of 'hands off'." Yes, indeed, only let the Gentle-
 men of the Irish Assassination Society begin it.

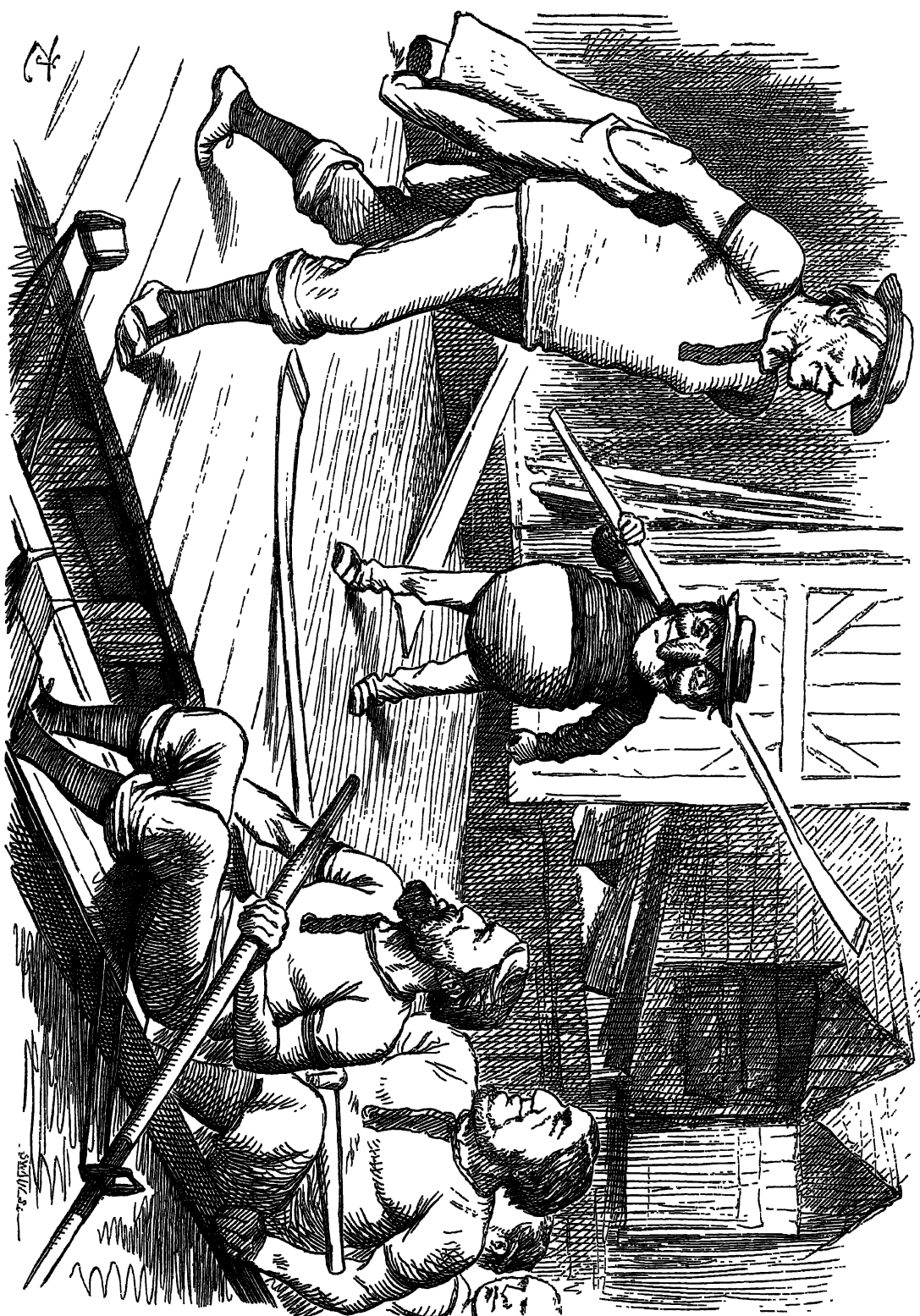
A New "Whip."

"Specimens of the kourbash and the bastinado, just brought from Egypt,
 have been examined with much curiosity and interest by a number of Mem-
 bers of Parliament."—*Daily News.*

THIS opens up a vista! Could one use
 The Turk's sole argument, the bastinado,
 Upon each Parliamentary desperado
 Who England's long, long patience doth abuse,
 The healing measure, to a sore time suiting,
 Perchance might place things on a fairer footing.

AN ambitious Actor confided to a friend that he intended to strike
 out a line for himself. "Not one in the part I've written for you,"
 shouted a tyrannical Author.

"THE Goose with the Golden Eggs?" said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM.
 "Ah, I suppose that was one of the Geese that saved the Capital—
 a thing very few Geese do in the present day."



THE OLD "STROKE."

No. 7 (log), "JOLLY GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN, OLD MAN!!!"

FIRST-RATE CARDS.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS AND THE ACE.

[Her MAJESTY has stated that she is greatly pleased with the photograph of Miss JESSIE ACE, both as a work of Art and as a memento of a noble act.]

AMATEUR ACTORS OFF THE LINE.

(To the Editor.)

VERY DEAR SIR,

IN the course of the correspondence about Sir PERCY SHELLEY's Theatre, Mr. HORACE WIGAN declared that the Hon. SLINGSBY BETHELL made no objection to the performances so long as he was taking a personal part in them. To this Mr. BETHELL replied he had only played once, and then had been fitted with "a very humble part without lines." The Hon. Gentleman seemed to think that a non-speaking rôle was beneath his dignity as a distinguished non-professional Actor of many years' standing. Surely the Hon. Gentleman was wrong, as a thoughtful Amateur can take the smallest possible character, and with a little earnest attention "invest it with considerable artistic merit." As I have spent the greater part of a long life in considering the "very humble parts" of the recognised Amateur Drama, a few extracts from my note-book may prove acceptable as illustrating my meaning, and serving as a collection of useful examples to the persevering student in the same line.

Lady of Lyons.—Part of Third Officer. *Object of Introduction.*—To talk with enthusiasm of the rapid promotion of *Claude Melnotte*. *Conventional Rendering.*—To dress him as a very young man, and to make him speak with enthusiasm. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To cause him to utter the words, "Promotion is very rapid in the French Army—I was made a lieutenant yesterday," in a quavering voice, tremulous from extreme old age. Dress him as an ancient officer, with long white hair and sunken cheeks. He should support himself with a long staff, be troubled with rheumatism, and be subject to a "churchyard cough." *Rip Van Winkle*, after his long sleep, will serve as an excellent type upon which the Third Officer may be modelled. Played with careful attention to detail, he is sure to prove effective.

A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.—Part of *John Zoyland* the Blacksmith. *Object of Introduction.*—To break open a door in a cupboard in which a proscribed cavalier is supposed to be concealed, in the presence of his heart-broken wife and household and his military pursuers. *Conventional Rendering.*—To come in dressed as an ordinary workman, and, after breaking open the cupboard, retire quietly. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To enter in holiday costume. It is his birthday, and consequently he has been "keeping it up" in the usual manner. He tries to kiss the maid-servant, and salutes *Colonel Percy Kirk*, who is present to arrest the proscribed traitor, with comic obsequiousness. Next he can't find the cupboard, and begins to nail up a wrong door. Set right, he does his work in the leisurely and inaccurate fashion common amongst the inebriated. Ultimately he insists in dumb show upon being paid, and pantomimically expresses his contempt at the smallness of his remuneration to all the characters in succession, giving special attention to the heart-broken wife. Played with spirit, this little part should be one of the "features" of the performance.

Plot and Passion.—Part of officer in charge of troops. *Object of Introduction.*—To arrest *M. Fouché* at the instigation of *Berthier*, *Prince of Neufchâteau*, and in the presence of *Marie* (heroine of the piece), her lover, and *Desmarests*, a police spy, at the end of the Third Act. *Conventional Rendering.*—To stand at the back of the stage in one position until the fall of the Curtain. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To remember that, as an officer of a crack regiment

stationed at Paris, he would certainly have met all the characters present in general society. Consequently, he should approach *Marie* and gallantly kiss her hand, offer snuff to her lover, and strike *Desmarests* playfully, but scornfully, with the flat of his sword. Should he have time before the fall of the Curtain to do more, he may usefully employ his leisure in whispering to the *Prince de Neufchâteau* a "good story" with gesticulation suggestive of limitless merriment. Played in this fashion, this very subordinate part will not be easily forgotten.

The Bengal Tiger.—Part of one of the Indian attendants upon *Sir Paul Pagoda*. *Object of Introduction.*—To bring in a snuff-box. *Conventional Rendering.*—To wait in complete repose for the orders of his master, and then to obey them without attracting attention. *Recommended Improved Rendering.*—To bear in mind that as probably the Indian attendant was a prince in his own country, he should wear the most gorgeous costume, jewelled turban, robe of gold, diamond-hilted scimitar, &c. *Sir Paul* would permit this dress, as, having the supreme contempt of old-fashioned Anglo-Indians for "niggers," he would regard the apparel of his servant with cold indifference. If the attendant had royal blood in his veins, he would at every command of his master half draw his sword, and then, by a mighty act of self-repression, control himself. He would, no doubt, be a Buddhist, and consequently, when he had no better employment, he would usefully fill up his time in worshipping a small idol he would carry about with him. Finally, at the end of the piece, finding the drudgery of having to hand a snuff-box about to an irritable old gentleman too much for him, he would commit sensational suicide with a knife or a pistol. Thus played, the little part would stand out from other little parts in bold relief.

And now I think I have written enough to show that Mr. BETHELL was wrong to write disparagingly of a very humble part "without lines." All that is wanted in improving such a character is boldness and the courage of your opinions. Your innovations are not likely to be very popular with your fellow-actors. But what of that? Professional jealousy is, as everyone knows, the rule, and not the exception. And remember if the worst comes to the worst, you can always run for your life, and the police are bound to protect you.

Apologising for monopolising so much of your space, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) AN EXTINGUISHED AMATEUR.

March Hare's Day. Junior Shakspeare Club.

Pope Adapted.

(By a Birmingham Conservative.)

TRUE Toryism marks off man from fella',
And all the rest is—CHAMBERLAIN and MUNDELLA.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE VESTRY.—The Mudlarkological Society will hold its meetings in London until further notice.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?



A suggestion to the First Commissioner:—Invest it with artistic merit; i.e., slightly alter the nose, give it a pair of collars, and it will appear as an admirable Equestrian Statue of the Grand Old Man, mounted on some hobby or other,—say *Closure* for choice.

DUBLIN COUNTY.—Mr. McMAHON, a Parnellite, beaten by a majority of 1086. "The High Sheriff," says the *D. T.* report, "having declared the state of the poll, there were enthusiastic and prolonged cheers and cries for 'The Colonel.'" "Why, certainly"—and as there was no true Liberal candidate, we congratulate Colonel KING-HARMAN on his victory, as his sentiments are in Harman-y with Law and Order.

In last week's *World* appeared an eccentric letter with a still more eccentric signature, from Mr. WHISTLER, dated from Tite Street. Very suggestive, but, let us hope, not true. At all events, "Tite" Street wouldn't be at all the sort of place for Sir WILFRID LAWSON to live in.

LAW AND EQUITY UNDER ONE ROOF.

(From the Diary of a Q.C.)

9.30 A.M.—At chambers. Attended half-a-dozen consultations, and signed twenty-three opinions.

10 A.M.—Opened in a breach of promise of marriage case. Got a lot of fun out of the love-letters. Had to cut it rather short, however, as I soon found myself due in another Court next door.

11 A.M.—Examined in chief the Defendant in an accident case. When I came to a critical point, had to turn it over to my Junior. Due elsewhere over the way.

12 NOON.—Argued a matter in Chancery. Rather loose in my reasoning, in consequence of having to think over a speech I had to deliver later.

1 P.M.—Opposed an application in bankruptcy upstairs, took some lunch downstairs, and attended consultations, and signed opinions until it was time to reappear in Court.

2 P.M.—Made a speech in defence of a libel action. Interrupted once or twice by the Judge, being a little imperfect in my facts, having been elsewhere when the case was opened for the Plaintiff.

3 P.M.—Before the Lords Justices in an appeal case—third door to the right. Again rather shaky, but was cleverly picked up and prompted by a bright young Junior.

4 P.M.—In the Divorce Court (second turning to the left), summed up in defence of a co-respondent. Afraid I must have gone wrong somewhere, as I heard subsequently that the Jury awarded £8,000 damages.

4.30 P.M.—Just put the finishing touch to a railway accident case (court at the end of corridor), and, through a misconception, nonsuited my client.

5 P.M.—Hurriedly discovered by my Clerk. All my cases gone wrong, and held personally responsible for the lot. Indignation meeting in the Great Hall of disappointed suitors. Ran back to my chambers to save my life!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 126.



MR. JUSTICE FIELD;

OR, THE LEGAL "No. 1."

"'NUMBER ONE.'—Mr. Justice FIELD: This Court is Number Two, but I am not. I am Number One. (*Great laughter*)"

Law Report—Morning Post—Feb. 27.

BRAVO, YOUR LORDSHIP! MAY YOU LONG REMAIN SO, AND BE A "FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR."

THE CORRECT CHORD.

AIR—SULLIVAN'S "Lost Chord."

SEATED for years at the organ,
Just trying the stops and keys,
And wondering how the pedals
Might be got to work with ease:
By ear, with my notes in my pocket,
Performing—as few men can,
I struck such a chord that the organ
Burst out "You're a Grand Old Man."

It flooded the daily papers,
Like the name of a comic song,
And I felt several inches taller
As I quietly bowled along.
I think that it nettled NORTHCOOTE,
Polite as he can be in strife,
Though it seemed a sensible echo
From the din of my Public life.
But it brought down chaff by the cartload,
That possibly may increase;—
For till CHURCHILL'S in with his Party,
I never shall know any peace.
But I take the whole thing calmly,
For the chord has a swell that's fine;
And I'm glad the popular organ
Has a touch that answers mine.
And whether I stick to the Commons,—
And I certainly will if I can,—
Or go to the Peers,—no matter,
I shall still hear "that Grand Old Man!"

A CLAUSE in the Act for Regulating Theatres says, "In every case where any money shall be taken or charged, &c., every Actor shall be deemed to be acting for hire." But in most Amateur performances there are no "Actors,"—only Sticks. Would this be a sufficient defence in the Shelley-Theatre case?

"'NUMBER ONE'—and *How to Take Care of Him*.—This book, by Dr. JOSEPH POPE, we strongly recommend to every "worthy soul" interested in taking care of everybody. Useful also to Detectives just now. It is likely to be very Pope-ular.

POETRY OF THE SCOTTISH PEERAGE.

SANDIE, strike up! A flourish on the Bagpipes!

It seems that there are, or till lately were, two Earldoms of Mar, a senior and junior Earldom; the Earldom of Mar pure and simple, and the Earldom of Mar and Kellie. The latter was created by MARY Queen of Scots; the creation of the former prehistoric; its date "lost in antiquity," perhaps but a little subsequent to the general creation—if that may be alluded to without offence to evolutionists.

The two Earldoms are said to have been contemplated by one claimant, who claimed both of them, as forming a sort of compound Earldom. He contended that the junior Earldom, with its limitation to the male line, is superimposed upon, but does not destroy or supersede the senior, and that whilst the heir male is at liberty to call himself Earl of MAR and KELLIE, he, as heir general, inherits from his mother the original title of Earl of MAR. Thus regarded—

"The peerage is conceived as consisting of two layers, to the upper part of which the Earldom of Kellie has been joined, but the lower and more ancient of which remains unaffected by chance and change, and follows the laws inherent in its nature."

According to this view of its twofold composition, how remarkably

does the Earldom of Mar (Scotch) resemble the Black Grouse (Scotch also) whose flesh (as we all know, don't we?) is divided into two layers, dark meat one of them and the other white. What a pleasing analogy, thinks the epicure and the Scotchman—for there are now-a-days at least Scotch as well as "English epicures," by your leave, *Macbeth*.

Here allow a countryman of BURNS to observe, with all due deference to SWIFT, POPE, and ARBUTHNOT, that every genuine Scot must decidedly object to MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS's celebrated illustration of an anticlimax:—

"And thou, DALHOUSY, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of MAR."

However great the god of war may have been in the ages of mythology, a greater must be acknowledged in an Earl the creation of whose Earldom had long preceded them. No, very Reverend Sir. No, Gentlemen. There is no drop, there is no plunge, there is no bathos whatever, in putting "Mars" after "MAR." Eh, Sirs, no anticlimax at all; but just the reverse. The Earl of MAR was a Generalissimo undeniably fit and proper to be the commanding officer of even Mars himself.

NEW SIGNS FOR THE BIBLIOPHILIST'S ZODIAC—*Libri* and *Scorpio*.



"ENFANT TERRIBLE."

Grandmamma (maternal). "WHAT A FIDGET YOU ARE, GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING ABOUT FOR NOW?"

Grandson. "GRAN'MA, WHERE'S THAT—I WAS LOOKING FOR THAT 'MISERABLE TABLE,' PA' SAYS YOU KEEP!"

BUMBLE AND THE TROGLODYTE.

("Extremes meet."—Old Adage.)

[See case "*Goodacre v. Watson*." Mr. WATSON had been utilising "soft core," consisting of animal and vegetable refuse, as a substitute for the gravel he had dug out, in preparing a place called Dancer's Land as a "site for houses." "The Fulham Local Board perceived no impropriety in his proceedings."—*Times*.]

Bumble. River-drift Man, garmentless Cave-dweller,
Primitive party, early ichthyophagist,
Poor flint-chipping, troglodytish varlet,
How I pity you!

Troglodyte. Verily, Gorgeous Portent, that seems kind of you.
Yet, without ingratitude cold or querulous,
I would ask precisely *why* my destiny
You commiserate?

Bumble. Why? Good gracious! *Need* you thus interrogate?
O Cave-dweller! Fancy *your* existence now—
Mouldy, tenebrous, smoky, subterranean
Toad-in-the-holish!

Chimneys none, no windows, no front-door at all,
Lightless, drainless, paintless, *fireless* possibly,
Stairless, cold, unventilate, void of furniture—
What a residence!

Troglodyte. Oh! I see. Well, 'twasn't all sheer luxury;
Grub ran short sometimes, and caves were stuffyish;
But, concerning my abode, the question is,
Have *you* bettered it?

Bumble. Bettered it? Why, bless your unsophisticate
Savage soul, our houses now are gorgeous!
Even our *restaurants* are marble palaces,
Fit for Doges.

Troglodyte. Humph! I've been perusing certain Law-reports,
"*Goodacre v. Watson*"—that was one of them.
Dancers'-Land! do you know *that* locality,
Gorgeous Being?

Bumble. I—oh—come now!—that is, really, Troglodyte,
Can you *read*, who antedated CADMUS
By as many years as the tail of a comet
Has of inches?

Troglodyte. That's irrelevant! Strikes me, Fulham's dustbins,
And road-scrappings swept from wheel-worn Kensington,
Seem suggestive of more utter nastiness
Than my Cave was.

Cinders, ashpit refuse, brick-kiln rubbish,
Midden-muck and vegetable rottenness,
Are "*foundations*" I should not have cared about
For *my* domicile.

Earth and fish-bones make a concrete passable,
But *your* compost, nasty and malodorous,
The "*soft-core*" of Dancers'-Land!—no, verily.
'Twere too horrible!

Therefore doubt I, Man of garb astonishing,
If, with all your Boards and Jerry Builders, you
Have improved so much upon the Troglodyte!
Bumble (disgustedly). Oh! get out with you!

"THE Bishop of MANCHESTER presented an extraordinary appearance at his ordination." If he had presented an "Ordinary" appearance it would have been appropriate; but he wore, says *Truth*, "a black-sleeved Cope." This must be a wonderful garment. Quite a new thing in Copes, which, since they were first invented as Pagan waterproofs, never had sleeves at all. The Bishop will be known as "Johnny Cope."

BOX AND COX.



Duke of C-mbr-dge (as Sergeant Bouncer)—
Ratapan! Ratapan!
I'm a military man!
Bless you, my boys!

Lieut.-Col. B-rn-by (as Box). And if our friends in front are
only satisfied, then *Box—*

Major-Gen. O. W-il-ms (as Cox). And Cox—
Both. Are satisfied.

ENSEMBLE.

Ratapan! Rataplen!
We are military men!
(*Curtain. Great applause.*)

PRATTLE FROM THE PROVINCES.

LLANDONTNO.

A WEEK ago a party of five Spring tourists set out from this place, intending to make the ascent of Snowdon by a devious, dangerous, and inaccessible route. They were described as Londoners, who were utterly unacquainted with mountaineering. Nothing has since been heard of them, and the worst fears are consequently entertained. Two young men, accompanied by two young women, hired a boat yesterday, in spite of the warnings of the boatman that it was only constructed to carry two persons with safety. The party—none of whom could swim—was observed through telescopes to be “skylarking” in the frail craft. Their bodies have not yet been recovered. Weather generally bright and clear when not pouring with rain and violently stormy.

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

Sir PURSEY NUMSKULL, M.P., yesterday addressed his constituents on the Local Option question. Temperance, he remarked, was an excellent thing in its way, if not carried too far. Education, also, was an excellent thing. If our population did not drink so much, it was probable they would be more sober, while there could be little doubt, from statistics recently published, that one great cause of the ignorance which so largely prevailed, was the lack of education among the masses. A vote of confidence in the Hon. Baronet was carried by acclamation. Weather variable.

HANWELL.

A local Gentleman, who wrote to every Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Minister, asking what steps the Government proposed to take to put down the propagation of Mormonism in England, has received some interesting replies. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Secretary says, “The PREMIER begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and wishes me to say, in answer, that, in his opinion, the Floods Prevention Bill should become law before anything can be done.” Mr. BRIGHT writes—“Your letter has remained some time unanswered, because I fail to see any reason why such a question should be addressed to me. I may say, however, that I hope the people of this country will use the remedy of force—though force, as a rule, is no

remedy—against any Mormon proselytisers who may attempt to gain a public hearing.” Weather lovely at night, and full moon out all day.

SWILLINGTON.

Six colliers were sentenced to terms of penal servitude, at the Assizes here, for savage assaults on their wives. The new Bishopric Fund is making rapid progress. Canon SILVERTONGUE preached an eloquent sermon, yesterday, to a crowded congregation, on Chaldaic Weights and Measures. To-day, several leading grocers of the town were fined small sums, for selling flour largely adulterated with Plaster of Paris, and chalk from some disused pits in the neighbourhood. Weather boisterous and rough. Glass going up. Several glasses going up.

MUFFBOROUGH.

Two cases of English cholera are reported here, and the Salvation Army are reported to be coming shortly. Three men, with jemmies and skeleton keys were discovered, last night, on the premises of a provision merchant. Their pockets were filled with tea, coffee, and East Indian pickles, while a couple of carts and a wheel-barrow were waiting outside, half-filled with tinned meats and bottles of GILBER'S sherry. It is suspected that the men intended to commit a burglary. The Local Police are making inquiries, previous to apprehending the suspected individuals. Atmosphere dull and hazy. Land fogs.

NEGLECTED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

MY DEAR P.,

POETS—very silly people are poets, generally speaking—lavish all their praises on four instruments, the pipe, the lute, the harp, and the guitar. There are plenty of other instruments quite as useful and fully as poetical. See enclosed specimens.

Yours accordingly,
THE LAZY MINSTREL.

I.—ORPHEUS TO HIS OPHICLEIDE.

My bold Ophicleide is as good as it's bold,
It gleams in the sun with the glitter of gold!
'Twill grumble like thunder, 'twill coo like a dove,
And frighten my foes, or will sing to my love!
'Tis soothing and sweet, and it can't be denied,
No tone is so fine as my bold Ophicleide!
'Tis stern and commanding, 'tis gleesome and bland,
Superb as a solo, divine in a band:
When windows are open in sweet summer night,
How blithely I blow, to the neighbours' delight!
And, if I feel weary, I just step inside,
And drop off to sleep in my bold Ophicleide!



II.—TOLDEROLDIUS TO HIS TROMBONE.

Don't babble to me of the toothsome flute,
The petulant pipe and the languishing lute!
Don't hint at the harp, or the twanging guitar,
But give me sweet music that's better by far!
Search the orchestra through, there is nothing I own,
That is fit to compare with my trusty Trombone!

Let other folks go out to dance or to dine,
And talk too much nonsense and take too much wine;
But let me sit down, give my arms enough room,
I'll drive away care and I'll banish all gloom!
With a cup of strong tea and a fresh buttered scone,
I will cheer you all up with my trusty Trombone!

III.—KALLIVANTOCUS TO HIS KETTLEDRUM.

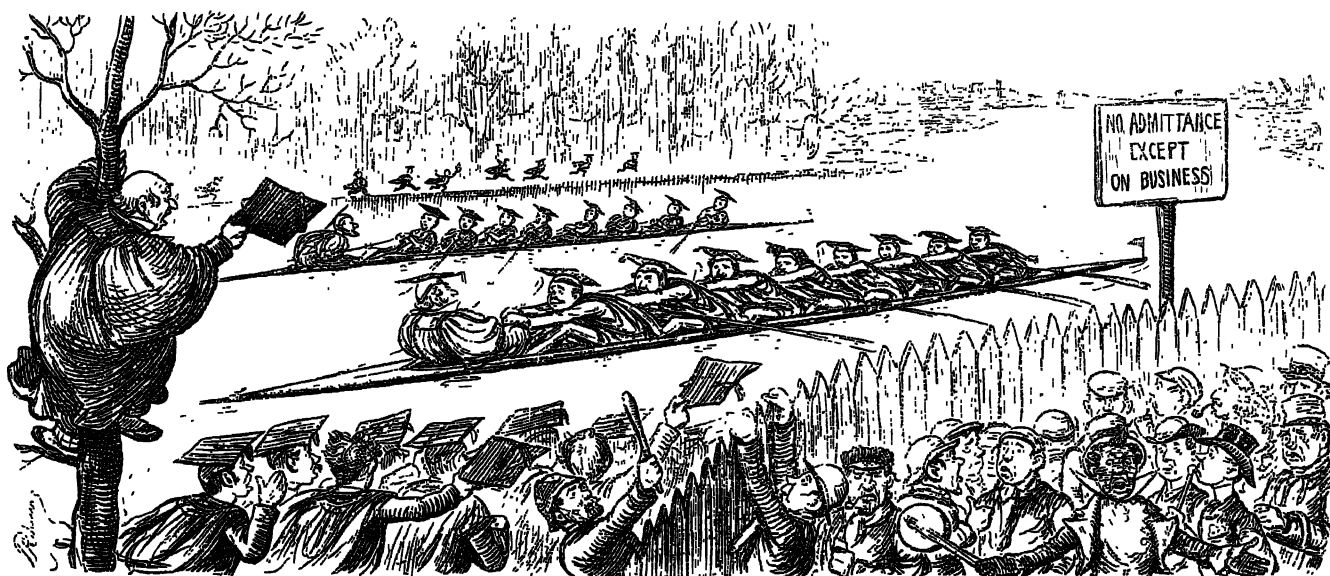
HURRAH for the rattle! Hurrah for the din!
Hurrah for the sticks and the resonant skin!
I've drummed well before and I'll drum well again,
It quickens the pulses, it brightens the brain.
Though folks may revile me and Fortune look glum,
I'll comfort myself with my crisp Kettledrum!

What sweet modulation on drums may be made,
From wild battle-crash to the love serenade:
When evenings are long and there's nothing to do,
'Tis soothing, most soothing, to beat a tattoo.
When troubles assail me and creditors come,
I'll scare them away with my crisp Kettledrum!

“ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY.”—We're so busy we can't take it yet. No matter—a time will come.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

AS IT MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, OR OUGHT TO BE.

OUR FUTURE LORD MAYOR.

November 9th, 1883.—So I am the first Lord Mayor of the grand new Municipality of London! Proud position. "WESTMINSTER, Lord Mayor of London!" Populace seem pleased at my appearance. Wonder what the "City Magnates" will think of a Duke as their Chief Magistrate. Must try and be very affable.

At Mansion House.—Curious, City Magnates all seem dreadfully afraid of me. Wonder if I ought to send for Loving Cup at once. Wonder what old Lord Mayors did to make themselves popular. Must get FIRTH to coach me up in this. Procession to-day, at all events, shall be a tremendous success. Determined to show London the difference between a Mayor who's only a "City snob," to use a vulgar expression which FIRTH is constantly using, and a real live Duke. My new State-coach, with sixteen performing elephants harnessed to it, will take the populace, I rather fancy. Thoughtful of me to have secured services of all Madame TUSSAUD's wax-work figures to sit in carriages, dressed like Sheriffs.

Twelve o' Clock.—Time for Procession to start. Feel nervous. Why should a Lord Mayor wear these ridiculous "robes of office"? Wish GLADSTONE had inserted a clause in his Act, allowing me to appear in ordinary morning-coat on all State occasions. Also find the Duca Coronet troublesome; shouldn't have put it on, only FIRTH insisted that populace would smash windows of new State Coach, if I didn't.

Five o' Clock.—Show not quite as great a success as I expected. Elephants turned out rather refractory somewhere up in Canonbury. Was obliged to extend old route, to please ratepayers of "Larger London"; made it include Hammersmith, Croydon, Hampstead, Greenwich, and back down Edgeware Road. Rather tiring. Men in armour mutinied in Shadwell, and refused to go on without an hour's rest and money for refreshments. Took opportunity to put robes and coronet on one of Madame TUSSAUD's figures, stuck him in the State Coach, and had a quiet snooze at the bottom of the carriage. At Hampstead, band struck. Provoking!

Attitude of populace on the whole satisfactory. Don't, however, quite know if they were cheering Alderman and Sheriff BRADLAUGH, or myself. Street-boys also don't seem to understand new order of things. Stopped my coach several times, and explained to them that I was not an ordinary Lord Mayor, and that the new Municipality was entirely distinct from the old City.

Evening.—Dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers. Thank Heaven, this will be an occasion on which they can't help feeling difference between a nobleman and a "City nob" (as FIRTH says). Wonder who all those peculiarly-dressed females are? Am just giving orders to have them turned out as intruders, when FIRTH whispers to me that they are the relatives of the new Aldermen. Heavens! Forgot that new Aldermen were elected by ratepayers. They have come from a "new social stratum," too. Why should Wapping have insisted on returning BRADLAUGH at head of the poll? There he is! Isn't there an oath for an Alderman and Sheriff, I wonder? If so, might manage to exclude him.

After a Week.—Find duties of the office simply overwhelming.

Everybody who's got a grievance comes to me. Have received in two days deputations from Society for Spread of Sensational Literature, Society for Suppression of Smoking, the League for the Total and Unconditional Conversion of Mahometan Costermongers, the Skeleton Army, the Salvation Ditto, the Timbuctoo Famine Relief Committee, the Ratepayers' Lynch-law Committee, and the Council of the "Working-men's Channel Tunnel and Proletariat Balloon Society."

"Nationalisation of Land Society" just sent a deputation to ask me to lend Egyptian Chamber of Mansion House for a meeting to denounce rents! Very insulting. Refused politely. Deputation seemed annoyed. Said the "new Municipality was democratic, and Mansion House belonged to the people." Really this sort of thing very irritating. Some people don't seem to know the difference between a Duke and a spectacle-maker.

After a Fortnight.—Felt that the new order of things meant cessation of old extravagant style of Aldermanic banquets. So rose to occasion, and gave strict orders to limit the wine to one bottle of our fine new brand of "Municipality Champagne," at five-and-sixpence a dozen. Also have had turtle-soup diluted with half-and-half best Thames water, from which "animal organisms" have been pretty well excluded by filtration.

Waiters strike "en masse" just before banquet to Serene Highness Emperor of SASKATCHEWAN! Awkward. Must dissemble. Am extremely affable to waiters, and get them to promise to come back "for one night certain" on promise that I won't keep what's left from to-night's banquet till next one a week hence.

Fancy Dress Ball last night. Aldermanic representative of Seven Dials brought a whole host of relatives. Obligated to retire at an early period of evening to cellars, where I enjoyed quiet glass of splendid Madeira, laid down by dear old Corporation, in company with FIRTH. FIRTH says he thinks new Municipality is not "going" quite as well as he expected. I reply, that I wish it were gone altogether. He rather agrees with me. We both slip out by back-door, and off to Grosvenor House, where I have a regular jolly evening, the first since I was elected Lord Mayor.

February.—Hurrah! Shower of snow at last. Now will show populace what they gain by a grand Municipality. Been waiting for this opportunity all the winter. Had men in readiness night and day, to sweep every thoroughfare perfectly clean in two hours!

Result disappointing. Men thought winter was over, and have, it appears, deserted posts. Got in amateur sweepers, at extra cost. About twenty thousand men, and five thousand waggons. Expense, I am afraid, enormous. Snow all carted into Thames, and causes disastrous flood. Angry deputation from inhabitants of flooded houses waits on me at Mansion House. Refuse to see them. Amateur sweepers run away with the Municipality's brooms and carts. Just got snow well cleared away at cost of some thousands to ratepayers, when down it comes again, worse than ever!

Next Day.—Resign post. Tell GLADSTONE to give it to a soap-boiler. Old "social stratum" much the best for this sort of thing. Go off to Cannes with FIRTH, to recuperate, and try and forget the most disagreeable half-year I ever spent in my life.



First Stranger. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MARLBOROUGH STREET?"

Second Ditto. "AUGH! VE'Y SOWWY"—(*ponders*)—"WREALLY 'FWAID I CAN'T. THEY—AH—GEN'WALLY TAKE ME 'BOW STREET!"

[*Hats and apologies. Excuse.*]

OUR MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE friends of popular education have, of course, been highly gratified by the announcement touching the Education Code, and specifically the "Music Schedule," that:—"The finishing touch has just been put to the New Education Code by the issue of 'Instructions as to Examinations in Singing.'" What delightful results may be expected from the popularisation of Music! When even the rusties have received a musical education, the ploughman, who now, as in *MILTON*'s time, still, if he be not too melancholy, "whistles o'er the furrowed land," will soon, having been taught to sing by note, whistle a tune, perhaps the dramatic or devotional inspiration of a classical composer, and whistle it according to knowledge. "And the milkmaid singing blithe," will also sing "beautiful," as those classes for the present say, who, when they shall have been taught grammar as well as music, will then say "beautifully." That is, if by that time milkmaids will not have been altogether superseded by milkmen, or steam or electric machinery. Servants—any accustomed to sing at their work—will sing as well and correctly as young Ladies in general do now. Operatives and artisans will lighten their labours with song scientifically sung. The "Harmonious Blacksmiths,"

will be everywhere, and we shall be all speaking in recitative, carrying about with us pocket-trombones with which to do the finishing chords.

In due time, let us hope, we shall shortly realise the advantage enjoyed of old by the venerable old Lady of Banbury Cross, and "shall have music wherever we go." All round our hats we shall wear hat-bands of music; and, at last, none of us will go about unaccompanied—by a keeper supplied by the Harmonious Hanwell Hassociation.

"A STARVING DOCTOR."

"Many valuable lives might be preserved if we had the courage to face the accusation of being, as I am, a starving doctor,"—*DR. ANDREW CLARK* in *The British Medical Journal*.

Now list we all to *ANDREW CLARK*,
And what he says on eating,
Though haply each severe remark,
Will set some pulses beating.
He raves, in his peculiar style,
'Gainst gormandising sinners,
And bids us eat plain teas the while,
And purely phantom dinners.

Farewell to every neat *entrée*,
To sweet and subtle sauces;
No piquant ragout from to-day
Must titivate your *faucets*.
In what then can you seek relief,
Although you're not a glutton?
Here's Doctor *CLARK* forbids you beef,
And scorns the thought of mutton.

He says at breakfast take, I beg,
Some tea and bread-and-butter;
He'll just allow one single egg.
A mercy that, you mutter.
At midday he would have you dine,
On fish, on wings of chickens,
A plain milk pudding, and no wine—
And that's the very "*dickens*!"

At five or six o'clock you've tea,
The breakfast fare repeated,
A tiny bit of fish maybe,
Then, lo! your meals completed.
And if to all his rules you bow,
Each invitation scorning,
One glass of water he'll allow,
At night and in the morning.

Such is the fare—no longer can
The gastronome run riot.
Oh, *ANDREW CLARK*! cries hapless man,
Is that my proper diet?
I'll feast, and you shall patch me up;
Of physic you're concocter:
What's life, unless we dine and sup?
So hang the Starving Doctor!

GARTER QUEENS OF CHARMS.

A NUMBER of young Ladies have worried the *Heralds' College* into holding a special Chapter for the purpose of considering the propriety of allowing them to wear Crests in their bonnets, and granting them special Petticoats of Arms.

NOTE BY A PLEASANT BANKRUPT (*One of the few he had by him—in his "New Rules for dealing with Duns."*)—When you can't pay cash, pay attention.

SOMEBODY said, within *MRS. RAMSBOTHAM*'s hearing, that, in the streets, all dogs should be led. "Yes!" she exclaimed, "and all pigeons should be clay."



TRIUMPH OF SIR PIGEON!

LAST SCENE OF THE TOURNAMENT OF DOVES IN THE PRESENCE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

GLEE FOR THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

Row, Brothers, row; can't row too fast.
While steamboats are near does our danger last.

"A POET IS BORN, NOT MADE."—Oh, indeed! Then have not sunflowers, knee-breeches, long hair, white waistcoats, and general limpness nothing to do with Poet-manufacture in the present day?

TRUE FREEDOM.—Some say there is no "freedom of speech" in France. Absurd, when a French General is free to break his *parole d'honneur*!

"WEATHER—'TIS BETTER."—HAMLET.

When Warning Wiggins storms doth prophesy,
We wear new hats and put our gingham by.

EXACT POSITION OF THE NORTH POLE.—Under Mr. Justice North's wig.

SONG TO BE AVOIDED BY MR. BIGGAR.—"*My Heart's with the Hylands.*"

NEW NAME.—The Metropolitan Board of "Shirks."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PARLIAMENTARY AND THEATRICAL "AT HOME" IN DOWNING STREET.

"Sure such pairs were never seen, so justly formed to meet by Nature."

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 5.—Grand Old Man came up smiling, having given knock-down blow to Father Time, who has been reminding him he is seventy-four. Drove from Downing Street through crowd of admirers. Wanted to put on his mask, to show them how he did it at Nice. Mrs. GLADSTONE wouldn't hear of it. Would look frivolous, she said. Besides there was no need of it out-of-doors. When he got inside, RANDOLPH and the rest would doubtless be throwing mud at him, when he might put it on if he liked. Meantime, if he'd only give his collar an extra hitch up, it would answer all purposes of a mask.

G. O. M. assented, put on his fur pelisse, shook an extra reef out of the mainsail on either side of his face, and looked quite picturesque.

"Still under pelisse protection," I said, touching the coat lest he shouldn't see the joke. (Tiresome to have to explain jokes.)

"Ah, TOBY, there you are!" he cried. "And if it's a fur question, How have you been?"

This comes of sitting on a knife-board, as Mr. RAIKES puts it. Sharper than ever. I could hardly keep up with him as he walked along the passage, across the lobby, and so into House, where received with great cheering. Immense brightening up on Conservative side. RANDOLPH radiant.

"Most miserable fortnight ever spent in Parliament," he says. "Might as well try to draw a quarter's salary in advance or the line between ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and CHAPLIN as try to draw HARTINGTON. But here's this Grand yet Childish Old Man back amongst us, and I'll have him out before we are forty minutes older."

So he did, though BARTLETT caught him first, and got out a speech on Egypt. RANDOLPH, little later, drew him on Transvaal, which, with one or two minor speeches, was pretty well for first night.

Amusing display of Conservative force just before GLADSTONE arrived. Conservative minority increased by six-feet-four-and-a-half. Mr. BREWSTER, who owns these inches, took his seat for Portarlington. Walked up to Table between TOTTENHAM and KING-HARMAN, mere striplings of six-feet-three.

"Let's see 'em beating that!" said Sir WILLIAM DYKE, rubbing his hands. "If they lick us in length of figures in the Division Lobby, they shan't on the floor of the House."

Liberals try to hide their discomfiture under sneers.

"The smaller the Borough, the bigger the Member," says Mr. WOODALL.

"BREWSTER should be the Constituency, and Portarlington should represent him here," says Mr. BRAND.

Some talk of Mr. COTES accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, going down for re-election, coming back, and being introduced by Mr. WHITEHEAD and ARTHUR GUEST.

"That'd make 'em look blue," says Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR cheerily. *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—House of Commons properly jealous of interference of Peers with their procedure, whether at election time or otherwise. Lord CARINGTON threatened with dire displeasure, because he is

reported to have invited "the notables" of Wycombe to a little entertainment at Wycombe Abbey, after writ had been issued for new election of Borough Member.

Contrast with this the indifference, or, rather, pleasure, with which the House permits interference of another member of the Peerage with its procedure. When a certain Count (said to be of Polish extraction) visits the House, and autocratically upsets its procedure, we don't hear any high talk about interference of other House. Nobody proposes to raise a Constitutional question about Count Out. He looked in to-night about half-past eight. Bundled SPEAKER out of Chair, drove Members forth, ordered Captain GOSSET to "take away the bauble" from the table, and had the whole place straightway shut up. Pride's Purge nothing to peremptory action of the Count.

RANDOLPH riled because he had Motion down about Endowed Schools in Ireland. Wanted to show how interests of these had suffered whilst GLADSTONE frittering his time away at Cannes. But RANDOLPH helpless before the omnipotent Count who promises to be the last of the Peers. Only pity is he didn't ap-peer earlier on the scene. No one would have suffered, and many patient persons would have benefited if the noble Lord had turned up with regularity at half-past seven on every night Address was debated.

Business done.—House Counted Out at half-past Eight.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Quite a lively debate on Mr. ANDERSON's Bill to put down Pigeon-shooting. At one time seemed to touch the domain of tragedy. Mr. FORSTER, supporting Bill, said he'd "never shot a fellow-creature but once." Thrill of horror ran through the House at expected disclosures. Parnellites pricked up their ears. JOSEPH GILLIS, momentarily awaking from depression, cried "Hear! hear!"

"Always thought there was some great mystery about FORSTER," JOSEPH remarked to Captain O'SHEA, the confidential adviser and Father Confessor of the party. "Why does he never brush his hair? Can you tell me that, O'SHEA? Is it remorse, or a vow of penance?"

"Never shot a fellow-creature but once," Mr. FORSTER continued,

"and that was a cat."

Irish Members disappointed, and House generally relieved. But FORSTER mustn't recklessly and without notice make jokes of this kind. House not used to it.

Pleasant to see Sir HERBERT MAXWELL ask Mr. ANDERSON to consider the question from the point of view of the Pigeon. "Suppose you were a Blue Rock, now," says the Hon. Baronet, regarding Mr. ANDERSON with head suggestively on one side. Ordinary imagination could not fly so high. Member for Glasgow too massive for the part.

Sir WALTER BARTLETT monstrous mysterious, and more than ever emphatic.

"If you pass Bills like these," says he, "Country Gentlemen will be driven to live in London; and a more mischievous thing I cannot imagine."

"I wants to make yer flesh creep," said the Fat Boy to the Deaf Lady who lived at Dingley Dell. Might have added, had he known

the House of Commons, "Go and hear Sir WALTER BARTELOT." Nobody knows exactly what would happen if Country Gentlemen driven to live in London. But Sir WALTER, who knows, says, in most mysterious flesh-creepiest way, it would be most mischievous. House trembles, and secretly resolves to withstand incursion.

Business done.—4 to 1 (in Division Lobby) against Pigeon-shooting taken and wanted.



Lord Randolph Churchill pities the Pigeons at Monte Carlo.

Thursday.—JOSEPH GILLIS came down about ten o'clock. Thought he'd be crushed, and, like a timid fawn, undesirous of human society. Would have passed him by pretending not to see him. But J. B. was not at all like that. Came along with his accustomed lithe step and with the familiar smile on his too seductive countenance.

"Didn't see you in Court to-day, TOBY," says he, as if it was Mr. FORSTER who had been on trial. "Great crush, a little hot, perhaps you were as well out of it."

"Ah! JOSEPH, what a man you are," I said. "When we were speculating on your visit to Paris, wondering what it would lead to, how far the Constitution would be shattered, and whether the Throne was safe, you were philandering in the mazes of the Bon Marché, buying boots and things, and casting golden chains around coy maidenhood."

"Coy, is it?" said JOSEPH, with his serene smile. "Badad, she was always renewing her application, I know I'm a little powerful with the female sex. I warned her at first, but it was no use. She was always after proposing to me."

"It has from remote ages been the fate of JOSEPH to be thus pursued. You must be careful in future. A man of your fascinations should be generous."

"Begorra," said JOSEPH, and an expression of pain fitted over his countenance. "I have to be generous whether I will or no."

There's four hundred pounds to pay, besides costs. Tell you what, TOBY, I'll go into a monastery, unless I get a new trial," and he walked away with something of the old lightness fallen from his step.

Lively night in House. Irish Mems. on full parade. The genial O'BRIEN put in forefront. Holds Mr. TREVELYAN up to "execration of Ireland." TREVELYAN recalls how O'BRIEN, in his Paper, has similarly held up to execration four men, Mr. FORSTER, Mr. BURKE, Mr. Justice LAWSON, and Mr. FIELD. House listens and reflects, not without thrill of emotion. SEXTON loudly indignant at Mr. TREVELYAN's remarks about his "honourable friend."

Nothing more astonishing about Land-Leaguers than their sensitiveness to punishment. O'BRIEN holds up CHIEF SECRETARY to execration of Ireland amid approving cheers from Land-Leaguers. Mr. TREVELYAN knocks aside bludgeon, touches O'BRIEN with rapier, and Mr. SEXTON can scarcely restrain tears of burning indignation at outrage.

Business done.—Voting Supply.

Saturday Morning.—Met at half-past four yesterday afternoon, to do a little necessary business said to be imperative. Talked on various things till half-past Eleven. "The Man from Shropshire" wildly brought in again that burning question about Dormant Funds in Chancery. When at last in Committee, agreeably spent an hour in personal discussion between O'BRIEN and HOME SECRETARY. Shortly after One this morning got one vote. For place of business to apprentice promising youth, I recommend House of Commons.



Hon. C. Spencer, M.P.
(Masher of Parliament.)

RECKLESS WRITING AND CARELESS PUFFING.

THE art of Theatrical Advertising is progressing. The Public has now for some time grown familiar with the famous "Couple of masterpieces in one evening" put forward as an attraction to wheedle it within the walls of the Adelphi. It has, moreover, had the privilege of dwelling on the sanitary considerations urged upon it with so much grace and force by the Barnumian genius who presides at the Savoy. Then there has been the splendid tone of confidence suggested by a reference to the Drury Lane "takings,"—to say nothing of the latest effort in the puffing line made by a gentleman who appears to have approached the Management of Her Majesty's, not only animated with excellent intentions, but gifted with complete-letter-writing powers of really a high order.

And all these signs of the times are encouraging. But an Actor and Manager of Mr. TOOLE's reputation should be more cautious in the selection of his cuttings from newspaper criticisms than to quote the following lines from a notice which purports to have appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, which, in mentioning H. J. BYRON's *Uncle Dick's Darling*, says:—

"Humorous and lively to the last, these comedies offend no taste; but, pure in tone, thought, and expression, stand, and will stand, as mementos of one English playwright who was content to find his effects away from the dangerous ground of immoral intrigue, blasphemy, and swearing."

There is no occasion to remark on the above brief commentary further than to point out that, if itself pure in tone, thought, and expression, and humorous and lively to the last, unlike the comedies to which it referred, it was scarcely so fortunate on the score of good taste. The inference, undoubtedly, is that there are Dramatic Authors, who, unlike the Author of *Uncle Dick's Darling*, are accustomed to "find their effects" in "immoral intrigue, blasphemy, and swearing." Surely Mr. TOOLE himself would be the last person to corroborate such a sweeping assertion, for it would be as bad as saying that many of the pieces he had appeared in, have been essentially immoral, blasphemous, and profane. Were this indictment true, the several guilty members of the Dramatic Authors' Society should have their dramatic *pièces de conviction* brought against them as damning evidence, and be sentenced to the same punishment as the Editor of the *Freethinker* is now undergoing. The quotation, whatever may have been the context in the original, is an aspersion on the fair fame of English Dramatists who, as a rule, have been so careful to avoid everything approaching immoral intrigue, that when any one of them has had to adapt a risky French piece, he has chosen rather to incur blame and the chance of failure, by toning down and removing whatever immoral motive there might be, to achieving success by closely adhering to the original. Moreover, such a very "nasty one" levelled at contemporary literature was also extremely hard upon that worthy and most proper functionary, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

However, Mr. TOOLE has already struck it out of his advertisement, and it speaks well for his judgment that he has done so. But the paragraph in question has naturally suggested on all sides loud cries of "Name?"

LOVE AND LAW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I PERCEIVE by the papers that a person named CAINE proposes the Abolition of Actions for Breach of Promise of Marriage! *Proposes*, indeed! The wretch!! Are we poor women to be robbed of one of our few protections against the flattering falseness of the "proposing" sex? Not that men "propose" too much. On the contrary. I maintain that, as by social convention, if not by law, they have a monopoly of the right of "proposing," they should be compelled, *by law*, to exercise that right more fully than they do. An exclusive privilege inadequately used is at once an insult and an injury to the unprivileged. That's logic, I hope, and good enough for Gorton or *The Nineteenth Century*. CAINE's proposal—fancy being proposed to by a man with *that name*!—is preposterous, of course. If men propose, they must—well, take the consequences in the fullest sense. Matrimony, or money down! But can nothing be done with those who *won't* propose, who won't even woo? Marriage they shun, and courting they seem to despise. Could they not be prosecuted for "Contempt of Court"? That, I maintain, would—as the *Daily News* says the Lord Chancellor's New Bill does *not*—"go very far towards putting Contempt of Court upon a proper basis." Do see to it, there's a dear Grand Old Man, and you will confer a real favour—a wedding favour—on

Yours devotedly,

BELINDA BLISSLESS.





A FAIR RETORT.

Mrs. Mountjoy Belassis (after several collisions). "IT STRIKES ME, MR. RUDDERFORD, YOU'RE MUCH MORE AT HOME IN A BOAT THAN IN A BALL-ROOM!"

Little Bobby Rudderford (the famous Oxbridge coxswain). "YES, BY JOVE! AND I'D SOONER STEER EIGHT MEN THAN ONE WOMAN ANY DAY!"

THE ROUGH AND THE RAIL.

BULL built himself a spacious esplanade,
Whereon at ease to stroll, or drive, or dwell;
"Shake hands, JOHN, with yourself, for once," he said,
"For this looks wondrous well."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"
Quoth JOHN. "I see a bard *may* be believed."
Mistaken Minstrel! Man exceeding clever,
But parlously deceived!

For ever? Scarce five years, five months, five weeks,
At least in London, where the thralls of toil
Unwatchful, plod, whilst Greed spies on and seeks,
Spoiling, to snatch its spoil.

Greed in all guises, from the Rough, whose hand
To grab some coppers would beat out your brains,
To Railway-men, a ruthless, lynx-eyed band,
Intent on greater gains.

Poor JOHN! Policedom's prowess failed to cope
With bold BILL SIKES by night, but sadder still
The dreary failure of his joy, his hope,
Wrought by the Private Bill,

Slipped through in dull St. Stephen's drowsied hour,
When talk-dazed Members dine or slumber fast,
The charter of the selfish stintless pow'r
Of the iconoclast.

This still the chuckling churl of commerce arms
With right to wrong, with privilege to deface,
To rob the country of its choicest charms,
The town of its last grace.

Or Buttermere, or the Embankment, nought
Is sacred to these "sappers" of to-day:

And where were they who should the ghouls have fought
And baulked them of their prey?

Where Westminster's two Members, men of pith?
Pooh! spiteful puerility quite absorbs
St. Stephen's wranglers; there's no time for SMITH
To fight it out with FORBES.

The Spoilers have their will; they dig, they fell,
Fresh verdure vanishes, and, in its room,
Huge *Vomitoria* void unpleasant smell
And spread lugubrious gloom.

"Hullo!" cries JOHN, aghast. "What does *this* mean?
What hideous shapes obstruct my finest view?
What blight malodorous blasts the budding green?
Oh, come, this will *not* do!"

"Too late!" lisped sleek Officialism. "Sad,
Unjustifiable, but fatal—now!"
And sly Monopoly raised its chortle glad,
And reared its brazen brow.

Then JOHN waxed wroth, and *Punchius* in his ear
Whispered the counsel never heard in vain,—
"Put down your foot! Roughdom your roads will clear,
And Railwaydom refrain.

"Spite of unwatchful Senators, and spite
Of watchful Greed, put down your foot, I say,
On your Embankment-spoilers, birds of night,
Or harpies of the day.

"Against King Log, whose vigilance may fail,
Against King Stork, armed with his Private Bill,
There is one power that must and should prevail,—
The power of Public Will!"



THE ROUGH AND THE RAIL;
OR, THE EMBANKMENT IN DANGER.

LONDON ROUGH. "I MAKES IT DELIGHTFUL BY NIGHT!"

DISTRICT RAILWAY DIRECTOR. "AND I'M MAKING IT BE-UTIFUL BY DAY!"

MR. PUNCH. "YES—AND THE SOONER YOU'RE BOTH CLEARED OFF THE BETTER!!!"

John Richard Green.

Author of "A Short History of the English People," &c.
Died at Mentone, March 8, 1883, at the age of 45.

ENOUGH for one brief life the toil, the glory,
So to have told our stirring English story
That ears of English men most gladly listen,
That eyes of English youth will glow and glisten.
Yet all must grieve, gay stripling or grave sage,
Robbed by o'er-hasty Death of many a noble page.

THE EMPIRE IN DANGER AGAIN!

"It is impossible to overstate the indignation existing in India on the subject of Lord Ripon's Criminal Amendment Bill."—*Daily Paper*.

WHAT the Indians or Anglo-Indians *really* think about the matter is possibly something like this:—

Lord Ripon. Must really try and recollect that I'm a *Liberal* Viceroy. Why not introduce some reforms before I retire? Here's *KIMBERLEY* telegraphing that English Radicals are very discontented, and "can't I do something to please them?" So I must adapt "the theories of the Magazines and the principles of the Caucus" to India, I suppose. Hope *GLADSTONE* will be satisfied. I'm sure; there'll be a perfect *howl* out here! Here goes with a Bill allowing Native Magistrates to try Europeans in country districts. *ILBERT* says it's all right. *ILBERT* is a lawyer, and he ought to know. If there's a *tremendous* row, I can call it an experiment, and withdraw it quietly.

The Anglo-Indian Captain Sahib.—Gave *RAMCHUNDER*, my *Bheesty*, one on the side of his head this morning for bringing several disgusting frogs, alive, from the pond in the water for my bath. Didn't hurt *RAMCHUNDER* a bit. What does the fellow do but rush out of my bungalow, and take out a summons against me for assault! Never heard such impudence in my life. Am told the reason is that they've got a "Native Magistrate" appointed, who is severe on Sahibs who "knock their servants about." What is the country coming to, I should like to know? It'll be awkward if I'm fined by the brute. Hope they won't mention in Court about *JEMSETJEE*, that "Punkah-Wallah" whom I touched up with a gentle kick, and who was so inconsiderate as to go out into the Compound and expire soon afterwards. When old *SMITH*, of the I.C.S., was our Beak, he never took any notice of those little things. Times have indeed changed. Must remember only to kick the niggers in future when I have my slippers on.

Our Vakeel (or Native Advocate). Lord *RIPON* is a resplendent Viceroy! He knows what is justice for the poor despised Hindoo. Old *BABOO* will be an *ever so much* better Magistrate than *SMITH* Sahib. Never could produce much effect on *SMITH* Sahib. Only time I ever offered him a bribe—it was a Lac of Rupees, too—he actually threatened to kick me out of his tent! Such oppression is unbearable. Now we shall have some of the good old corrupt days back again. Glad that I am so much richer than that *CHOWRINGHEE*, the rival *Vakeel*. Where will *CHOWRINGHEE* be now, I wonder? *SMITH* Sahib used to like *CHOWRINGHEE*. That was because the dog never offered *SMITH* Sahib a bribe. *CHOWRINGHEE* hasn't the money to do it with! But I have. Let us then beg the *QUEEN* to permit us to have Lord *RIPON* just five years longer! Who knows whether we shan't in that time be locking up all the Sahibs in gaol, without the option of a fine, for *eating Cow*?

The Anglo-Tory Politician. Here's another abominable blow at our glorious Empire! *CHAMBERLAIN*'s at the bottom of it, I'll be bound. He always is, if there's any mischief to be done anywhere. Hear that *RIPON* receives *daily telegrams* from the Radical Caucus at Birmingham! Hear also (*TOMMY* told me this at the Club as "perfectly authentic") that the Government is seriously contemplating proclaiming total independence of India at once, also of all our other Colonies, and granting unlimited Home Rule to Ireland! *GLADSTONE* (*TOMMY* said) feels he's "breaking up," and wants to break up something else first, and so is trying his hand at the British Empire. Evidently *RIPON*'s measure about Native Magistrates is the thin end of the wedge. Don't quite know details of the Bill, but suppose it's to abolish all English Judges in India, and put Hindoos in their place. At least, so *TOMMY* said, and he is sure to know, because his uncle's father had a cousin who was Governor or something at Madras, or Seringatam, or somewhere out there.

THE PEN AND THE PETTICOAT.

LADY PAGET has written an Article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Common Sense in Dress and Fashion." Common Sense under those circumstances is generally in masquerade, and usually disguised as Folly.



STANDING ON CEREMONY.

"THAT WAS A FUNNY STORY MR. DIXON TOLD, AUNT JESSIE—THE ONE THAT MADE YOU LAUGH SO MUCH, YOU KNOW!"

"YES. WHY DIDN'T YOU LAUGH, IDA?"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW MR. DIXON WELL ENOUGH!"

REYNARD'S DIARY FOR 1893.

6 A.M.—Up early to have a look at these new-fangled sportsmen. What a change from my grandfather's time! What a falling-off! Ah! indeed! Feel quite melancholy. Console myself with a good old-fashioned breakfast on somebody else's goose. Better.

8 A.M.—Correspondence. Grumbling letter from a performing tiger travelling with his menagerie. Wants to know why the dickens I've got an Act of Parliament to make me comfortable, while he's obliged to stand up on his hind legs, like a fool, before the keeper and a set of gaping shilling places, because he's afraid of red-hot pincers; says the hyena takes exactly the same view of it. Poor devils! Why don't they, both of them, write to the papers? Hulloah! here comes the mechanical fox! Oh! isn't this funny!

10 A.M.—Well, I never! Call this a Meet? And what a pack! Well, they do look a miserable lot! 'Pon my word, if it wasn't for fear of legal proceedings, I would just show, and give 'em a good run myself. It would do 'em all the good in the world.

Noon.—Off at last! Mechanical fox no go. Burst his spring, and went over a brick wall into a conservatory. So the Master of the Hunt said the field might chivy him instead. Yoicks! Tally-ho! Away they go, the whole lot of 'em! By Jove, I can't stand this: I must cut in, if it's only to come in at the tail of 'em. I will. Here goes! Forrard!

2 P.M.—Well. That's the best run I've ever had in my life. But, oh! didn't the Master puzzle us, rather! But we run him to earth at last. Ha! ha! The sly old vermin! Dear me,—what am I talking about? Why, here I am, in the very midst of the whole lot of 'em. And, no!—yes! It's a fact—cut by the whole pack! Not a dog will speak to me! Nasty of 'em, very. Home much depressed.

8 P.M.—Turned it all over, and think perhaps I'm as well out of the fun, after all. Wrote rather a nice letter to the tiger. Told him there was no reason he shouldn't be protected as well as the poor little victims who used to suffer at Hurlingham. By Jove! That reminds me;—*Supper*! Turn in at the "Dove Cot." Service—all that could be desired. Pigeons excellent! To bed, thoughtful.

WANTS TO KNOW.

SIR.—In last week's *Illustrated London News* there is a picture of the Confirmation of the New Archbishop of CANTERBURY in Bow Church. We thought he had been confirmed long ago when a boy; however, better late than never. But what we want to know is, what is that bird doing there, perched on a ball? Has it any reference to Mr. ANDERSON'S Pigeon Bill? Is it a Rook? and are the Gentlemen in forensic costume hearing its caws? Some well-informed person has told us that it is the Eagle. From where—the City Road? The Angel from Islington would have been more appropriate.

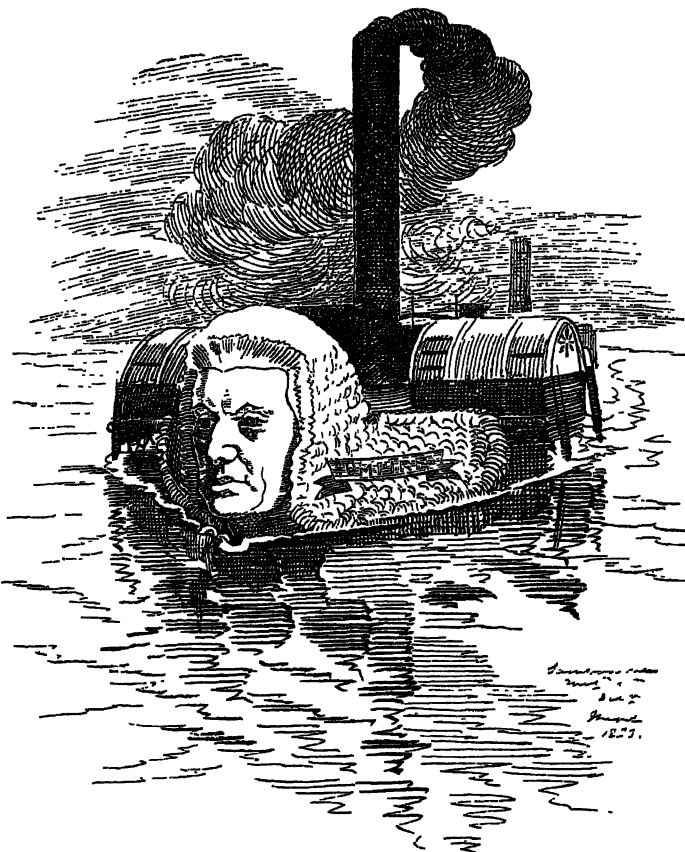
Yours,
PH. PHOGG.

A Little too Late.

UNDER the Chapel of the old Scotch College, now a boarding-school, near the Pantheon at Paris, some workmen are reported, in sinking a drain, to have discovered a leaden case containing the brains of JAMES THE SECOND, who had bequeathed them to the Seminary which he regarded with a national interest. What a pity the King didn't make the discovery himself in time to save his crown.

"SHE's so touchy, I can't say a word," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "her temper is 'like frills upon the frightful Philistine,' as the saying is."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 127.



MR. JUSTICE CHITTY.

ALL HAIL, "JOE CHITTY!" FORTUNE FAVOURS FLUCK,
A STROKE OF GENIUS, AND A STROKE OF LUCK!
IN BOAT, AT BAR, ON BENCH, YOU ARE, AND WERE,
BY ALL ACKNOWLEDGED "FAIREST OF THE FAIR."

MARCH MADRIGAL.

(By a Hater of East Winds.)

A PECK of March dust may be worth a King's ransom,
But blown in one's eye by this pitiless wind,
A speck of it plagues, so I'd give something handsome
To "down with the dust," which has made me half blind.
Br-r-r! Chilled to the marrow, I shrink from all movement,
My skin is like parchment, my palate a parch.
Science talks very big of the March of Improvement,
I wish she'd effect the improvement of March!

No Law can touch a Free-thinker, which is a most inappropriate name for any publication; but it can and ought to restrain the free speaker and the too free-and-easy writer who offends against good taste, and who seems to consider that freedom of opinion should only be construed to mean an obligation on everybody to agree with the Freethinker's own peculiar ideas. Pity there are not a few more Mr. Justices NORTH further South, where even the Freethinker's Christmas Number is outdone by the style of paper recently hawked about the streets of some Continental cities. The worship of Respectability in England is something better than merely the homage paid by Vice to Virtue.

"FRATER ALFRED ATQUE VALE."

[See the Poet Laureate's lines in the *Nineteenth Century* for this March. The Young Man who does our poetry says he is quite ready to sign himself "A. T." (*Appy Thought*), if the Editor of the abovementioned Review will only make it worth his while. Inspired by the Laureate's contribution of nine lines to the *Nineteenth Century* (there's luck in odd numbers), our Young Man sends us the following, only premising that they are supposed to be spoken by the Editor of the *N. C.*, the first line being addressed by him to the P. L.]

"WRITE us lines for our Magazine O, sold in Paternoster Row!"
So he wrote, and so they printed, KEGAN, PAUL, AND TRENCH, & CO.
And it made the present number of the *Nineteenth Century* go
Like the wildest wild-fire, for the pages otherwise were slow,
With its articles by LIFFORD, STANLEY, DALE, and WATTS (THEO),
Who are not a great attraction, though himself each may think so,
But when following our Poet are just worth *Horatio*
When upon the scene with *Hamlet* in a great Lyceum show,—
Such at least is the opinion of PAUL, KEGAN, TRENCH, & CO.

ALFRED TWENTYSTONE.

WHAT was probably considered at first to be the obstacle to Mr. BIGGAR's marriage? It was said he was afraid of committing Biggar-my.

The Wooden Leg. A new Novel by the Author of *The Golden Calf.*

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. IX.—RAILWAYS.

PART IV., AND LAST.—Concerning the Qualifications and Requirements of Railway Travellers.

Q. What do you consider to be the essential qualifications of a successful Railway Traveller under existing railway regulations?

A. It is difficult to summarise them. Chief among them, however, may be mentioned:—

1. Unusual physical strength and endurance.
2. Absolute indifference to comfort and convenience.
3. Stolid and indomitable patience.

Q. But are not these the powers and qualities of a Spartan Athlete rather than of an ordinary British Citizen?

A. Precisely. But the British Citizen who does not possess them must necessarily suffer most severely in travelling by rail.

Q. Will you give me some explanation or illustration of this startling position of yours?

A. It cannot be startling to the person who has travelled and thought. But we generally travel, as we do most customary things, *without thinking*. In this public habitude of unconsidering acceptance of the uncomfortable as the inevitable, lie the safety and the opportunity of the corporate ghouls who prey upon us.

Q. But to details.

A. A railway traveller should have unusual physical gifts. Strength and agility are imperatively demanded for the tasks of mounting interminable flights of stairs, and climbing into almost inaccessible carriages, especially when the traveller has been detained by a sullen ticket-clerk, or is vociferously urged on by a furious platform-porter. Lungs of unusual strength are requisite in order to shout from one end of the platform to another for access to, or liberation from, needlessly locked carriages. Hearing should



Mrs. M. "OH, YOU MUST SEE MY CABINET OF CUR'OSITIES. I'M AWFUL PARTIAL TO BRIO-BATS!"

A SHAKSPEARIAN MEDITATION.

A Room at the Home Office. Tables covered with piles of books, papers, letters, telegrams, reports, &c., &c. The SELDOM-AT-HOME SECRETARY discovered, looking weary and anxious, preparing his Speech for Second Reading of his Government of London Bill.

Home Secretary soliloquises—

If it were done, when I've done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If but the Second Reading
Could trammel up all consequence, and catch,
When I shall cease, success; if but my speech
Could be the be-all and the end-all there.
But there, within the babbling House of Commons,
I'd jump the House of Lords. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment there; that we but teach
Senseless obstructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the nuisance of our lengthy speeches
To our own ears.

The Corporation have a double claim:
First, as I was their guide and leading Counsel
In their grand Epping Forest Preservation,
I gave them counsel, and they gave me gold,
Strong both against the deed; then, as their guest
At many a sumptuous banquet at Guildhall,
I should 'gainst hungry Leaguers shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself, unless of course
Accompanied with fork. Besides, the Corporation
Have spent their wealth so nobly, and have been
So princely hospitable, that their virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The sheer starvation of their taking off:
And SALISBURY, with tongue like rapier-blade,
Sounding a blast, or Cherub CHURCHILL, horsed
Upon his insolent courses, beating the air,
Shall blow the horrid truth to every heart,
"Ingratitude, thy name is VERNON HARBOUR!"
I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent,
No sympathy from all my chaffing colleagues,
No word of kindness from the Grand Old Man,
No public feeling, and no cry for change;
But vaulting ambition only, which o'erleaps
Itself, and, like a headstrong acrobat,
Falls on the other side!

[Left sitting.]

combine the opposite qualities of abnormal quickness and indifferent dulness, the one to enable the traveller to catch the muffled mutterings of officials, the other to enable him to endure the deafening din of jangling bells, shrieking whistles, clanging carriages, rumbling trucks, and shrieking porters. Most especially his eyesight should be of the longest, sharpest, and quickest imaginable description.

Q. Why so?

A. To give him the slightest chance of distinguishing such essential notifications as the destinations of trains and the names of Stations. The position of a somewhat short-sighted traveller when the train stops at an unknown Station on a darkish night, is extremely pitiable. He projects his head from the window. The platform is very long, and indifferently lighted. The name of the Station is posted up in small letters in a dark nook some fifty yards distant, and is absolutely indistinguishable. He shouts wild inquiry forth into the darkness. If any reply come at all—which is by no means certain—it probably comes in the form of an inarticulate and unintelligible howl, leaving the traveller the choice of plunging out, and probably being left at a wrong Station, or remaining where he is, and quite as probably being carried on miles past the right one.

Q. But might not this be readily avoided?

A. Most certainly. The name of a station *should* be easily visible from every carriage to any passenger not absolutely blind. This is so obvious as hardly to require assertion, much less proof. It might be managed with the most consummate ease. The neglect of it argues either imbecility, or insolent indifference to the Public's most ordinary convenience.

Q. Are there any other ways in which Railway Companies needlessly tax the physical resources of travellers?

A. Very many. The ordinary Railway Station is not to be surpassed by any known device of sinister ingenuity, whether in dreary weary discomfort, or in facilities for catching cold. Its platform is oppressively gloomy in the finest weather; in bad weather it is exposed to every meteorological unpleasantness that blows, or drives, or falls, or whistles, or soaks, or parches, or numbs, or blinds, or freezes, or palsies.

Q. But does it not furnish any sort of shelter against the subtly varied assaults of our genial climate?

A. Very commonly none whatever. Sometimes, however, there are things called Waiting Rooms?

Q. What are these?

A. Dens of dismalness and discomfort, as depressing to the spirit as trying to the body. In these Waiting Rooms the would-be traveller may—wait. He can do nothing else, save suffer. The typical Waiting Room is, in fact, a public penitentiary. Its disciplinary powers, if fairly tested, would probably be found to compare favourably with those of Milbank or the Tombs.

Q. Is no other sort of retreat furnished for the waiting and weather-tormented traveller?

A. Yes; there are places called—in a spirit of sardonic mockery—Refreshment Rooms. At the most important Stations these, in some sort, answer to their name; but at lesser Stations, where often what they promise to our ear is more urgently needed, the success with which they "break it to our hope" is pyramidally complete.

Q. How is this effected?

A. By providing, at exorbitant prices, an extremely limited but carefully selected supply of food warranted not to feed, and "refreshments" guaranteed never to refresh. The consumption of these articles—as an alternative to starvation—under conditions of the greatest attainable discomfort, severely taxes the strongest digestion and the most perfect temper. To travellers dyspeptic or choleric it is productive of the most serious and lasting mischief.

Q. Does this singular tendency to wantonly tax the energies of the traveller pervade all departments of Railway Management?

A. It does. The regulations and adjustments of Railwaydom are calculated not for persons of ordinary *physique*, still less for the feeble or valetudinarian, but for hardy, perfectly-trained Athletes of keen senses, superb digestive powers, and indomitable patience. They can only be praised in the same spirit as that in which CHARLES KINGSLEY lauded the British North-Easter. Combining all the tedium of solitary confinement with all the trials of campaigning, they might make invulnerable veterans of the few who survived their hideous ordeal.

Q. Finally, why should the Public put up with arrangements so arbitrarily exacting and arduous?

A. To this question no satisfactory answer is possible or even conceivable.

THE KHEDIVE'S POCKET-BOOK.

(A Leaf anticipatory of the Immediate Future.)

Monday.—Sir AUCLAND COLVIN called upon me, and explained what he called "Lord DUFFERIN's Constitution." Sounded excellent. I was to command the Army. Then I was to be assisted by a Council of Ministers having a sole right to initiate legislation. Further, there was to be a Second Council of Fourteen, partly nominated by myself and partly nominated by someone else. Besides these, there was to be an Elective Assembly of Forty-four Members, to be convened occasionally for purposes of discussion only. And, finally, I was to have the services of Sir AUCLAND as a Financial Councillor. Asked for further information—"What did he mean by a Financial Councillor?" Sir AUCLAND replied, "Lots of things—he would make himself generally useful." Saw my way to a small loan—"Could he (Sir AUCLAND) help me in that?"

"No, he couldn't; he was my servant—absolutely—and it would not be dignified for the man to lend money to the master." Saw my way to a pleasant arrangement. "As Sir AUCLAND was my servant," I said, "I would dismiss him on the spot." Sir AUCLAND was very angry, and told me "not to play the fool." He explained that as he was my servant absolutely, I could do nothing without his advice. Very much frightened; and to conciliate him made him Knight Grand Cross of an Order I have recently created for Europeans—the White Elephant. He refused the gift, and retired in a passion.

Tuesday.—Had a capital thought in the night, but did not like to do anything without Sir AUCLAND's advice. My Financial Councillor is so very irritable. When he came I asked him, "if I understood him to say that I was head of the Army?" He replied, "Certainly—all the troops were at my command." Observed "that I thought so, and I would not trouble him any further, as I had some business to attend to." Sir AUCLAND wanted to know "What business?" "Oh," I replied airily, "I am only going to send off the Army to loot Constantinople." Sir AUCLAND again very angry, and told me "not to talk nonsense." Explained to him (as my Financial Councillor) that Constantinople was well worth the trouble, and would pay capitally. Sir AUCLAND replied, that if he heard anything more about it he would have me arrested by a company of the English Line, and confined in a British guard-room. Asked him "What was the good of being head of the Army unless I could have a shot at somebody?" Sir AUCLAND replied, "that it was impossible to explain anything to an Oriental, but that a European would understand the situation perfectly." Rather puzzled. Asked him then, "What should I do with the Army, as it was a pity to waste them?" Sir AUCLAND admitted that it was a pity, and suggested (as my Financial Councillor) that I might let the soldiers out as "supers" at so much the night to a local hippodrome or theatre. Fell in with the idea, which pleased Sir AUCLAND immensely.

Wednesday.—Evidently must leave the Army alone, so turned my attention to domestic matters. In the course of the morning Sir AUCLAND looked in, and asked "How I was going on?" Replied, "Capitally—that my Council of Ministers had just decreed that the Fellahs were to pay me sixpence a head an hour for the privilege of escaping the bowstring." Sir AUCLAND in a furious rage. He wanted to know "What they meant by doing that?" Replied, that "by the Constitution they surely had the right of initiating legislation?" Sir AUCLAND answered, "Not that sort of legislation." "I was like their something impudence to think of such a thing!" Sir AUCLAND advised me to dismiss them. Asked what I should do "if they refused to be dismissed?" "Why," he replied, "appeal to your Second Council of Fourteen, whose special duty it is to curb the action of the First Council." Sir AUCLAND looked so savage that I agreed to do anything to please him. He replied, "I had better, or he would write to Lord GRANVILLE about me." Begged him to forbear, and asked him "if he thought Lord GRANVILLE would like to be a Grand Cordon of the White Elephant?" He said "that I had better try, if I particularly wanted to be deposed by telegraph."

Thursday.—Sir AUCLAND came to see me at my urgent summons. Told him that the First Council had punched the heads of the Second Council, and that there had been a free fight all night in consequence. He didn't seem displeased; on the contrary, expressed his opinion that "the Constitution was working capitally." Asked him "Whether I should summon the Elective Assembly of Forty-four Members?" He replied, "Certainly, but that I must remember that they were to be convened for purposes of discussion only." Asked him "What I should do if Council Number One killed the members of Council Number Two, or vice versa?" He said that, "speaking purely as my Financial Councillor, he should recommend

me to refuse to pay for their funerals." Then, saying that "he could not waste all his time in chatting with me," he went back to his office in high good humour.

Friday.—I have had such a time of it! I convened the Forty-Four, and thought they would never leave me. They followed me all over the place, asking for "backsheesh." Got rid of them at last by telling them "that Sir AUCLAND was my Financial Councillor, and would give them what they wanted." Ten minutes later the dreaded Englishman rushed into my palace in a furious rage, and "wanted to know what I meant by sending a pack of ragamuffins to him?" Explained that they were not "ragamuffins, but Notables." He said he hated practical jokes, and it was lucky for me that there was a dearth of crossing-sweepers in Cairo. It seems that Sir AUCLAND has got rid of the entire Egyptian Parliament by supplying them with brooms. Asked him "if he thought they should collect the alms of the Faithful for their own benefit?" He replied, "Of course not," and that, acting as my Financial Councillor, "he had ordered them to pay in their earnings to my privy purse." Very pleased at this, and told Sir AUCLAND that I thought "the Constitution not half bad." He said "I would like it very much when I really understood it." Parted excellent friends.

Saturday.—Sent for Sir AUCLAND, to tell him that the two Councils had killed one another, and that the Forty-Four Notables had refused to leave their crossings, saying that they preferred their present employment to any other. Added that the Army, having been engaged by a perambulating circus manager to go a tour round the world, had consequently quitted Egypt. Sir AUCLAND congratulated me upon "having got rid of all my troubles;" and finally observed "that he had told me that the Constitution would act beautifully when it had once got into really proper trim!"

PIGEON-ENGLISH.

(By a Proletariat Supporter of British Sport.)

ANDERSON? Oh, jigger
That pertikler Scot!
Never touched a trigger,
Never fired a shot.
Give 'im cane and gingham,
Let 'im stiek to twirling 'em,
Leaving hus to wing 'em,
Stray Blue-Rocks from 'Urling-
ham.
Lor! it has bin fun,
Real jam and good,
Potterin' with a gun
Round some neighbourhood
Where the Swells is at it;
Potting each stray bird.
Stop our game? Oh, drat it!
Too right down absurd!
Cruel? All bow-wow!
Birds must die; death's cruel.
Wot's it matter how
They receives their gruel?
Tell yer this soft rot
Wich hus Sportsman chivvies,
Sends the race to pot.
Makes us all old Mivvies.
Sport's old England's crown,
Bless yer, the old bunting
Soon would be pulled down
If it weren't for 'unting!
Wot gives Britons muscle
To chuck down all barriers?

Wy a bit o' bustle,
With the Margit 'Arriers!
Would old NAP 'ave seen
Sech bold British front,
If it 'adn't been
For the Eppin' 'unt?
Sawnies ain't no good,
Raisin' their Scotch blether
At a bit o' blood,
Or a broken feather.
Bah! they'd make us mugs,
Snivellers pale and pappy;
Then the old 'umbugs
Doubtless would be 'appy.
'Ang the Rad rampagers,
I'm for 'igh hauthority:
I am with the Majors.
Found in the minority.
I am with the Swells;
No, not little RANDOM!
Poaty tale he tells,
Wot's called madcap tun-
dem.
Sneers at 'Arriers. Yus!
But there ain't no blinking
That the Nobs and hus
Are one way o' thinking.
Wive ler Sport! I say.
Take my tip, Lord RANDY,
England's 'ad'er day,
If she follers SANDY.

BOAT-RACE SKETCHES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



A Stern Coach.



Bow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

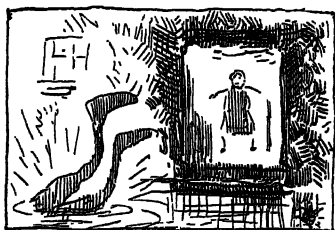
MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

NOTES FROM A WHISTLER.

THE idea of printing a Catalogue full of adverse and satirical criticisms on his own works is not new. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD began it a long time ago, and perhaps the idea did not originate with him; but he, we believe, was the first to develop it. Mr. WHISTLER has



The Whistler a few bars behind.



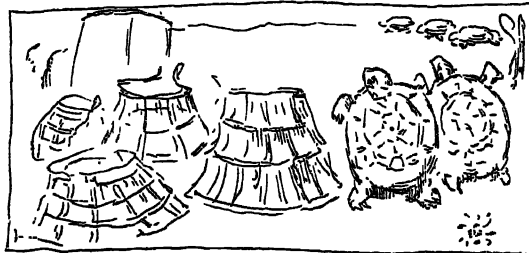
No. 44.—Last Appearance of the Diver.



No. 11.

"NO MORE COUGHS AND COLDS!"

Humane Attendant (log.). "He's got his feet in hot water, I'll just damp this sheet, and finish him that way, anyhow."



No. 23.

Turtles and Crinolines. Scene in Wonderland.



No. 34.

Old Man frightened by Monster Dog. Perhaps an Illustration to GOETHE'S *Faust*.

adopted the Hollingsheadian method. Public interest does not seem to have been greatly aroused in these "Etchings and Dry Points," or surely the Dry Points would not dry up in Easter Week, when, so the attendant informed us, the exhibition was to close. Rather a sudden shut up for "Jester JAMES."

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE BABY IN THE TRAIN.

"Why is there not a Compartment 'for Babies only'?"
The Crusty Philosopher.

How merrily, how cheerily we ride along the rail!
We think not of the driving rain, nor care about the gale!
I'm comfortably seated in a snug back corner seat,
With woolly rugs about my knees, and warmers at my feet:
I've all the morning papers in a heap upon my lap,
I read and calmly contemplate, and think about a nap;
A nap indeed? Impossible! You'll find it all in vain,
To have the slightest slumber, with the Baby in the Train!

He's autocratic as to rule, and as to language terse,
He'll freely fist his dear Mamma, and domineer o'er Nurse!
He wrinkles up his forehead like an ancient Chimpanzee's,
And babbles of the "puff-puff," and prattles of "gee-gees":
He guggles and he struggles, and he will not stand nor sit,
But he gives an imitation of an apoplectic fit.
I am not very captious, and I wish not to complain—
But *what* a crying grievance is the Baby in the Train!

I wish to feign the friendly, but I earnestly reflect—
In silly finger-snapping do I lose my self-respect?
Can I crow or can I chuckle with a countenance serene?
Is "kitchee-kitchee" fitted for my gravity of mien?
Can I talk of "doggie-oggies," or prate of "ittle dears"?
Is "peep-bo" fit amusement for a person of my years?
And though I do my very best to try to entertain,
I'm thought a vile impostor by the Baby in the Train!

He knows that I am longing to make faces on the sly,
How spitefully I'd pinch him if no guardians were nigh!
He clutches at my watch-chain, he smiles upon my suit,
He tries to eat my eye-glass, he jumps upon my boot;
He takes away my walking-stick, he crumples up my *Punch*;
He burrows deep in paper-bags in foraging for lunch;
And cups of milk at stations, too, how eagerly he'll drain,
With sighs of satisfaction, will the Baby in the Train!

O bold Directors, build a car to take such household pets!
And fit it up with cots and cribs and rocking bassinets,

And lullabies and picture-books and bon-bons, cakes, and toys,
To soothe the savage bosoms of these little girls and boys.
O brim the cup with caudle high! Let Soothing Syrup flow!
Let roasted mutton deck the board, and milky rice also!
And let all Railway Companies immediately sustain
A Separate Compartment for the Baby in the Train!

MOLLY-CODDLING LEGISLATION.

THOUGH the Session has been consumed up to Easter with very little practical work, and more than the usual amount of Irish nagging, time has been found, in spite of Curtain-Lecture nights, and the irrepressible jawing powers of the great O'Caudle Party, to commence a piece of fussy legislation which is a disgrace to the country. No one will deny that one-third of our national income is drawn from national drunkenness; that we see no way to meet our ever-increasing, and probably immoral, expenditure by raising taxes in a less objectionable manner; no one will deny that public-houses of all kinds are necessary creators of Revenue for a prodigal Exchequer, and yet public-houses are to be subjected to another outburst of hypocritical State virtue.

It has long been illegal to play a piano in a tap-room—to mix the pure gin of commerce with the harmless adulteration of Art; it has long been illegal to temper drunkenness with certain games of chance. The infamy of shove-halfpenny has long been as patent to the legislative eye as the beauty of unmitigated swilling. Another divine inspiration has descended upon the law-mongers. They have discovered that the habit of paying wages in public-houses is wrong, injurious, and ought to be made illegal, and they proceed to make it illegal to the best of their ability. If they had the courage to close all pothouses, and to arrange their expenditure so as to live without the aid of drink and drinkers, it would be possible to admire their consistency, even with the knowledge that a great inconvenience was being inflicted upon the public. But these pettifogging attacks upon a class of tradesmen who appear absolutely necessary to the State, can bring neither honour nor profit to any Government.

JUDGING by the profusion of Mr. LEADER'S—the new Lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre—Advertisements, he is certainly *not* *Lieder ohne Worte*.

RIGHT is Might, and Wrong is Dyna-mite.

FOILED! OR, THE FRIGHTFUL DEMON, THE FALSE WARDER, AND THE FAITHFUL CHAMPION.
A ROMANCE OF THE FOREST.



SCENE—Epping Forest, in the Vicinity of High Beech.

Enter CALIPASH.

Calipash (striking an attitude). I am the guardian of these sylvan shades,
These velvet sward-sweeps, and these verdant glades,
Oh, rather! Did not I announce last Autumn
That I in perpetuity had bought 'em,
Secured them for the PEOPLE? I'm the man
To play the pleasant part of Modern Pan.
Let trespassers bewar-r-re! Hollo! Who's this?

Enter Steam Demon, flourishing wildly.

Steam Demon. Snort! Squiggle! Squeal! Puff! Puff! Roar!
Rattle! Hiss!

Calipash. Indeed! Your voice is really *very* pleasant,
But I don't understand you quite—at present.

Steam Demon. I want free passage through these woods!

Calipash (mincingly). *Proh pudor!*

My duty's to be down on each intruder.

Steam Demon. I'm no intruder, I'm a boon-bestower,
Friend of the proletariat Forest-goer.
I've only thirteen Stations; want another.



A PROMISING SON-IN-LAW.

Eldest Daughter (just out). "MA, I THINK MR. WIGGINS IS GOING TO PROPOSE! 'T LEAST HE ASKED ME IF I WASN'T TIRED OF LIVING IN SUCH A MENAGERIE AS WE'VE GOT HERE!"

I'll make it worth your while. (*Winks.*)
Calipash (effusively). My friend! My brother!

But how about you—well, communications?
Steam Demon. I'll make them just like "gentle undulations."

Ask CHAMBERS, he's a regular Cockney dryad.

Calipash. Well, many have misgivings; even I had
 Until you came and squared 'em so completely.

Do as you like.

Steam Demon (chuckling). We've settled it most sweetly.

Enter BRYCEIS, Woodnymphs, Fauns, &c.

Bryceis. Oh, have you? Stop a bit. I know you, Demon.

A boon? We'll have two words that pleasant theme on.

Fine fellow you to talk about improvement!

Can't let you practise your "extension movement."

You mend the Forest? Ogre, I'll "amend" you!

Take that, and that! [*Buffets him with "Amendment."*]

Steam Demon.

Help, CALIPASH!!!

I'll lend you

Calipash (fucking it).
 What help I can, but—

Bryceis. Traitor! You're a beauty

To pose as Forest-Warder. Do your duty,

Or clear out, with the Cacodemon yonder!

Calipash. I—oh, I love the People,—no one fonder,

But—our friend there is such a pleasant talker,

I thought he meant the People's good.

Chorus of Nymphs and Fauns. O, Walker!!!

Bryceis. The mighty name these forest-folk invoke

Is most suggestive.

Fauns (fortissimo). Walk your chalks, old bloke!

[*BRYCEIS, Nymphs, Fauns, &c., unite to drive CALIPASH and*

Steam Demon off. They retire grunting and shrieking.

Chorus of Nymphs and Fauns (Air obvious).

BRYCEIS, a jolly good fe-el-low,
 Has made the Steam Demon ye-el-

low;
 And slope with a shriek and a be-el-

low,
 To the joy of all of us.

With a hip, hip, hip, hooray!
 The Forest has gained the day,
 And old CALIPASH has been sent to

smash,
 Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

[*Scene closes in.*]

FOR ROYAL MUSICAL COLLEGIANS.

LET the College buildings have a large central triangle, and round this let the Students' rooms be arranged in five flats. Economy being the order of the day, washing might be done on the premises and hung out to dry on a suspended chord or two. With a view to cheerful entertainment, a kettledrum might always be kept on the boil for five o'clock tea; though it ought to be understood, that while social gatherings should be fostered, no female candidate for the Violin Scholarship should be allowed to have more than two strings to her bow at a time. Finally, debt ought to be discouraged—even to the extent of allowing the matriculation of Oweboys.

THE JOLLY YOUNG RIFLEMAN.

(A ROUNDELAY FOR RANELAGH.)

AIR—"The Jolly Young Waterman."

Did you ever hear tell of a jolly young Rifleman,

Who as Adonis his charms used to try?

He curled his side-looks with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart and enchanting each eye.

He stood so straight, he marched so steadily,

The Volunteers came at his call so readily,

And he pranced at their head with so princely an air,

That he had the good word of the Brave and the Fair.

This Rifleman young never seemed to grow older,

So trim was his mien, and so chirpy withal;

He was always A 1 to each beauteous beholder,

And youths mustered proudly at RANELAGH's call.

And though some folk might be chaffing or jeering,

'Twas all one to him their flouting and fleeing,

For how should our Rifleman ever know care,

While he wins the good word of the Brave and the Fair?

ADVICE TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL (on his proposed new Irish Mail Service scheme).—Don't Force it.

A GOOD "IMPULSE."

IMPULSE is a stupid name; but the play written on *Impulse* is good, and the acting leaves little to be desired. Mr. C. STEPHENSON took an unsuccessful French piece, and thereupon founded a fairly strong English play. The five Acts are so constructed that, though the audience is perfectly certain how the piece must end, the means whereby the happy *dénouement* is to be brought about being adroitly kept secret, curiosity is never once allowed to flag.

The dialogue is not brilliant, but to the purpose. There is no waste of words; and, with one glaring exception, in the First Act, every speech is perfectly consistent with the character who utters it. The exception mentioned is, when the haw-haw Swell, *Captain Crichton*, describes the accident which has happened to *Sir Henry Auckland*. *Captain Crichton*, well played by Mr. KENDAL, though showing here and there a tendency to over accentuate the comic "points," is a typical English "Heavy." He is straightforward, honest, sharp on occasion, that is when his slow wits are stimulated by the woman to whom he is chivalrously devoted, but unimaginative, and incapable of uttering the sentimental description which characterises the speech in question.

Beyond this, and the fact that the old Father, *Sir Henry Auckland*, is a bore,—as old fathers on the Stage almost always are, unless they are ridiculous,—and that the character is played in too mincing and namby-pamby a style by its representative Mr. BEAUMONT, who ought to have his back hair cut as quickly as possible, there is absolutely no fault to be found with the piece—if we allow the initial improbability of the father, sister, and friend having kept from *Mrs. Macdonald* the truth about her husband, who is on duty with his regiment in India, having been wounded in the arm; a wound that prevents his writing a letter to her, yet which is so slight that he is able to return suddenly, ready to take his wife to both arms, including the damaged one, which is not even in a sling. Grant this, and the piece is comparatively faultless till the finish, when the sudden collapse of the determined villain, the would-be seducer, *Victor de Riel*, at the request—for the appeal to him is scarcely more than this—of *Mrs. Beresford*, who has never had the slightest influence over him till this minute (when of course it's getting late, and the sharper the finish comes the better), is weak and unsatisfactory.

How it might have been ended, how *Victor de Riel* might have been disposed of without resort to melodramatic action, must

have been a puzzle to Author and management. Don't tell us that that scoundrel, *Victor de Riel*—cleverly played by Mr. ARTHUR DACKER, who takes rather a one-sided view of the character,—his angle of inclination being invariably however to the right,—don't tell us, we say, that this man, growing rapidly grey in villany, and more and more crab-like—we mean putting more and more "side" on—as his passion is intensified, on being discovered with the woman whom he has pursued with an unquenchable passion for years, could be suddenly abashed, cowed,

A Rielistic Scene in Act V., when Mrs. Beresford requests the Lop-sided One to go straight for the future.

and converted from the error of his way, by a goody-goody appeal to his better nature from somebody about whom he doesn't care a brass farthing. Absurd. Up with the Curtain, and give us Act VI., when he should return more lop-sided than ever, and be ultimately collared by two keepers and conducted to the nearest lunatic asylum. Or he might have been a French "Pre-

tender," or a Russian Nihilist, to be captured at last by the Czar's secret police, when he could take poison, or leap from the balcony of the hotel, and his funeral be charged in the bill to the account of that old idiot *Sir Henry Auckland*.

Mrs. GASTON MURRAY, as a kind of *Miss Yellowleaf*, a *Pauline Pry* losing her voice from cold, and trying to talk to a partially-deaf man, is immensely funny—and not in the least overdone. This situation between Mr. BEAUMONT, Mrs. GASTON MURRAY, and Mrs. KENDAL, as interpreter, is one of the best of the lighter scenes in the piece, and is excellent natural Comedy.

Miss LINDA DIETZ, as the hopelessly weak, ill-dressed, and most irritating idiot of a woman, *Mrs. Macdonald*, "invested the character with artistic merit," and created for it an interest, and even a sympathy which the character itself would fail to arouse, if it appeared only in the pages of a three-volume novel. A sickly motiveless heroine, who has absolutely done nothing, except indulge in a flirtation which appears to have been only desperate on the man's side, and who trembles at the prospect of meeting her husband as much as if she had broken all the commandments *en bloc*, can only evoke from any right-thinking man or sensible woman a very plain expression of opinion, which would probably take this form, "My dear, don't be such a stupid fool." It is difficult to make anything of such a character, but Miss DIETZ makes the most of it, and so far it is an artistic triumph for her.

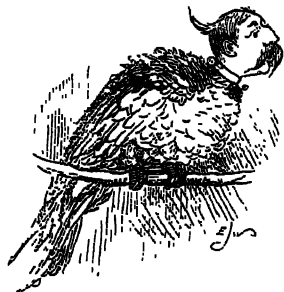
Mrs. KENDAL is as good as she can be as *Mrs. Beresford*, but there is not much opportunity for emotional display. Her acting is never strained, and she makes the character serve its purpose as a part of a whole,—never once forcing herself upon the audience. There is one call upon her energy in the last Act, when she appeals to *De Riel*, and it is not her fault that this little bit of Sunday School-teacher's lecturing is unnatural and out of place; but, being so, her rendering makes it as natural and as consistent as it possibly can be.

The part of the piece is, of course, Mr. KENDAL's '*Admirable Crichton*,' which might have grown into a *Dundreary*, had the interest of the story been sacrificed to the idiosyncrasies of this character. His playing in the Second Act, where he is as delighted as a boy with his own sharpness, and is so utterly nonplussed when he has come literally to his wits' end—which is not far to go—is a performance which SOTHEBY himself, or ROBSON in *A Regular Fix*, could not have beaten; and, if he keeps it at that, and does not repeat the catch-word of "You are—you know you are" too often, it will never degenerate into the broad farce of a low comedian's *Tony Lumpkin*, but will remain a sort of *Vanity Fair* caricature of a type of our time, and a performance on which hereafter the artist himself will be able to look back with pleasurable pride as a landmark in his histrionic career.

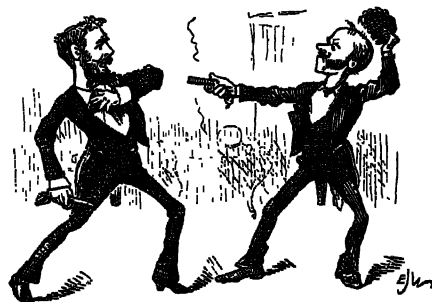
Mr. T. N. WENMAN's *Colonel Macdonald* is very good, though, for a hard self-controlled man, he is somewhat too demonstrative, not in the scene in *De Riel's* room, where nothing could be better than his sudden passion, but we mean in the scene with that poor old dummy, *Sir Henry*, who might as well be a broken-down Guy Fawkes in a chimney-corner after a fatiguing round of the streets on the fifth of November. Why should *Colonel Macdonald* strike his forehead, and appeal to Heaven? Wasted force.

We hope that when a new piece is required, the Management will get a fresh *Impulse*, and go on better than ever.

On Thursday last, *The Silver King* reached its one-hundredth night, and Mr. WILSON BARRITT, in an affecting speech, told us how pleased he was, how pleased everybody all over the world was, and how grateful we ought all to be to himself and the Authors, Messrs. JONES and HERMAN, as a trio of moral teachers and public benefactors. He gave an estimate, at a rough and ready calculation, of how many people would be undergoing moral improvement on any one given night when this piece was being played in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and gave us all to understand that his aim and object was to elevate Melodrama into the region of romance and poetry, which the *Silver King* so far achieves by giving us some splendid burglars, a first-rate Cockney clerk, and (here comes in the poetry) some rather wearisome speeches for the principal performer, *Wilfrid Denver*, to utter whenever there is nothing particular to do.



"The Parrot's a doosid good sort of bird, don't you know?"—Mr. Kendal, in Act IV.



HOW IT OUGHT TO HAVE ENDED.

Foreign Hotel Servant removes his wig, exclaiming, "Aha! I am the Russian Detective Hankuff Takinoff, and you are the notorious Nihilist Bloem Uptotheshki!"

[They shoot each other. Curtain.]



Hooray for Romance, Poetry, and a Reality of a hundred pounds profit per night! We'll go in for Romance on these terms. Mr. BARRETT, in the First Act, as the drunken man, is excellent. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is inimitable as the doddering old Butler, *Talkes*, and the audience heartily recognise the fact that there isn't a better villain in all London than Mr. WILLARD, whose performance of the *Spider*



The Silver King, the Princess's, and the Hundred Knights.

is admirable. By the way, wasn't it in *Jonathan Bradford* that the intending murderer finds himself in the same room with the corpse of the man whom he came to kill,—the same idea having occurred to some one else previously and been acted upon?

We are curious to see how Mr. ROSE has managed to dramatise Mr. AUSTREY's eccentric story, *Vice Versa*. If everybody feels the same curiosity on the subject as we do, the Gaiety Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. W. H. GRIFFITH's *matinée*, when *Vice Versa* is to be played, will be pretty closely packed. We don't see how it can be done, because, when one person has to become another person while that other person takes the other person's place, and yet is still before you unchanged, the situation is apt to become a little mixed. We hope to be present at the successful solution of the problem.

"THE SILVER THAMES."

OUR OWN Commissioner was seized with so severe a bilious attack immediately after the conclusion of Mr. BOSHER's evidence, (reported in our number dated February 10), that he was unable to continue his duties until last week. He then resumed his arduous labours.

WITNESS No. III.—TOM TUG.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Mr. TUG, what do you know about the state of the River?

T. T. Why, that it's something so disgusting as nobody would believe as hadn't seen it and smelt it.

Our Own C. Indeed! That's rather strong language, Mr. TUG.
T. T. Well, Sir, I can hardly expect you to believe me when I say that even us Watermen can hardly stand it. But, if you've any doubt about it, I'll willingly row you about for an hour or two just in the worst parts, and then you'll be able to judge for yourself.

Our Own C. (hurriedly). No, thank you. Now I understand that you are employed in some way by the Corporation in their patriotic inquiry. What have you to do?

T. T. Well, you see, Sir, the Corporation—bless their liberal souls!—wanted to find out how far the sewage that the Board of Works pours into the river at Crossness and Barking, flowed up the river with the tide. So they had a lot of floats made, that was put into the river where the sewage was pumped into it, and it was my duty to be ready in my boat, and row quietly along by the side of one of the floats just to see how far the tide would carry it.

Our Own C. Not a very laborious duty, Mr. TUG.

T. T. No, Sir, not particular so; but sometimes it did get that monotonous that I would willingly have exchanged for an hour or two's hard spell agin a flood tide.

Our Own C. I can easily believe that, especially in clear water. And what was the result of your interesting experiments?

T. T. Why, that on many and many a time the floats went up to Chelsea, and, on one occasion, with a good swinging tide, one of them went up as high as Chiswick.

Our Own C. Up to Chiswick! You really astonish me. But what does that prove?

T. T. Why, that all the mess that is so carefully taken down to Crossness and poured into the river, and thought to be got rid of, is all brought back again, and carried backwards and forwards with the tide, till it makes our noble river like a great cesspool.

Our Own C. I hope the Corporation pay you handsomely for your disagreeable work?

T. T. Why, yes, Sir; I ain't got no cause to complain. But if your Honour would just stand a—

Our Own C. (with dignity). You may retire. [Exit TOM TUG.

No. IV.—CAPTAIN M'STINGER.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Captain, what evidence can you give me?

Captain M'Stinger. Rather startling, Sir, I think. You'd scarcely believe it possible, but it's a well established fact that the filthy sewage is gradually silting up the river.

Our Own C. Surely, Captain, you can't be serious?

Capt. M. Serious! (Annoyed.) Look here, I can't bring up my splendid steamer with safety, except upon the varra top of the tide; if you will give me the pleasure of your company to-morrow, I will take you to places on the banks of the river where you can stand in nearly four feet of pure sewage-mud. [Steam up, and exit.

No. V.—MR. ROBERT.

Our Own Commissioner. Well, Mr. ROBERT, and what have you to tell me on this sad subject?

Robert. Well, Sir, I thinks as mine is the most serious evidence of all as you've heard.

Our Own C. If so, it must be serious indeed.

R. I leaves you to judge for yourself, Sir, when I tells you that the river is that bad that we can't get no Wite Bait nearer than Gravesend, and preshus little even there!

Our Own C. Dear me, that is something terrible indeed!

R. Yes; and even there they're gitting scarcerer and scarcerer.

Our Own C. Indeed! Then how do you manage?

R. We does as the Millishyer used to do. We has to find a substitute.

Our Own C. And what is that, pray?

R. (struggling with his feelings). Sp-sp-sprats!!

[Faints, and is carried out to the nearest Refreshment-Bar.

Commission closed pro tem.

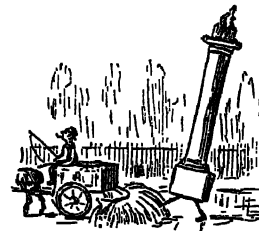
"RICHARDSON'S" REVIVED—not the famous Show, but quite *autre chose*, the WORKS OF RICHARDSON the Novelist, which are now being re-published by Messrs. SOTHERAN & Co. in a most readable form. Our Novel Reader had often heard of *Pamela*, but never dared to attempt reading it until he came across the new Edition with Mr. LESLIE STEPHENS's interesting Preface, and then—he couldn't put the book down, but went bang through it, as if it had been so many paper-hoops and he a bare-backed-steed rider, at a single sitting, from 10 P.M. to 3 A.M., the only variation in the exercise being skipping the last half of the Second Volume, which, as the story really ends with *Pamela's* marriage, might have been altogether omitted, since the reader would have been perfectly satisfied with the Author's assurance that his hero (such a hero!!) and heroine (also, what a heroine!!) lived happy ever afterwards. *Clarissa Harlowe* has now appeared, and our Novel Reader is in training for the task.

PROSPECTS OF THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

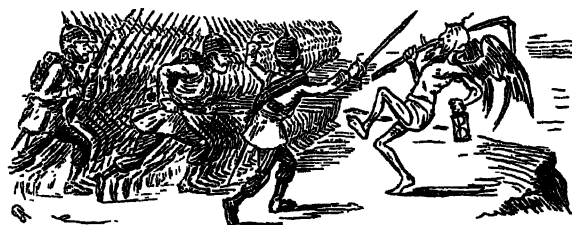
(By DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.)



The Troops are allowed to use Barns and Lofts for Sleep.



A Water-cart will accompany each Column.



How goes "The Enemy?" Push him back!



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER AGAIN.

Lord Isidor. "It's—A—JUST A LITTLE INCIDENT IN MODERN LIFE, DUCHESS! A YOUNG LADY, YOU KNOW, WALKING INTO A PAINTER'S STUDIO, AND DUMBSTUOK AT THE SIGHT OF THE LAY FIGURE!"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! CHARMING! SO NATURAL! AND TELL US, LORD ISIDOR, WHICH OF THE TWO IS THE LAY FIGURE, NOW?"

AN EASTER REVIEW.

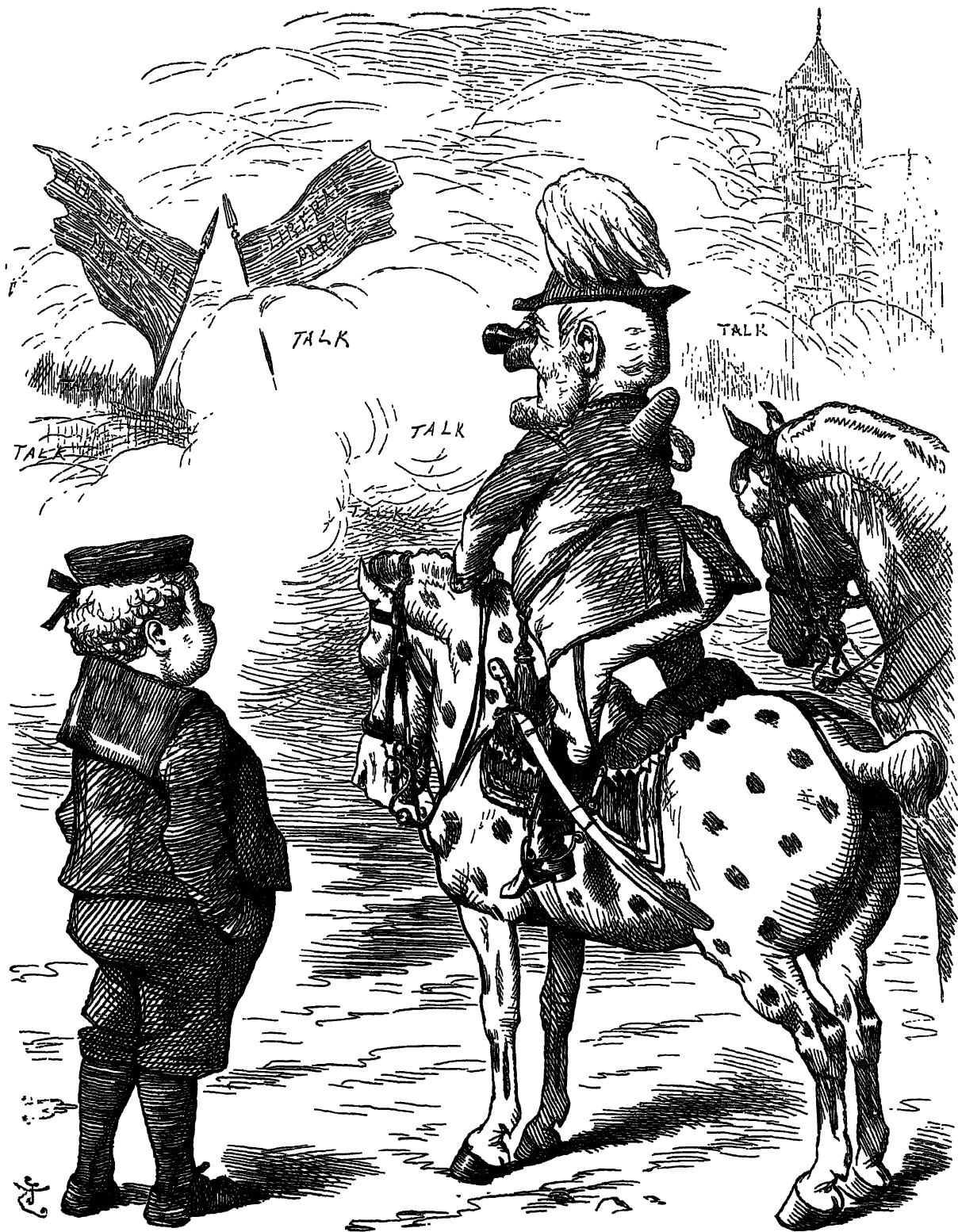
REVIEW! O lords of Chaos and Old Night,
'Tis a Review that ye might well take part in,
Set rocks and clouds and thunderbolts at fight
In the wild regions limned by grandiose MARTIN.
Let Titans play at loggats with smashed stars,
Cloud Anarchs change mad buffets wild and windy,
And then *review* the mist-veiled shoeks and jars
Of realms of everlasting Smash-cum-Shindy!
What is there to review? Loud Nothingness,
Mere blustering, flustering, floundering, crass Negation.
Fighting? So clowns, so urchins fight, with less
Desire for conquest than for aggravation.
Yah-booh-dom in *excelsis*, round-armed blows
That forceless fall, below the belt, but harmless,
Bellicose posing that is nought but *pose*,
Clamorous war-cries, terrorless as charmless.
A fight where all, save spite, is sham indeed,
Purposeless as poor *Patch* with his pea-bladder.
How long, my JOHN, shall squabbling boys succeed
In squandering public time, in making madder
An all too quickly maddened veteran,
When fight they cannot, fouling and so foiling,
Deft at upsetting, if they cannot plan,
And though unapt to shape, most prompt at spoiling?
You're fooled by fribbles, JOHN. The nation's time
Is given to railing and *Thersites* junior;
Scaramouch blocks your boards; he's not sublime,
No *Tappertit* of politics more puny or
Presumptuously perverse. *Puck* has your ear
And mocks the hours away, hours unreturning;
Caliban's self exults in brutal jeers,
Whose echoes set the ears of good men burning.

Boetian Stentor, crass, stultiloquent,
The stumbling-block of business, bars all exit
From the absurd *impasse*. Are you content?
Is patience proof 'gainst all assaults that vex it,
Whether of mimes or midges? The Review
Is hollower than some pageant of old Drury.
Smoke, smoke, mere buncombe, and wild hullabaloo,
And "like an idiot's tale, all sound and fury,
And signifying—nothing!" Wake up, JOHN!
How long shall this preposterous farce go on?

A LORD MAYOR'S NEST.

THE suggestion that the Duke of WESTMINSTER should be the first Lord Mayor of London under the coming Act, has given so much satisfaction that it is more than probable that the other Offices of the Corporation will be filled by the following individuals:—

Chaplain to the Lord Mayor—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Sword Bearer—General LORD WOLSELEY of Cairo.
Common Crier—The SPEAKER of the House of Commons.
City Marshal—F.-M. H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.
Collector of Wine Duties—Sir WILFRID LAWSON.
Solicitor—The ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
Clerk to Sitting Justices (Guildhall)—Lord COLERIDGE.
Principal Clerk to the Chamberlain—Lord CARRINGTON.
Registrar Small Debts Court—The MASTER OF THE ROLLS.
Recorder—The LORD CHANCELLOR.
Auditor of City Accounts—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.
Architect and Surveyor—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
Keeper of the Guildhall—H.S.H. the Duke of TECK.
Librarian—The Earl of LYTTON.
Registrar of the Coal Market—The Duke of NORFOLK.
Custodian of the Griffin (Temple Bar)—Sir COURTS LINDSAY.
Remembrancer (to keep them all in order)—Mr. PUNCH.



AN EASTER REVIEW.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL (*a practical little boy*). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WHAT DOES THE CONTEST MEAN, UP TO NOW?"
F.-M. PUNCH. "SMOKE, MY LAD—ALL SMOKE!!!"



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &C.

(MARCH, 1883.)

"GLAD WE 'VE GOT SOME NICE SEASONABLE WEATHER"—(*sleety breezes from the E.N.E.*)—"AT LAST! PEOPLE WILL UNDERSTAND MY NOSE NOW!"

THE BRITISH M.P.

A SONG OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

Air—"The Village Blacksmith."

UNDER St. Stephen's high roof-tree
The British M.P. sits:
M.P. a mighty man is he,
With sharp and seasoned wits,
And an eloquence that, once set free,
Would give opponents fits.

Week in, week out, from noon to night,
He must sit in silent woe,
Whilst WARRON vents his dullard spite,
With measured boom and slow,
Or SEXTON soars in furious flight
When the morning lights burn low.

And someone ever plays the fool,
And someone else the bore;
They love to cheek with rudeness cool,
To howl with caddish roar.
For churlish Folly has set its school
Up on St. Stephen's floor.

He goes, poor victim, to his seat,
And sits in painful poise;
He hears Obstruction bray and bleat,
He hears tart BIGGAR's voice
Sounding with saw-like shriek and fleet,
Which his every nerve annoys.

It sounds to him like Cerberus
Yelping at Charon's boat;
He needs must think "This fiendish fuss
Postpones a Party vote."
And he finds it hard to choke the "cuss"
That rises in his throat.

Boiling and bored, no fight, no fun,
Onward the M.P. goes.
Each day sees aimless jaw begun,
No night beholds its close.
Little attempted, nothing done—
No work and no repose!

THE MOST UNPOPULAR MEMBER OF THE PARLIAMEN-
TARY ARMY.—Private Bill.

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As Editor of the Review with which I have the honour to be connected, I wish to reveal to the world "the method by which one of its monthly numbers is manufactured." I have no hesitation whatever in placing before the whole cultivated world the secret of the management of a "High-Class Philosophical Magazine."

Various principles lie at the bottom of my editorial system. In the first place, you will perceive that my Review is nothing if it is not "High-Class." How, I ask you, can I better preserve this characteristic than by getting high-class personages—or, in other words, members of the aristocracy—to write in it? In fact, to put it plainly, a Magazine of any pretensions to philosophical excellence must, if possible, contain at least one article written by a Lord. If a Duke is willing, and I may add able, to write a passable paper, so much the better. Of course a nobleman of real literary or political eminence should be selected; but, failing such, anybody with a "handle to his name" (to use a vulgar expression) will do. This is the element of *Rank*, which is indispensable.

Then the next principle in the manufacture is to obtain somebody to write about something on which he, or she, knows more than anybody else living. This is the element of *Special Knowledge*. It does not matter two straws what the subject may be. For instance, if a person has given the whole of his mind to the cultivation of a particular sort of turnip, or has embarked his entire intellectual capital in the effort to prove the identity of the writer of some (probably spurious) poetry with some other person who probably never existed at all, or if he has been buried in the Dead-Letter Office all his days, and can write a few pages of arrant "Shop" about defunct epistles—such an individual should, at all costs, be secured. He is sure to say something which is new, however uninteresting and unimportant, and cannot possibly be contradicted, because in his own line he is the highest living authority. So much for the element of *Special Knowledge*.

The last, and least important, element needed, is *Literary Ability*

and *Philosophical Profundity*. It is well, now and then, to have an article which, besides being written by somebody whose name is known, does really contain in it something which the competent critic can conscientiously commend. But, should the writer be unknown, the extreme caution should be used in admitting his contribution, whatever may be its excellence. You must try and make each particular paper, by reason of the eminence of the writer, an advertisement of the whole Magazine. So, if by any chance you do insert the outpourings of an unrecognised genius, *make his article anonymous!* This adds the element of mystery. It may only be poor old Professor FITZ-BOODLE, of Stoke-Pogis University; but, if no name is mentioned, rumour will ascribe the article, supposing it to be judiciously sandwiched between an obscure nobleman and an eminent specialist, to the Marquis of SALISBURY, or Mr. GLADSTONE, or Professor HUXLEY. Thus the end is obtained, and with the additional advantage of *saving money*.

Just to show you the way in which these principles are worked, I send you a list of the articles in the forthcoming number of our Review, for April, 1883, and hope you will now consider your questions as to the methods of Magazine-making satisfactorily answered:—

"On the Differentiation of Protozoada." By the Right Hon. the Lord THOMAS NODDY.

"The Defects of Dynamite as an Engine of Assassination." By the late HERR OBERDANK.

"On the present position of the Skeleton Army." By his Grace the Archbishop of the CANARY ISLANDS.

"The Limits of Belief: with an Excursus on the Diet in our Convict Prisons." By the ex-Editor of *The Freethinker*.

"London Municipal Reform." By his Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER, K.G.

"Ought the Action for Breach of Promise to be abolished?" A Symposium: Interlocutors, JOSEPH BIGGAR, Esq., M.P., Miss FANNY HYLAND, and the Lord Chief Justice of England.

Truthfully yours,

THE EDITOR OF "THE CONTEMPORARY CENTURY."

STAVE FOR EASTER
MONDAY.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."
SOME prate of WAGNER'S
chorus,
And some on RAFF are poz,
With RUBINSTEIN some bore
us,
And some with BERLIOZ.
But there's very little music
now
JOHN BULL so gladly hears
Astheto-row-row-row-tow-
row!
Of the British Volunteers!

A Diz-tinction.

SOME youthful Conserva-
tive enthusiasts are fond of
comparing Lord RANDOLPH
CHURCHILL to the young
DISRAELI. But although the
chartered libertine of debate,
it does not appear that the
noble Lord, however feather-
headed, is otherwise Dizzy-
pated.

A Nursery Rhyme.

(Anderson's Revised Edition.)

BABY, baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting.
Prison-van upon the spin
To clap a father hunting in.

A GENTLEMAN with a bad
cold "id his ed," wishing to
describe the appearance of the
Charterhouse Brethren, ob-
served that, like *Colonel New-*
come, they were all "very
adsum men."

BY ORDER OF THE CLERK
OF THE WEATHER.—In con-
sequence of the continued pre-
sence of the prevailing wind,
the coming season will be
known as North-Easter.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 128.



VISCOUNT RANELAGH AND BARON JONES.

THE VICTORIOUS VOLUNTEER.

THREEFOLD SECURITY.

"They were willing to accept
loans on a three-fold security,
viz., first, revenue; second, prop-
erty purchased; third, charitable
emotion; so that if people put
their money into the Salvation
Army, and lost it, they would
have at least the satisfaction of
the latter."

Mr. BOOTH at Exeter Hall.

OH, if I lose my propertee,
Like rain-drops in the ocean,
Then what a comfort is to me
This "charitable emotion"!

I may not see my Five per
cent.,

But then—delightful no-
tion!

I'm more than happy and
content
With "charitable emotion"!

A DOST FROM MORISON.—
In one of the latest additions
to the generally useful and
interesting series of *English
Men of Letters*, edited by Mr.
JOHN MORLEY, and published
by MACMILLAN, Mr. J. COT-
TER MORISON, in what appears
to us an unfairly prejudiced
biographical notice of Lord
MACAULAY, says—and on this
occasion says truly—that in
his *History* he was "neither
a Whig nor a Tory, but a
Williamite." In this Glad-
stonian era there are plenty of
Williamites about, but they
are William-mites, and not
Macaulays.

THE POET LAUREATE AP-
PLIED (*Epitaph for Prince
Gortschakoff*).—"A man and
a fooler of men."

"SHAFTS OF MISFORTUNE."
—The Ventilating Shafts.

THE MODEST SPREAD-EAGLE.

["The art of Fiction," says Mr. HOWELLS, an American novelist, "has in fact become a finer art in our day than it was with DICKENS and THACKERAY;" and another American says they cannot understand "the English dialect."]

HARK! The gallant Yankee Eagle screams across Atlantic seas,
Sneering at our Old World fiction. Look, it cries at works like these!
What are THACKERAY and DICKENS?—worn-out, miserable names.
For good novels go to HOWELLS and our wondrous HENRY JAMES.

Fiction is an art far finer in the hands of our great men,
Than in days when vulgar DICKENS held the swiftly-flying pen;
Does not blatant *Bartley Hubbard* from a *Pickwick* bear the bell,
And unmaidenly *Miss Daisy Miller* banish *Little Nell*?

THACKERAY's a played-out writer, not a man of any mind;
Go and read our *Helen's Babies* for a humour more refined:
Scarcely a gentleman was *Esmond*, though you brag of him a bit;
In *Democracy's* fair pages you will find the "real grit."

Then we use much better English—not your wretched dialect;
All our heroines are "stylish," that's a word we much affect;
You may stick to SHAKESPEARE's language, 'tis improved by us, for we
Talk the genuine "Amur'can" as we write it, "Yes, Sir-ree!"

Ma'am BRITANNIA, you're beaten, and it is in vain you plead,
Pleasant English tales by TROLLOPE, or the vigour of CHARLES
READE:

We write all the spryest novels, all the greatest works, you bet;
We have sworn to whip creation, and be sure we'll do it yet!

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE WARRIORS.

(A Story told, in Six Pictures, to the Marines.)

PICTURE I.—*Entering the Army*.—Here we have the two young
men making their first start in life. They have both received com-
missions. ROBIN SLOWGO the Industrious has prepared himself by
a long and careful course of study for the profession he is about to
embrace. He has passed any number of examinations, and his
extreme pallor has been caused by excessive study. EDWARD
SCATTERCASH the Idle, assisted by his father's gold-bags, has crept
to the Line from the Militia with the help of a cram. The two
young men exchange congratulations. ROBIN cannot help envying
EDWARD's good fortune as he points out that he has been gazetted to
a crack Regiment of Rifles. EDWARD, on the other hand, expresses
his sympathy at his friend's bad fortune—ROBIN has been appointed
to the Marines.

PICTURE II.—*Work and Play*.—Here we see ROBIN the Indus-
trious devoting his best energies to a score of arduous duties. He
has spent the earliest part of his professional life in garrison, on
board ship, as a soldier, a sailor, and sometimes even as a civilian.
He has been always at work. EDWARD SCATTERCASH the Idle has
had very little to do. He has enjoyed long furloughs and special
leaves, with the assistance of his gun, rod, and hunter. He has
scarcely ever been in uniform, and half the men in his company
hardly know him by sight. It is needless to say that EDWARD still
belongs to the crack Regiment of the Line, while ROBIN remains in
the Marines.

PICTURE III.—*Advancement*.—By dint of hard work and unpre-
cedented luck, ROBIN has received his Company. He has grown

quite grey in the Service, and he is as old as and more experienced than some young Generals. He has never left his Regiment, keeping either at headquarters, or being detailed for detachment duty. EDWARD the Idle has had altogether a pleasant time of it. Having exchanged into the Cavalry on promotion, he has been seconded for service as an Adjutant of Yeomanry. The chief duties of this appointment has consisted in dining with the Colonel (the Swell of the County) half-a-dozen times a year, and turning out for six days in the Autumn to perform the usual training. As ROBIN becomes a Captain, EDWARD receives a Majority and a Brevet-Lieutenant Colonelcy. The latter has all the prizes of the profession at his feet, while the former—remains in the Marines.

PICTURE IV.—*After the Battle.*—A war has broken out, and the two young men have been sent to the front. ROBIN is lost in the obscurity of his battalion. He fights bravely, and shows great power of organisation, but completely escapes recognition. EDWARD the Idle is attached as an extra *Aide-de-Camp* to the best Advertising General of the day. Consequently, he is "well taken care of." His name appears constantly in despatches, and at the end of the war his breast is covered with decorations. He receives promotion and £500 for carrying home despatches, telling how the Advertising General has beaten the worst army in the world with the assistance of the best. As this startling intelligence has already been conveyed to the Sovereign by telegraph, the reward is not quite in proportion with the service rendered. However, scruples of conscience do not trouble EDWARD very much as he marches down Pall-Mall to a snug little berth that has been made for him at the War-Office. As for ROBIN, he returns to his drudgery with the Marines.

PICTURE V.—*Middle Life.*—The two Soldiers have now served for many years. ROBIN the Industrious has married a wife as poor as himself, and with his miserable pay has found it difficult to keep the wolf from the door, much less defray the expense of children's schooling. He has at length risen to field rank, and is entitled to spurs and a brass scabbard. EDWARD the Idle has come in for all sorts of good things. He has always been on the Staff, and, as Military Secretary to a Viceroy, has wedded an heiress with a title. His new family connections have been most advantageous to him in furthering his interests in his profession. When he is scarcely forty he has become a General and a K.C.B. However, in spite of his grandeur he still experiences a friendly feeling for ROBIN when he sees the name of his old associate included in the list of the Marines.

PICTURE VI., AND LAST.—*The Reward of Idleness and Industry.*—Here we have the exterior of St. James's Palace on a Levée day. A mass of brilliant uniforms are seen in the background. Room is being made for the carriage of Lord SCATTERCASH, who wears a Field-Marshal's uniform covered with decorations. His Lordship has sauntered through life taking all the plums of the profession that have been offered to him, with lazy indifference. He is seen talking to a white-headed old officer wearing the faded uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel. "Yes, Slowco, my man," he is saying, with lofty condescension. "With my interest I ought to have been able to help you. I ought to have been able to have got you a berth over and over again. But you see I couldn't, my dear fellow—you had to stick to your Regiment and field rank. Your advancement was barred by your position." "Yes, I know, my Lord," replies the broken-down, poverty-stricken old officer, with a sigh, "*I belonged to the Marines!*"

A Question of Wind.

SHEER strength, steady science once more see behind!

But "a bit of a breeze" might have altered the test.
Poor Cambridge had hopes in a rousing East wind,
But Oxford had faith in a West!

BIGGAR'S "APPEAL."—"Once more unto the breach, dear friends! Once more!" This quotation is from SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth*, not from the BIGGAR'S Opera, from which the gallant M.P. might sing "How happy shall I be with neither!" But he appealed in vain.



AFTER THE PARTY.

"SURELY YOU 'VE NOT WASHED THIS MORNING, TOMMY!"

"No, MAMMA! I WAS IN BED SO LATE LAST NIGHT THAT I DIDN'T THINK I REQUIRED IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 12.—Interesting debate on proposal of Great Eastern Railway Company to extend line to High Beech. Great array of vindicators of popular rights. "House been sold once about blowholes on the Embankment, not to be taken in again," says Mr. FULSTON. General state of virtuous indignation hostile to all railway projects. Curious effect among the Aldermen. Alderman LAWRENCE for Bill, Alderman FOWLER against. Alderman SIR ANDREW LUX plaintively urges claims of his Constituents. They are, it seems, all "married men with wives and families;" "circumstances not altogether unprecedented when men are married," Mr. FIRTH says.

"They want to go to High Beech by rail," Sir ANDREW says, with tears in his eyes. Apparently this the sole object of their lives. Sympathetic portion of House pictures to itself the father of the family sitting disconsolate, his wife in chronic state of tearfulness, children wasting away. A whole family—married man, wife, and children—pining for opportunity to go to High Beech by Great Eastern Railway!

"My Constituents," Sir ANDREW whined, "want to get there, and the House seems inclined to say, 'No; we won't let you get there.'"

Believe this affecting scene would have carried the Bill. Unfortunately, one of Sir ANDREW'S Constituents present. It was Mr. WADDY, who admitted to being a married man, also to a wife and children, and he bluntly declared that "he did not want to get there." House began to look with suspicion on Sir ANDREW. Was it possible he had been deceiving them? Had he been working on their feelings, picturing a state of things that was not? If he could have arranged counter-demonstration, might have been different. A few married men from Finsbury (having wives and children) appearing at the Bar, and protesting that they "wanted to get there," would have settled the matter.

As it was, House obliged to accept sole testimony offered. Mr. WADDY, a married man, ready to depose on oath that he, his wife, and family, did not "want to get there." Accordingly, Bill thrown out.

"I shall appeal against this," Sir ANDREW sobbed. "We'll have the case

re-heard, or four thousand married men in Finsbury, their wives, and families, will know the reason why."

"I'd advise you not to appeal," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "Costs more money, and it's no use." *Business done.*—Voting Army Estimates.

Tuesday Night.—Great incursion of Boers in both Houses. No reference to Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, or Lord DENMAN, Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON, or Sir GEORGE BALFOUR. Sharp short work in the Lords, and some pretty speaking. Lord CRANBROOK led attack. Full of fire and fury. Lord DERBY replied.

"Discusses affair as if were arbitrating on difference in School Board or Young Men's Literary Society," says Lord DUNRAVEN. Lord CAIRNS as frigid as Lord DERBY, but little more polish. Lord KIMBERLEY dull and prolix.

"Thinks he's going to dispose of the Boer question on the homeopathic principle," says Lord ROSEBERRY. "*Similia similibus curantur.* But bore on Boer, if not exactly false heraldry, is unattractive oratory."

Lord STANHOPE dissatisfied. Lord BRABOURNE condemnatory. More than ever regrets he accepted the Peerage when forced on him by GLADSTONE. Lord SALISBURY delightful, as he always is when discussing his noble friend and connection.

"Could hardly keep his hands off the Derby china when on his own shelf," says the Lord CHANCELLOR, with that solemn face which lends point to the worst jokes; "but now he's Worcester than ever."

Some little hits immensely enjoyed by the House, Lord DERBY sitting all the while looking straight before him with stonewall countenance, as if some one else was being discussed.

"The Duke of WELLINGTON," says Our Only General, "when being lowered from the arch, did not keep his countenance better amid surprising circumstances than does my Lord DERBY."

Perhaps prettiest speech of excellent Debate was Lord GRANVILLE's few words spoken with smiling face and courteous gestures. Resolved the whole matter, and fully two hours' talk, in a sentence, when he pointed out that retrospect of Transvaal affairs could not stop exactly two years back. "I think," said he, "the country will consider the position we were put in by the policy of the late Government, which made this most unfortunate annexation of the Transvaal."

Moreover, the smiling Earl pointed out that whilst Lords CRANBROOK, CAIRNS, and SALISBURY looked daggers, they did not recommend their use by the Government.

"These, my Lords," continued Earl GRANVILLE, with little nod and smile, as if dismissing a deputation, "are sufficient results to obtain from this Debate."

So Lords thought, and went home in good time for dinner, leaving House of Commons to take two days in saying same thing over again in form much less neat. *Business done.*—Invasion of the Boers.

Wednesday.—Mr. GLADSTONE put his foot down in New but Grandly Manly way. Says we've had enough of Sessions given up to Irish legislation. Time other and not immaterial parts of the



W. E. G. to Mr. Parnell. "Here break we off! Never again with you, Robin!" [Effect of an Explosion in the House.]

British Islands should have a turn. So no more Land Bills for at least six months.

"What d'ye think of that for a speech?" I asked Mr. LABOUCHERE, when it was over, and House empty again.

"I think," said the philosophical Radical, "that GLADSTONE never made a speech which so entirely pleased all sections of House of Commons. It

gratified the Tories, who were in terror of new concessions to tenants. On the same ground it pleased what I call the Whigs—that is, any Liberal who doesn't agree with me."

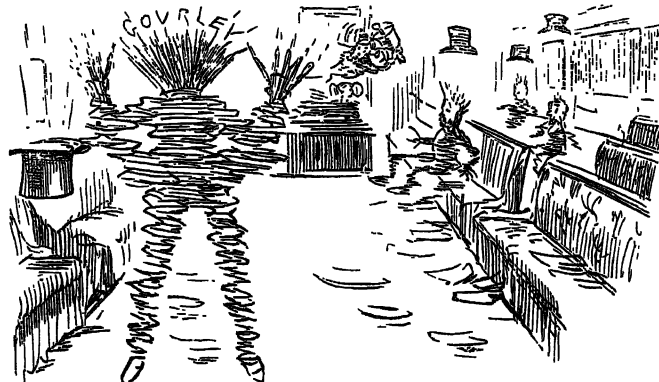
"But what about the Parnellites and the Liberals below the Gangway?"

"My dear, but too simple-minded, TOBY, there is no one in the House better pleased. Puts both under positive personal obligations. Gives us advantage of cheaply posing as friends of the National Party in Ireland, which means votes in English boroughs, and at same time does no harm. If our vote would turn scale, and compel GLADSTONE to bring in Irish Land Bill, that would be different—not to me personally, but to some others in this part of the House. But he's quite safe, and we pose with advantage to ourselves without hurting anybody else. As for PARNELL, GLADSTONE's speech is worth twenty thousand pounds, three years' sustentation fund for his

young men. He of course expected refusal, led up to it by presenting impossible Bill. But didn't dare to hope for refusal in this tone."

Heard yesterday Captain GOSSET ill. Learn to-day he's better. Everybody tells everybody else so with congratulation. The House of Commons wouldn't be the same without the portly presence, the shapely legs, and the friendly face of our dear old Sergeant-at-Arms.

Thursday.—Mr. GLADSTONE put his foot down yesterday, and to-day the Fenians have blown it up. Thought we were in for a quiet



Effect of an Explosion out of the House. Mr. Gourley addresses a crowded Audience on Thursday Night, March 15.

evening. At question time, Mr. REGINALD YORKE had brought down his own private bombshell, which he had intended to explode to the smashing, pulverising, and utter destruction of Son HERBERT. But it turned out that the fuse was damp. Didn't go off, and left REGINALD with a beautiful speech, illustrated with long extracts, undelivered. Much sympathy with him on neighbouring Benches, where Hon. Gentlemen had speeches of their own ready to fire off after his explosion. Sank their sorrow in his more poignant grief.

"Never mind," said WARTON, handing consolatory snuff-box. "Don't tear up your manuscript or lose sight of the two chapters in HUME's *History of England* you meant to quote at length. You can move in Committee of Supply to reduce the PREMIER's salary by a thousand pounds, and then fire off at HERBERT. I mean to bring on my Patent Medicines Motion in that way."

House had settled down into deadliest dullness. Mr. GOURLEY had undertaken to answer Big BEN's question, put any time during last fifteen years. "Where's your Reserves?" Opened subject on Duke of EDINBURGH's Report. Hadn't got far when interrupted by another report. Duke of EDINBURGH in Gallery waiting to hear speech. Drawn off by greater attraction. Members generally hurried off to Parliament Street. Several arrested by strange Policemen on suspicion. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT after first shock calm and resolute.

"What I don't like," says he, "is their sending boxes to me. DENNING refuses to open them unless his salary is doubled. Clerks in Home Office get out of the way, and busily engaged all day when one arrives. But this blowing up of public buildings when we're all out can be grappled with, and shall."

Confess I don't like it myself. Still trembling with shock. Meet Policeman in the Lobby. Like to talk to a Policeman in these times. Feel safe there at least. "A shocking thing this," I say to one (A 1). "They will be trying this place next."

"No, Sir," says A 1, lowering his voice confidentially, and pointing with thumb over his shoulder to House. "There's too many of them there, and they're reglar sitters."

Don't know what he means. Dursn't ask. Might be arrested on suspicion. Think I'll go and take a walk on Hampstead Heath, or Clapham Common. *Business done.*—Report—of Supply in the House of Commons, of dynamite in office of Local Government Board.

Friday.—Debate on Transvaal continued. FORSTER came out splendidly. Insists we shall go to war to reinstate CHUMSZANIE, or some other black Gentleman in South Africa who's been having his hen-roost robbed. Never mind talking about cost in life or coin. Go to war first and talk of that afterwards. Know now why a man's called a Quaker. "Cause he makes you quake." Haven't got over the explosion yesterday, and here's FORSTER on the war-path! *Business done.*—None.

To BOBBIES AND BURGLARS.—"The Ministry," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "will probably introduce a short measure"—don't like "short measures," as a rule—"for the purpose of dealing at once with the urgent question of the simplification of areas, and adjustment of boundaries of local authorities." This seems to be good news for the burglar, or the Policeman on his beat,—or for both. "Simplification of areas" certainly affects them equally.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

EVEN Practical JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S "sacred lamp of Burlesque" occasionally requires refilling with oil, or most assuredly it will sputter, flare, smoke, and eventually go out, leaving nothing behind but a disagreeable vapour.



Wonderful get-up. "Terry Incognita."

More nonsense has probably been written about Burlesque than about any amusement ostensibly patronised by the people. It is too often assumed that the difficult art—nay more, the wholesome and necessary art of courteous caricature—is one of no literary pretension, and may be safely flung as a sop to the silliest and vainest member of the profession devoted to acting. The fallacy of this proposition has been proved, notwithstanding Practical JOHN'S periodical spars with sensitive Critics, by a degraded estimate of the possibilities of Burlesque, and a growing carelessness and indifference on the part of its interpreters. A Gaiety play has, by inattention to the simplest rules of dramatic political economy, come to be considered embodied childishness; the Gaiety performers have too frequently mistaken petting for popularity.

Blue Beard in form and in colour, in aim and in opportunity appears to be the kind of oil that the sacred lamp required. The flickering flame greedily swallowed it, up it started into brilliancy, and behold the Critics and the Cynics are shaking hands, forced laughter is exchanged for honest merriment, and the Gaiety company plumes out its feathers, and the individual members of it have no longer to study themselves, but the characters entrusted to them. So long as they put earnest purpose into their work, they need never be ashamed of their calling. Why should they be? As their predecessors in the best English school of Burlesque, they have had ROBSON—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—a genius although a Burlesque Actor—MARIE WILTON and Miss HERBERT—Comedians although Burlesque Actresses; engaged in the very same occupation have been ADA CAYENDISH, JOHN L. TOOLE, HENRY IRVING, W. H. KENDAL—one of the most favourite Burlesque Actors Glasgow ever had—DAVID JAMES, THOMAS THORNE, JOHN HARE—he might have been seen in petticoats at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—and indeed all the best Comedy Actors and Actresses of our time. For Burlesque properly considered is not a hasty pudding of jingle and music-hall songs, or an opportunity for smart clothes and breakdowns, but a



The Hulla-baloo Chamber. Arrival of the Detective.

funny play with point and circumstance, containing a legitimate opening for parody and caricature. What indeed are the GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S Operas but Burlesques dressed up in the fine and fashionable feathers of Comic Opera? Are these *Sorcerers* and *Pinafores*, these *Pirates* and *Iolanthes*, with their Policemen and Soldiers, their Curates and Lord Chancellors, their love-sick Maidens and love-struck Guardsmen, any less Burlesque because they are set

to music by an accomplished musician who is himself a humorist in music, instead of being decorated with the best existing and popular music that comes to hand. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH sings patter-songs, and so does Mr. EDWARD TERRY, the latter having the better of it as far as voice goes. The lyrics awarded to Miss FARREN are no less laughable than such as are entrusted to Mr. BARRINGTON. Miss KATE VAUGHAN might be as usefully employed as a shepherdess or fairy as Miss LEONORA BRAHAM or Miss MARION HOOD, the Savoyards having the advantage in vocalisation, and the Gaiety in the "poetry of motion."

Miss E. FARREN, deservedly one of the most popular Actresses on the Stage, who, in other days, might have been—with discipline—a Mrs. ABINGTON or Mrs. JORDAN, needs no lime-light now to emphasise the fact that she is an Artist. Her singing of "*My Boy*," in variation, suggestion, and Cockney whimsicality, is a masterpiece. With no pathetic touch to assist her, as in Mr. REECE's capital street-Arab's song, the humour of the thing is just as bright and keen. Her performance of *Blue Beard* is not a confidential commentary between Miss FARREN and her audience, but a clever bit of skilful burlesque acting.

Nor need Miss VAUGHAN lean upon her milliner for distinction in an Art in which she is evidently proficient. Hitherto her fanciful attire and her graceful steps have constituted her claims as an Actress; but now her singing of a broken-French song, and her swift and short imitation of SARA BERNHARDT, develop a charming fund of happy caricature.

That excellent comedian, Mr. E. TERRY, has hitherto been forced to squirm and twist and exaggerate his own style for lack of literary or comic suggestion; but now, as the broken-down, impecunious father of Mrs. *Blue Beard*, he is as genuinely funny as JEMMY ROGERS ever was in the palmy days of the Strand.

Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST is "getting a big girl now," but has lost none of the artlessness of her childhood; necessarily a subordinate figure, she is always a pleasant companion to her associates on the stage. But the spirit of *Blue Beard* is otherwise infectious. How often, under other and more depressing circumstances, the assistants and extras have gone through their work wearily and miserably. Now they start into life and action; they are aroused to intelligence, and try, at any rate, to do their best. Even Mr. IRVING could not be offended, or Mr. KYRLE BELLEW outraged at the caricature by Mr. HENLEY, who cleverly, and in a few touches shows how unconsciously Mr. BELLEW imitates Mr. IRVING; and there is not a "Masher" in the famous front row who would break his crutch with rage, or disturb the symmetry of his shirt-front on account of the reflected affectation and mirrored apathy of the pretty young Ladies who so serenely satirise the youthful follies of an effeminate and unrobust age. If *Blue Beard* sets the example, never neglected in the days of ROBSON, WILTON, ROGERS & Co., of making the company act up to the play, the reaction will not have been in vain. It is a step in the right direction, and though much more remains to be done, yet as matters stand all are satisfied, Company, Comedians and Critics.



Darby and Joan of Arc. "Arc ferror! Away!"

Additional Verse to an Old Song.

"THEY will spoil the Embankment," says HOGG unto SMITH,
 "But of course it's no business of mine!"
 Says SMITH, "I would look better without them than with,
 But of course it's no business of mine!"
 Says PERCY to both, a young PERCY quite *per se*,
 "Won't enter the lists against Westminster's *Circe*.
 If BULL doesn't kick up a shine, it's a mercy,
 But of course it's no business of mine!"

Chorus—Of course, &c.

OUR own Mrs. R. says they seem to be making a great fuss about the Exhibition of Messrs. SHERIDAN and BYRNE, but why they should, when you can see all the celebrities at Madame TUSSAUD'S any day for a shilling, she finds it hard to understand.

THE MAYOR'S NEST.



Old Bird (chirping in the Easter Recess). "ALL RIGHT UP TO NOW !

LET FIRTH delight to ban and blight,
Denouncing is his trade ;
Let angry HARCOURT vent his spite
Because his Bill's delayed :

But Civic Magnates need not let
Their loud alarms rise ;
'Tis clear Sir WILLIAM will not yet
Crow over our demise.

We in our little nest agree,
And 'twere a frightful thing

If their Municipalities
Should make us all take wing.

Whatever brawls disturb *their* House,
Ours should be free from storm ;
Where Mayors and Aldermen carouse,
What need we of Reform ?

Let the League howl, FIRTH fret and fume,
And HARCOURT knit his brow !
Not yet we dread the threatened doom.
We're all right—up to now !

"It is a strange world," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM ; "one officer breaks his leg, and everyone is calling on him ; another breaks his *parole*, and nobody will go near him."

MR. BIGGAR is advised not to appeal any more, and to let his HYLAND Lassie gang awa'. He is understood to agree to this, as he already shows signs of Hyland lassitude.

TO "HUBERT" FROM TOBY.

DEAR HUBERT,

LET me congratulate you on your pluck, which is ever the characteristic of your noble race. You have indeed proved yourself worthy of your illustrious descent. And surely the two great Saints, whose names you bear, must have had you under their special protection.—I mean SS. Hubert and Bernard, for whom, (the latter especially, as I confess to being a trifle ignorant about the former, though I am a Protestant dog myself), I have always had the most profound admiration,—as your escape from the knives of the cowardly assassins, or at least from the knife of the one scoundrel whom I hear you collared and dragged to the ground was simply miraculous. Bravo, Hubert!

Do write and give me particulars, there's a good old boy! Confirm the story by your own "*Ipsa Dixit*." Do tell me *exactly* how you escaped. Go into details, without any waggery, you old rascal you! and let me know how you seized that man in woman's clothes. Did you tear a great piece out of his dress? Or out of his leg? Didn't he use his knife at all? Why did you let him go when you'd once got him down? And when poor Lady FLORENCE was stunned, and with a handful of dirt in her mouth, didn't the other assassin, who thought that, after three stabbings, he had settled her, make for *you*? And hadn't *you* to struggle with them both? Did they cram dirt down your throat, old man, to prevent you from barking? Was one about to stick you, and did the other, with some touch of humanity left in him, intercept his murderous design?

Did you, in your frantic rage, tear the female dresses worn by these two disguised men all to shreds,—for, up to the present moment of my writing this, I have not heard that any trace of those gowns has been discovered? Now do comply with my request, which is the request of all England, for full information from you, and do not simply wag your tail and say, "Bow, wow, wow!" I tell you, Hubert, I will not be put off with "Bow, wow, wow!"

I am informed that after these deeds of daring you did not "reappear till the following morning." This is the real modesty of a genuine hero. In this "dog trait" I recognise my own noble St. Bernard. But, old fellow, don't think me impertinent if I ask, where were you?

The noble deeds of your great ancestors were for a time partially discredited by impertinent visitors to Mount St. Bernard's, who said that the Grand Old Dogs never did carry half-frozen children to the Monastery. Many, in this sceptical age, don't believe half they hear about the doings of the Great St. Bernard Dogs, and it is for you, my Hubert, to take this opportunity of coming forward, and telling the scoffers how you saved a Lady's life, at the risk of your own, and miraculously escaped from the ruffians armed with knives, without a scratch on your muzzle, or even a rumpled coat.

Speak out in your own defence, my boy, as, already, there are some—but I have set them down, and warmly defended your reputation—who insinuate that your name should be changed from *Hubert* to *Falstaff*—but they will never make me believe that you are a "false staff" to trust to in a difficulty, or that the scoundrel you pinned to the ground was one of the notorious gang of "men in buckram." May you live long and prosper. Write soon.

Yours ever,

TOBY.

P.S.—There was another *Florence* who had a faithful dog whose name was "*Diogenes*." Do you remember how he made for *Mr. Toots*, and how that Gentleman said "it was of no consequence," eh? I don't think that ruffian whom you took by the calf, would have been of *Mr. Toots's* opinion. Speak up!

A Modern Mud-rigal.

HURRAH! for the rain and the slush!
Hurrah! for the gallant galosh!
Hurrah for the damp,
And the "brolly" of *Gamp*!
Hurrah for the brave mackintosh!

COMFORT FOR THE CORPORATION.—"Threatened men live long."



Youthful Customer. "SHOULD A MAN SHAVE UP OR DOWN, MR. STROP?"
Barber. "'DEPENDS SO MUCH ON THE—AH—GROWTH OF THE 'AIR, SIR. IN YOUR CASE, I SHOULD SAY DECIDEDLY DOWN, SIR—DOWN!"

CACKLE.

As served up daily to a patient Public by its Sapient Party Scribes.

THE victory of the *Bluebuff* Candidate in Central Clodshire yesterday, by a largely increased majority of Seven—at the General Election in 1880 it was only *Six*—is one of those events whose importance can hardly be overestimated and whose significance can never be exhausted. We pointed out some days since, that whilst no sort of meaning and no kind of credit would attach to the victory of the *Bluebuff* Candidate, the defeat of that ill-advised intruder upon a constituency whose loyalty to *Bluebuff* principles has so long been conspicuous, would cover our party with glory and inspire it with hope. The event has proved that we, and we alone, were entirely right. The machinations of our opponents have failed ignominiously, their Candidate has suffered a crushing defeat. Nor, ingenious as they ever are at inventing hollow excuses and fudging up factitious consolation, will they in this case find a single circumstance to lessen their profound disappointment or mitigate their deep disgrace. The battle was fought upon broad Party Principles, the *Bluebuffs* had every advantage in their favour; buttered up to the ears by their Candidate, and caucussed up to the chins by the local wire-pullers, they polled their very last man, and—*were beaten by Seven!!!*

Ah, that Seven! "We are Seven," sang the poet's simple interlocutor. The Clodshire Seven, more glorious than the "Seven against Thebes"—may make those words the refrain of a patriotic psalm that shall ring down the ages and sound on into the *Bluebuff* millennium.

It may perhaps be said that after all they were *only* Seven, and that they only secured a seat which before had been saved by *Six*! But this would not be a just estimate of the result. Would the Romans have rejoiced less in the saving of the Capitol if they had found that the goose-flock which saved it numbered not more than Seven? The true measure of the magnitude of our triumph may be found—in the efforts we must have made to minimise it had the saving Seven been on the other side.

DR. BENSON once wrote an Essay on the *Relation of the Chapter to the Bishop*. Now His Grace might supplement it with another, entitled *Its Aim; or, The End of the Chapter*.

A CRUMPLED ROSELEAF.—A Corn on the tip-toe of expectation.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 19.—CHARLES LEWIS is back after serving the constituency of Derry in the Far West.

"Yes," says Mr. CAINE, to whom I make the observation; "but you needn't mention it. LEWIS won't be in the House half-an-hour before he'll advertise the interesting fact through what are called the usual channels of information."

CAINE right as usual. Can't exactly recall how often LEWIS was up in course of sitting, but know it was on every possible stage. First on notices, next on questions, thirdly in debate. This is

making up for lost time. By Whitsuntide he'll be straight with Members who've been here since February.

Sir R. Cross wants to know how it was House was Counted Out on Friday.

"Very proper quarter for inquiry to come from," says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "seeing he wasn't there himself to help to make a House."

Mr. CHILDERS volunteers to reply. Interesting narrative of how he met Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR when going out to dinner; how Lord RICHARD asked him to "be down at nine o'clock, and bring as many Members with him as he could get."

"This," says General BURNABY, "comes of old associations. GROSVENOR forgets CHILDERS no longer Minister for War. Sends him out on picket duty."

Pleased vision dawns before House of Mr. CHILDERS eating hasty dinner, then running out

to patrol St. James's and Parliament Street, picking up stray Members, arresting them, and marching them down to make House.

Mr. YORKE, momentarily withdrawing his mind from Kilmainham, inquires about the mystery at Windsor—"That terrible struggle for life in the lonely plantation near the Willows," as *Standard* beautifully calls it. House laughs. Why should House laugh? Laughs again when GLADSTONE says, with great gravity, "I don't think HOME SECRETARY is in a position to give any information which would be of value to the House."

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, like practical Scotchman and enthusiast in office, inclined to take business view of the matter.

"Seems to me," he says to Sir EDWARD REED, "that here we have the problem solved of the protection of the Navy. We have been hammering away at it for years, and spent millions, and all the time have had close at hand, within domestic circle, the true armour-plating of the future."

"Oh," says REED, hastily, "if you're going through your speech again, I'll see you by-and-by."

"No; I'm only sorry this didn't happen a day or two before I made my speech. Would have been a great point. Thing is, get corsets made on principle of Lady FLORENCE DIXIE's; plate ships with them, and there you are. Nothing would go through them. At once cheap and effectual. Suppose you don't know the address of the corset-maker?"

"Of course 'ets no business of mine now," said the former Chief Constructor, looking a little vexed I thought at the idea having first occurred to C.B. "But suppose the thing will be advertised. When there's great fire, and papers are preserved in a safe, always see advertisement afterwards. Expect when Lady FLORENCE's hand is better, she'll write to the corset-maker something after this style:—

"DEAR MADAM,—I am happy to inform you that your knife-and-dagger-resisting corsets have saved my life. Walking in my grounds, on Saturday evening last, I was attacked by two men in female attire. It was a fearful time, and I struggled hard. Thrice a man smote me with a dagger. His eyes were dark, and so was his hair. His features were livid, his white teeth firmly clenched, and he wore a green dress. Thrice he struck, and thrice the faithful corset foiled his blow. In short, but for your corset I should now be a corse. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter. I remain, yours faithfully and gratefully, &c., &c."

"That's the sort of thing you may look for."

"Thank you," said C.B., "never thought of that."

Business done.—Bankruptcy Bill read a Second Time.



The Easter Lily.

Tuesday.—Things rather gone off to-day. Sir R. Cross was to have brought on question of Cuban Refugees. But it seems Spanish Government are coming round to right view of matter, and Spaniards mustn't be hurried.

"Generally long time coming round to anything," Sir ARTHUR OTWAY says, "especially to right view."

RANDOLPH furious. Had meant to put things straight after little weakness last Friday when he agreed with GLADSTONE on Amendment to Transvaal Debate. Only did it, he explains apologetically, in order to get rap at HICKS-BEACH. Still, to have asked GORST to withdraw Amendment in favour of one suggested by PREMIER, makes him feel uncomfortable. Meant to have put it right to-day on Cuban Refugee business, and here's Cross positively drawing back. RANDOLPH glares upon unconscious Sir RICHARD as if it was his hat he sat upon on resuming his seat. Whereas it was only SOLATER-BOOTH's.

Debate on Grand Old Committees not precisely entertaining. Mr. RAIKES makes a melancholy speech. Gather generally that with Grand Committees the country will hurry with hastened steps to destruction. House takes matter very quietly, considering, and finally agrees to refer Bankruptcy Bill.

More about Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Mr. O'SHEA wants public inquiry. Impenetrable gravity of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he answers that inquiry going on, but he's "not in position to make any statement on the subject." More laughter when Mr. LABOUCHERE asks whether reward will be offered for discovery of guilty parties? Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT graver than ever. Like me, doesn't see the joke. No joke at all for people with dark hair and eyes, pale face, and white teeth, especially if they look as if they occasionally wore a green gown.

At seven o'clock House up for Easter Holidays.

Business done.—Go home till Thursday week.



Lord R. Churchill doesn't put his foot down.

A VENETIAN DINNER SONG.

[A "New Venetian Salon," at the Holborn Restaurant, has been recently opened. "Grand Marble Staircase"—and "Marble Halls" in which you don't "dream that you dwell," but where you realistically dine. For the original of this song vide Mr. H. C. MERIVALE's "Boat Song," p. 152, in his *White Pilgrim and other Poems*.]

THE People are dining
Free-lee, free-lee;
The marble is shining
On me, on me;
And some folks are growing
So gay, so gay,
While others are going
To pay, to pay.

And some guests are calling
"Wai-ter! Wai-ter!"
And waiters are bawling
"Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir!"
They give us a filling
Me-nu, Me-nu.
The waiters are willing,
"And boo'—and boo'."

In Venice—no, Holborn,
To dine, to dine,
The high and the low-born
Com-bine, com-bine.
The fittings are splendid
To see, to see,
You dine (I know ten did)
Cheap-lee, cheap-lee!

We eat to repletion
Too soon, too soon,
In this New Venetian
Sa-loon, Sa-loon,

The band plays some Nation-
-al toon, -al toon,
Which stops conversation,
A boon! A boon!

The dinner is good, not
Cost-lee, cost-lee,
If 'twere, do it would not
For me, for me.
'Tis lit by electri-
-cites, -cites,
You can the effect try,
And see, and see.

But here comes the Doge in—
Noise cease, noise cease!
We're at, I'm "suppogin',"
Ve-nice, Ve-nice.
Here's *Shylock*! Note sound of
"Oh yesh! Oh yesh!"
He's cutting a pound of
Cook'd flesh, cook'd flesh.

And here is *Childe Harold*,
'Tis he! 'tis he!
Of whom BYRON caroll'd
Sweet-lee, sweet-lee.
And here comes *Othello*,
Tie white, tie white—
Now, wake up! old fellow.
Good night! Good night!

ODD CONTRADICTION AT THE ADMIRALTY COURT.—PHILLIMORE isn't, BUTT is!

THE BOILING POT; OR, HOW TO KEEP IT UP.

(N.B.—It is done by a "Contents Bill" and a "Special" Edition—*Vide below.*)

THE EVENING STAGGERER.

(SPECIAL EDITION.)

THREATENING TO BLOW UP THE TOWER.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE AT THE HOME OFFICE.

GREAT DISCOVERY OF ARMS IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.

ALLEGED DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

EARTHQUAKE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION IN THE CITY.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY COLLISION.

ANARCHISTS AT CAMBERWELL.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

LATEST BETTING.

THREAT TO BLOW UP THE TOWER.

A LITTLE boy, who gave his age as eleven, was discovered in Thames Street this morning with a halfpenny squib and box of matches. On the explosives being taken away from him, he admitted, on cross-examination, that his intention was to blow up the Tower. The investigation was still proceeding when our reporter left.

OUTRAGE AT THE HOME OFFICE.

BETWEEN half-past eleven and a quarter to twelve this morning a stranger, wearing a large woollen comforter and ordinary black kid gloves, but who, the messenger on duty happened to note, was eating an orange in rather an excited manner, deliberately entered the Home Office, and asked the way to the Stamp Department. Shortly afterwards, Sir WILLIAM HARGREAVES having occasion to leave his official room, slipped down on a piece of the peel that had been evidently left designedly on the stairs. The worthy Baronet, though not much shaken, said he supposed that the outrage was political, and might not be unconnected with the New Bankruptcy Bill. The affair is in the hands of the police.

DISCOVERY OF ARMS IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.

THIS afternoon a dredging-machine, while clearing a portion of the Junction basin, brought up from the bed of mud at the bottom a couple of old kitchen knives and a carving-fork. The weapons had evidently been in the water for some time, and the circumstance has naturally caused much excitement in the immediate neighbourhood.

ALLEGED DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

AN Archbishop, who has been staying at Buxton for the waters, disappeared mysteriously from his hotel yesterday evening, and, as snow was falling at the time, it was feared that he had been buried alive in one or more of the drifts on the hills, for which the locality is famous. Great relief was therefore experienced when it was discovered that the worthy Prelate had been merely spending a few hours quietly at the house of a friend.

REPORTED EARTHQUAKE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A CORRESPONDENT from Egham writes to us:—"I was visiting the State Apartments at Windsor in the usual manner yesterday, when it struck me that I noted a decided oscillation of the stone bannisters on the grand staircase. As I had not long lunched, I could not possibly have been mistaken, and I called the attention of the Cicerone to the fact. I have not the slightest doubt but that the phenomenon was due to a severe shock of earthquake."

MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION IN THE CITY.

THIS morning, between half-past-six and seven, a rather loud report was heard in the neighbourhood of Milk Street, and on the Policeman on duty making inquiry, it was discovered that a slight accident had occurred to a kitchen-boiler that had not been properly repaired. Several arrests have already been made in connection with the affair, and some startling revelations are expected.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY COLLISION.

YESTERDAY evening, a coal-truck on one of the Great Northern sidings at King's Cross, having been shunted by mistake on to the up line, ran against a stationary break-van, with sufficient force to damage a pane of glass in the window of the latter, and almost throw the Guard off his feet. The noise occasioned by the shock of the meeting trucks is said to have been heard distinctly at nearly three yards' distance. The line was speedily cleared. There will be a searching investigation into the affair.

SUSPECTED ANARCHISTS AT CAMBERWELL.

SOME strangers have lately been seen in the neighbourhood of Camberwell; and yesterday they lunched at a well-known public-house, without any apparent object. It is thought, therefore, that they are very likely Anarchists, a threatening, coloured, and illustrated letter of a scurrilous character having been received by the Vicar on the morning of the 14th February last.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of GERMANY was yesterday morning about to take a turn in the Garden Platz, at the rear of the Palace, when an extremely heavy and drenching shower of rain came suddenly down, and determined His Majesty to abandon his stroll. The escape was a most narrow one, and has excited lively comment and congratulation in Court circles.

DIX'S LAND.

["THE Rev. Dr. MORGAN DIX has been delivering some ferocious Lenten lectures at Trinity Chapel, New York, concerning the shocking depravity of the American girl . . . It has pleased Dr. DIX to denounce the higher education of women as if it were certain to result in the ruin of the sex."—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*]

OH, Dr. DIX, oh, Reverend DIX!

So hot at denouncing the sex and its tricks,
Your mind must be full of queer risks and cricks,
You are right off the rails, oh, my Reverend DIX;
'Tis wrong-headed "goodies" like you who would fix
The yoke on the woman, and then if she kicks
You "slate" her as though she had stolen a Pyx,
Like *Bardolph*. The sex like ourselves—is a "mix,"
There are some who are bad, there are some who are "bricks,"
But keep them in darkness to cure them? O, DIX!
The whitest wax-candles, without any wicks,
Would be little use in this world. The fierce flicks
Of your heavy *flagellum* fall wildly; some pricks
Of sharp ridicule's goad you deserve, for it licks
Common sense to perceive what you're at. Budding quicks
Need light, nor do women need darkness, my DIX.
If you'd nurture their morals by teaching them *nix*,
Be sure that you'd not make them seraphs, but "sticks,"
In your dull "Dix's Land"—not Arcadia, DIX,
But a soulless Boetia, sombre as Styx.

A Common Complaint.

SCENE—A Common, of which, by defacing it with a Cutting, a Railway Company have sacrificed the Scenery to their Commercial Interests.

Genius Loci (quoting *Falstaff*). Company, villanous Company, hath been the spoil of me.

"ONE Volunteer is worth six Pressed Men," as a flattened Gentleman remarked in an overcrowded first-class carriage, going down to Brighton on Easter Monday.

"RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT."—The Affirmation Bill.

THIS represents pictorially Mr. DUMB-CRAMBO's view of what we've heard a good deal about recently, i.e.—



MANIFEST-TOES!

Ballad on a Bouquet.

JUST as, by any other name,
As sweet would smell a Rose,
So would an Onion, all the same,
Offend a dainty nose.

Plain fact, in periphrase conveyed,
From naming short we shrink;
'Twere coarse to call a spade a
spade,
And use the word we think.

Reformed Reviewing.

REVIEWS are all too long, and too discursive. They should be short, sharp, and to the purpose. For example, "*How to Grow Mushrooms*, by WILLIAM EARLEY. There is mush room for a little book of this description. It is evident the early BILL picks up the mushroom." This is the kind of thing we want to see introduced in our critical journals.



DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.

(A CAUTION TO MOTHERS.)

Mrs. Tomlinson (to extremely eligible Young Lady). "I'M SURE YOU 'LL LIKE MY SON RICHARD, MY DEAR MISS GOLDMORE! NOT THAT HE'S EXACTLY BRILLIANT, YOU KNOW, BUT HE'S SO STEADY AND GOOD. SPENDS ALL HIS EVENINGS AT HOME, AND ALWAYS IN BED BY ELEVEN! HE'S NEVER GIVEN ME AN HOUR'S UNEASINESS IN HIS LIFE!"

"GOOD GRACIOUS!" EXCLAIMS MISS GOLDMORE, AND INSTANTLY CONCEIVES FOR RICHARD A FRANTIC AVERSION.

[Which is not lessened when she discovers that he's that Modest Youth in the background, pulling on his glove.]

"DISTRIBUTION."

Jeremy Diddler (reading new Bankruptcy Bill). Oh, this is perfectly disgusting, you know!

Professional Adviser. Not exactly pleasant reading, is it?

Jeremy Diddler. Mark my words, Sir, this molly-coddling legislation will ruin the country, send liberty to—well, to chokes, and drive cleverness to—in point of fact, to the dogs!

Professional Adviser. Your sentiments, Sir, do you honour. You should be in Parliament. Your ardent love of freedom would gladden the heart of COWEN, and rouse the enthusiasm of CLARKE.

Jeremy Diddler. Oh, liberty for ever! I say. Every man should be free to "do" as he likes—and can.

Professional Adviser. A Golden Rule, indeed! "Honest distribution of Assets," the Caucus-monger talks about. Honest distribution, I presume, means distribution among what are called "honest" people. They are mostly idiots. Then what is to become of brains?

Jeremy Diddler. Oh! (Sings.)—

We're going to do without 'em,
Don't want 'em any more;
We're going to do without 'em,
As lots have done before.
To deal with Commerce "on the square"
On a very moral plan,
And every noodle will declare,
"I am an honest man!"

Bah! makes a feller sick, such humbug does!

Professional Adviser. Exactly. We must remember, however, our professional maxim—not found in our legal handbooks—that "fools make elaborate laws, and wise men wriggle out of them." They thought they'd tied us up pretty tight in 1869.

Jeremy Diddler. Yes; but how about those "Official Receivers"—*Officious Receivers* I should call 'em?

Professional Adviser. Officialism is the curse of the country! Sixty of them, at a salary of about £1000 a year, I suppose, and paid out of the Assets! It's scandalous. These "Sixty Thieves" who've to be paid well for taking the bread out of poor men's mouths, must be the greatest scoundrels—

Jeremy Diddler. By Jove! A bright idea! I'll apply for the post myself!!!

Professional Adviser. Few could be better fitted for it. But what do we want with 'em at all, when we can settle it all so comfortably among ourselves, and save the Sixty Thousand a year?

Jeremy Diddler. Just so. Public inquiry be blowed! What's the Public got to do with a fellow's private affairs? Our blessed legislators seem to think we're like confounded cucumbers—can't go straight unless we're grown under glass.

Professional Adviser. Precisely. "Strangle our individuality," as COWEN says, by officialism and publicity.

Jeremy Diddler. Oh, look here, I say. Don't talk about strangling. It's uncomfortable. Chance of practical renewal of imprisonment for debt is bad enough without hinting at the hemp business.

Professional Adviser. Centralisation and the Canons are driving us into reactionary courses, Sir. I'm all for "freedom of contract" and the doctrine of "settle it among yourselves!" By-and-by a man won't be able to sneeze without official supervision, or borrow half-a-crown without the consent of the Board of Trade.

Jeremy Diddler (aghast at the latter notion). By Jove!!! Just fancy what a lively time the Board of Trade, and Yours Truly would have; but no matter. Not quite so bad as that yet, old man. Haven't got such a thing as—

Professional Adviser (hastily). I agree, with COWEN, that no Bankruptcy Law at all is necessary. Anyhow, Lord HATHERLEY's opinion that "The principle on which all bankruptcy laws ought to



SPOILING THE SPOILERS.

JEREMY DIDDLEE (*a Fraudulent Bankrupt*). "WHAT!—HAND THE MONEY OVER TO THE CREDITORS!—PREPOSTEROUS IDEA!!!"

HIS "PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANT." "WHY—WE SHALL BOTH BE RUINED!"

be framed was to leave everybody to manage their own affairs"—with the friendly assistance of their own legal advisers, of course—is a sensible one. But this poking and prying, and public inquiry, and army of Official Receivers—

Jeremy Diddler. And all to save the *ridiculously* small sum of half-a-crown—

Professional Adviser. In the pound—

Jeremy Diddler. Is preposterous!

Professional Adviser. Monstrous!!

Jeremy Diddler. A public scandal!!! A national disgrace!!!

Professional Adviser. Well, cheer up, JEREMY! It isn't passed yet; and when it is, why perhaps even *then*, "Bankruptcy Made Easy" may be not *quite* a lost art. But as to "the quick distribution of a bankrupt's assets among his creditors," JERRY!—

Jeremy Diddler. His creditors, mark you!!—

Together. Why what would become of us?

TWO LIGHTS.

The Right Hon. Sir George Jessel,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS, DIED THE 21ST OF MARCH, 1883.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore,

JUSTICE OF THE PROBATE, DIVORCE, AND ADMIRALTY DIVISION, TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE BAR ON THE SAME DAY.

A LIGHT of Law, none stronger or more keen,
Quenched in Death's sudden shadow, to be seen,
A steadfast beacon of clear Right no more;
Lost matchless judgment, lost unrivalled lore,
The sharp, swift insight, the unerring skill,
The strength unbending and unshaken will
That lifted to high fame and pride of place
The virile scion of a virile race.
And even as men mourn their cold eclipse,
Another Light, extinguished not, yet slips
From the full gaze of countryman and friend.
Though one great life yet brightens to the end,
Sad seem the lines that, on one morning, tell
Of JESSEL's death, and PHILLIMORE's farewell.

"THE HAPPY FAMILY."

THE Cabinet are not a happy family, in the literal sense of the words, as regards the question of Municipal Reform.

However thoroughly united they may be in regard to other and more important matters, although even this has been questioned, on the difficult matter that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in an evil hour for his own peace of mind, undertook to arrange to the satisfaction of all men, they are certainly not as one man.

First and foremost stands their great leader with his inborn love and reverence for all institutions hallowed by age and historical associations, who takes every possible opportunity of declaring emphatically, that the reform of the old Corporation when it comes, "if ever it come," shall only tend to increase its power, and its prestige, and its influence for good, and enable it to continue more freely its great and useful work. Sir WILLIAM is said to find in him anything but enthusiastic support.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, with his intimate knowledge of the good deeds of the Livery Companies, gained by his position as Master of the Mercers, the premier Guild of London, betrays no great longing for any radical change in the Corporation or its associated Companies.

Lord GRANVILLE has that inborn dislike to all unnecessary change that it is reasonable to expect in a prosperous and popular Peer who has to conduct all the foreign affairs of this great Empire.

Lord DERBY is, we learn, so utterly disgusted with the *unusual* conduct, to use the very mildest phrase in our vocabulary, of the President of the semi-defunct League, in regard to the proceedings of the City Guilds Commission, that he never hears of his name or his acts or of anything that is his, without indulging in unparliamentary language.

Mr. CHILDERS is so constantly absorbed in mental calculations of a most abstruse character, as to how to meet the enormous deficiency anticipated from the brilliant success of the Blue Ribbon Army, that whenever the subject of Municipal Reform is persuasively introduced to him by Sir WILLIAM, his sole reply is, "Oh, bother!"

Lord HARTINGTON, as is well known, votes the whole thing a bore, and tells everybody that, as HARCOURT voluntarily got himself into the mess, he must get out of it again the best way he can; and he hopes it will be a lesson to him in future to take *Mr. Punch's*

advice and stay more at Home, and attend to the necessary duties of his office.

Mr. DONSON is of course nobody, and he's never yet got over the look of amazement with which he first found himself really and truly a Cabinet Minister.

Lord SPENCER, with his experience of Dublin, naturally shudders at the idea of largely increasing the power of any Municipality, and has a very strong conviction in his secret soul that a very considerable majority of his fellow Peers will prove to be of the same opinion when the question is submitted to them.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it is well known, has expressed himself very strongly against one Municipality for the whole Metropolis, and is in favour of separate Municipalities for the several Parliamentary Boroughs; and as he has had more municipal experience than all the rest of his colleagues put together, his opinion should have great weight.

The only Minister, in fact, on whom Sir WILLIAM can rely is Sir CHARLES DILKE; but as the very well understood and very freely expressed opinions of Sir CHARLES, on nearly all political questions of importance, are far and away in advance of those of aristocratic Sir WILLIAM, his new colleague's over-zeal troubles him almost as much as the calm indifference, or worse, of his older friends. The one point, however, on which they both cordially agree is in their determination to shake off all further connection with the moribund League; and if its astonished President could but know who forms the subject of some of the best *mots* of these equally celebrated wits, it might teach him a lesson that would prove worth the learning.

The last rumour at "The Reform" is that the returns just sent into the Home Office, as to the probable number and character of the constituency of the contemplated New Municipality, are of so strikingly democratic a character, that the introduction of the proposed measure, put off until after Easter, may even be postponed until after Whitsuntide, so as to afford more time for a thorough study of the returns in question.

CRINOLETTE.

TIME was when a hideous fashion
Moved mankind to ire and spleen,
Till the Ladies took compassion
On us, scorning Crinoline.
Now a horrible successor
Comes to make men fume and fret,
And a wild outrageous dresser
Dares to wear a Crinolette.

Crinoline was bad, but surely,
Cages dangling in the dirt,
Wobbling very insecurely,
Don't improve a lady's skirt;
But no matter how this practice,
Inartistic, first began,
It, we're thankful, as a fact, is
Chiefly loved by MARY ANN!

IN THE PRESS.

Cat, a-musing. By the Author of *Kit; a Memory.*
The Lieutenant's Company. By the Author of *The Captain's Room.*
Merely a Curse. By the Author of *Only a Word.*
The Witch's Moon. By the Author of *The Wizard's Son.*
A Durham-B.A. By the Author of *High Degree.*
Not to be taken on Credit. By the Author of *For Cash Only.*
The Tittlebat Angry. By the Author of *The Gentle Savage.*
The Old, Old Story. By the Author of *No New Thing.*
Merely a Criminal Stall. By the Author of *Only a Black Box.*

A Snap at Somnus.

(By a Stupified Victim of the late spell of cheerless Weather.)

"OH, Sleep it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."
Oh! yes, Mr. COLERIDGE, sweetly you sing,
And are probably right, on the whole.
But not this dull drowsing that comes, day and night,
From presence of "liver" and absence of light.

"EASTER EGGS."—Here "TOM SMITH & Co." set the best egg-sample. Of course this Firm doesn't "put all their eggs in one basket," but *Mr. Punch* has seen nothing prettier for this season of the year than one of T. S. & Co.'s *papiers*. They're on the right "lay," and not one of 'em addled.

SONG OF A CENTRE.

As Sung at a Festival of Fenian Conspirators.

WHEN the hand-bomb that's
hurled by the high-minded
hero
Explodes underneath the dark
despot's doomed car,
Or when patriots pine in the
prisons of NERO,
And the powder-keg blows up
the walls where they are,
Oh, those are the deeds that en-
noble the martyrs
Who the frolicsome dictates of
Freedom obey:
Though destruction's, maybe,
dealt around in all quarters,
'Mongst the people that couldn't
get out of the way.

But bad luck to the bast, in his
infatuation,
From revenge inconsiderate, or
vanity blind,
That commits an unpopular as-
sassination,
And against true tyrannicides
turns all mankind!
For that places ourselves in an
awkward position;
If Republics and Kingdoms
together agree
That all sorts of assassins deserve
extradition,
We'll have dynamite dashed
from the fist of the Free!

For Ladies Only.

We are told that—

"The bridle which was formerly
used at Reading to stop the mouths
of scolding women, has been deposited
in the museum of that town."

This is satisfactory. In Read-
ing now Ladies bridle their own
tongues; and if not, never think
of going near the Museum.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 129.



JOHN MORLEY, ESQ., M.P.,

THE NORTHERN LIGHT-WEIGHT.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT IN PELL-MELL, AND FOUGHT KNIGHTLY.

"THE TWO ROSES."

(A New Song, on English Operatic prospects at Drury Lane, set to a very old tune.)

LUBLY ROSA back you come,
Won't I hear your string and brass
and drum, drum, drum.
O ROZE, MARIE ROZE,
You're singing for CARL ROSA,
"So the story goes."

Chorus.

O rows of seats, whole rows,
Will, we hope, be filled each night,
For all your shows.

A PHILOLOGIST who had been
much exercised by the American-
isms "Masher" and "Mashed,"
recently imported into the English
language, was in an ecstasy of
delight at finding in an old copy
of one of VANBRUGH's plays this
Stage direction: "Enter BELINDA,
mashed." He at once sat down
to write a treatise, when, after
having set forth a learned theory
on derivations and the recurrence
of terms in the course of centuries,
it occurred to him to compare his
edition with several others of the
same play, when gradually the
conviction was borne in upon him
that the word he had read
"mashed," and which was unde-
niable "mashed" in his copy,
was a misprint for "masked,"
the Stage direction being "Enter
BELINDA, masked."—*Moral.* It
doesn't do for a Philologist to be
too impetuous.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

DR. SIEMENS is reported to have
grown strawberries by means of
electricity—very nice, he says,
although slightly savouring of
the current. Latest fruits of
Science.

IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

(NEWCASTLE VERSION.)

With thanks to Mr. Theo. Marshals.

THERE's many a famous Member in the North Countree,
Many favourites of the Caucus, many speakers of renown;
But oh! among the smartest that ever you did see,
Is Radical JOHN MORLEY, who came down from London town.
We all sat around our Association Board,
When the Tories had a fancy that *their* man might win;
And then *he* came, so square and fair and broad,
Uncompromising rectitude about his solid chin.
And he sang to us there a *J--ll* Mail song,
Till we all must needs sing too;
Of WILLIAM, grand old Leader, and of JOSEPH smart and strong,
Witty VERNON, Chelsea CHARLIE frank and true.
And we said, "Our town will make, unless we much mistake,
A comfortable seat for you!
Ay, a comfortable seat for you!"

There is many a famous Member in the North Countree
A-taking care the Liberal sun shall not go down.
But MORLEY lit a candle that you all might see,
Our shrewd and sparkling MORLEY from far London town.
Light it tript, that fluent tongue,
Sharp and pat to logic's dance,
Only JOE COWEN his grand head hung,
And sulked in a corner, and glared askance.
But MORLEY came to win, and he had his way,
We "heckled" him, and searched him through,

And says we, "Our town will make, unless we much mistake,
A comfortable seat for you,
Ay, a comfortable seat for you!"

There's many a Tory voter in the North Countree
A-breaking of his heart as the BRUCE goes down.
And JOE stood a-sighing; but he says, says he,
"After all, it's very little use to fume or frown."

And the Tories own a "beat."
Liberal cheers then rent the skies.

At the sound of their defeat

Our JOHN MORLEY did uprise,

And his manly voice sounded so clear on our ear—

"Oh, Liberals straight and true,

BRUCE is really a good fellow, for all that I can hear,
But for Newcastle he'll hardly do.

'Tis I that will make, unless I much mistake,

The very sort of Member, friends, for you!

Ay, the very sort of Member, friends, for you!"

A Warning in Waxwork.

SUNDREY posters in divers places announce that a "Portrait Model
of Mr. CHARLES S. PARNELL," M.P., has been added to Madame
TUSSAULT's Exhibition. Surely, Mr. PARNELL has done nothing that
can have entitled him to a position amongst celebrities associated in
a certain special Chamber of the establishment in Baker Street—as
yet? To do him an honour so very peculiar as that of placing
him there in effigy, seems, at least, premature. The Waxwork
Proprietors are not Astrologers; but this does seem like casting
Mr. PARNELL's Chamber-of-Horror-scopes.



NEW IDEAS.

"THE FACT IS, SIR ROGER, I DON'T APPROVE OF FOXHUNTING; AT LEAST, NOT FOR MEN. I THINK IT AN UNMANLY KIND OF SPORT!"

"UN-MAN-LY!"

"WELL, YES, YOU KNOW. WOMEN CAN HUNT. I HAVE, LOTS OF TIMES; AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IN AT THE DEATH, I'M ASHAMED TO SAY!"

"THEN WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU CONSIDER MANLY?"

"WELL—BICYCLING. WOMEN CAN'T DO THAT, YOU KNOW, NOT EVEN WITH DIVIDED SKIRTS!"

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

ALTHOUGH months have elapsed since the events occurred to which the accompanying letter refers, I think it may be found of sufficient interest to all my bachelor friends who are blessed with female relatives, to justify its insertion.

A few days after I had given my instructions to the Liberal Haberdashers I sometime since alluded to, I received, to my intense astonishment, a letter from my Aunt, of which the following is a copy:—

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,

"I HAVE received from Messrs. ISAACS AND LAWSON a parcel of Silk, which, they inform me, they have forwarded by your direction. I have examined the worthless rubbish with an amount of astonishment that I really find it quite impossible to express. I can quite understand, my dear Nephew, the kindness that impelled you to make me, as you fondly thought, a very handsome present for my approaching birthday; but the shameful way in which you have been swindled, and induced to insult me in a way that I never could have believed possible, worries and annoys me more than I can express.

"It's a long way, of course, from Truro to London, and you know how I hate those nasty Railways, especially since I have been so lame, but I shall start by the early train to-morrow morning, and we will go together to those shameful swindlers, accompanied by a Policeman, and let them see that we are not quite such idiots in Cornwall as to be taken in by such an impudent attempt at deception.

"I hope the journey will not prove too much for my strength; but I shall be able to stay with you three or four days to recover myself. I shall bring my maid with me, so we shall require two bed-rooms. It is, of course, a great effort for me to make, but nothing shall prevent my assisting you in punishing those infamous swindlers who have dared so to impose upon your utter ignorance of these important matters.

"Your affectionate Aunt, "TABITHA TREVELYAN."

My poor dear Aunt stayed with me a full week before she was able to return home. It was certainly the longest and the most expensive, and I fear I must add, the most untruthful week I ever experienced, and the worst of it is that I also fear, from her somewhat severe manner at leaving, that my long week's sacrifice of comfort and convenience, of boundless extravagance, and of imaginative explanations was all thrown away.

I am going to Herne Bay for a few days' absolute quiet and repose, and to recover my wonted serenity after the fearful trial to which I have been subjected, from which I draw this moral for my future guidance:—

Never buy a bargain in Silk; never make a present to a distant Relation; and never have a spare bed-room in a small establishment.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the funds of the Land League. It has been suggested several times that these mysterious accounts should be audited. With a view to making a start in that direction, the following figures are interrogatively subjoined, as, from their nature, they seem likely to pass unquestioned by anyone:—

List of Disbursements.

	£	s.	d.
Tickets to Paris and America	1,000	0	0
Cost of flirting Overcoat with hand-hugging Pockets	10	0	0
Lessons from Dancing-Master in Irish Jig	1	10	0
Whiskey	1,000	0	0
Entertainment of the Fair Sex (no true Irishman, bedad, would object to that)	4	7	9
Boots and Gloves	1	12	6
Contributions to the Poor-Boxes in Paris Churches	0	0	3
The "Masher Suit" as advertised	2	10	0
Perfumery and Hair-Curling	0	2	6
Expenses of various Gentlemen—say	3,000	0	0
Charity	0	3	3
Other Disbursements	19,979	13	9
	£25,000	0	0

The Rival Blues.

(From the Home Secretary's point of view.)

BOBBY in Blue, put your truncheon in play,
The rough's on the loose, and the "lag's" on the lay.
Where is the Blue, who that truncheon should use?
Off to the Boat Race, to guard other Blues!

TO BE SOLD, the whole of the Stock-in-Trade, Appliances, and Inventions of a Successful Æsthete, who is retiring from business. This will include a large Stock of faded Lilies, dilapidated Sunflowers, and shabby Peacocks' Feathers, several long-haired Wigs, a collection of incomprehensible Poems, and a number of impossible Pictures. Also, a valuable Manuscript Work, entitled *Instruction to Æsthetes*, containing a list of æsthetic catchwords, drawings of æsthetic attitudes, and many choice secrets of the craft. Also, a number of well-used Dadoes, sad-coloured Draperies, blue and white China, and brass Fenders.

To shallow-pated, flabby young Men with no education, who are anxious to embark in a profitable business which requires no capital but impudence, and involves no previous knowledge of anything, this presents an unusual opportunity. No reasonable offer refused. Apply in the first instance to Messrs. JUCKLEMORE AND JALLIWACK, Solicitors, Chancery Lane.



A REMONSTRANCE.

Retiring Old Gent (who had evaded the Income-tax for years, and been "brought to book" at last). "WELL, I CAN JUST MANAGE IT THIS TIME; BUT, LOOK HERE, YOU MUST INFORM HER MAJESTY THAT IN FUTURE, 'FO' MY WORD, SHE REALLY MUSTN'T COUNT UPON ME AS A SOURCE OF INCOME!"

AN EASTER HOLIDAY IN PARIS.

(Mems. from the Diary of a Home-Ruler.)

Monday.—Commencement of the Easter recess. Arrived in Paris safe and sound. Precious glad to be here, as my blundering fellow countrymen are always making awkward mistakes. As it was, during the passage between Dover and Calais, I found one of these donkeys taking aim at me with a revolver from under cover of the paddle-box. When I remonstrated with him, he apologised, and said he took me for quite a different Gentleman. Of course, we know nothing about these mysterious bands, or rather we know they do not exist, but still I do wish they would be more careful! It's false economy to employ illiterate avengers because their services can be procured cheaply.

Tuesday.—Took a walk in the Rue de Rivoli, and was accosted by two men, who asked me "if I happened to be Mr. GLADSTONE?" Replied, "Certainly not." They told me that they were delighted to hear it, as they had received instructions to stab the PREMIER to the heart, and were unwilling to make mistakes. Can't understand the matter at all. Called upon M. HENRI DE ROCHEFORT, and repeated to him a speech I had composed to be delivered after the recess. He expressed himself delighted with it. This was very gratifying and flattering. The more so as the speech was delivered in English, and HENRI only speaks French. Going home to my hotel, found a string of men standing in a row. They all had red flags. One of them asked me if I happened to be Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as if I were he and his companions were to signal to one another my approach by waving their banners. Assured him I was not Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, but can't make out what it all means.

Wednesday.—Met a few of my colleagues, and determined to do a little business. Talked over the wrongs of Ireland for five minutes, and then practised the national jig. Adjourned to pay a call upon certain of the fair sex. Behaved in the most elegant manner. As

SAGE GREEN.

(By a Fading-out Aesthetic.)

Mr love is as fair as a lily flower.
(The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!)
Oh, bright are the blooms in her maiden bower.
(Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!)

Her face is as wan as the water white.
(The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!)
Her eyes are as stars on a moonlit night.
(Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!)

The China plate it is pure on the wall.
(The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!)
Alack! she heedeth it never at all.
(Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!)

The heart of the damozel is full fain,
(The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!)
With languorous loving and purple pain.
(Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!)

And woe is me that I never may win;
(The Peacock blue has a sacred sheen!)
For the Bard's hard up, and she's got no tin.
(Sing Hey! Sing Ho! for the sweet Sage Green!)

A Board-School Accomplishment.

WHAT a remarkable omission in the New Education Code has been unaccountably overlooked by its framers! They have made careful and ample provision for the instruction of the juvenile masses in music. Should they not also have taken the necessary order to cause the children of the Million to be taught dancing? "A lively measure" of this sort will evidently be necessary for their proper elevation to the level of polite Society, which, of course, will delight in being supplied with footmen and other servants all really capable of elegantly dancing attendance. For that purpose steps must be taken.

COLOURABLE.

A SPORTING Paper says it sees "rocks ahead" for British Sport. They are presumably not "Blue Rocks." Or was it a misprint for "rooks?"

we were dancing the jig we had practised in the morning, and just as we and the Ladies were warming to the work, half the house was blown down by dynamite. Hurried into the street to see what was the matter. Very angry. Fellow countryman most apologetic. Said that he and his mates had mistaken one of our number for a Cabinet Minister. Well, what if he did? Most extraordinary! Why blow up the house on that account? Fairly puzzled!

Thursday.—Another meeting with my colleagues. Put to the vote—politics or beauty? Decided unanimously in favour of the latter. Had a fine time of it entirely. Accompanied distinguished members of the fair sex to Versailles. Vastly polite to the member peculiarly hypothecated to me. Was careful, however, to draw the line. Did not wish to have the pain of refusing her. Coming back to Paris, train left the line. Lady is terribly frightened, but not hurt. Individual in a disguise-cloak apologised. He said he thought that our fair companions were English Ladies. Hence the mistake. He wouldn't have murdered an Irishwoman to save his life. What could he mean?

Friday.—When we were breakfasting quietly at the Grand Hotel, the entire floor mounted *en masse* like a balloon, and carried us into the Champs Elysées. Gentleman in a black mask profuse in his apologies. Some mistakes. They had been tempted to do it by seeing a large family party of English children entering the saloon. Were unaware of our presence. Very angry. Man in mask retorted. They hadn't had an advance for a long time! What did he mean? He said that he and his mates were not going to do all the dirty work, while we— Left him at this point, as he was evidently becoming offensive. However, thought it advisable to leave Paris immediately.

Saturday.—Back in London. Ready for the next Parliamentary campaign. Outrages going on right and left. Don't, of course, know in the least who the "miscreants" are. But they must be sharp fellows to think of such clever things. Funds of the League in satisfactory condition. But still these outrages are terrible. Do so wonder who are the organisers.

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NATURE'S PUZZLES.

"HARK, TOMMY! DO YOU HEAR THE CUCKOO?"

"YES; BUT I DON'T SEE THE CLOCK ANYWHERE!"

A REAL EASTER HOLIDAY.

I was enabled on Friday, through the great kindness of two of the sons of the friendly Councillor of whom I have had so often to speak, to enjoy on our noble river, distinguished by our poets for ages past as the "Silver Thames," a day of the simplest and purest enjoyment. We started at about ten o'clock, after a copious breakfast, and boldly walked to Mortlake. It is many years since I accomplished so herculean a feat—*ex pede Herculem* is, I think, the correct quotation here—and proud enough I felt at its accomplishment, and, truth compels me to add, tired enough too. However, a capital but economical dinner at a neighbouring inn, the closed doors of which flew open like magic at the word "Travellers," soon set me to-rights, and we sauntered down to the river, and chartered a boat. I believe "chartered" is the correct phrase, and we were, consequently, the charter-parties; and it being my first appearance in that character, I of course endeavoured to look as much like a charter-party as possible.

We started in a blaze of hot sunshine, which was, however, prevented from being too oppressive by about the sharpest and keenest North-Easter that I think I ever experienced. My two youthful companions rowed, of course, and I, for the first time in all my chequered existence, undertook to steer. So long as our course was quite clear, this did not seem a very difficult or complicated operation. I had only to keep her nose straight, I was told, and I was sure to be right. I, of course, had not the remotest idea whose nose was to be kept straight, or how I was to accomplish this necessary operation; but I found if I pulled both the strings as hard as I could, all seemed right, and so I continued doing till my arms ached again.

But when we got further up the river, what with the sun, and the East wind, and the other boats that would keep getting in our way, and would keep shouting out, "Where are you coming to, stupid?" "Does your mother know you're out?" and other similar domestic inquiries, I got quite confused, and pulling the wrong string by mistake, nearly got under the "bough," I think they call it, of what seemed to me quite a gigantic steamer; however, with that presence of mind that rarely forsakes me for long, by pulling violently at the other string, I managed to run our boat right ashore, when, of course, we were safe. I had been noticing for some time past that the water was rising rather rapidly in

our boat, and I now called my companions' attention to the strange fact, and to the rather singular effect thereof, that my boots were thoroughly wet through. Upon examination it was discovered that the boat was leaking badly, but this seemed but a very trifling matter to my young friends, for, jumping on to the adjacent mud-bank and calling to me to follow, we soon hauled our outrigger ashore, cleared her out, turned her over, launched her again, and there we were, "as right as ninepence," as I was informed by our bough oar. My utter inexperience of nautical phraseology prevents me from thoroughly understanding how right ninepence is generally considered to be, but as I was at that particular moment sitting with a blazing sun right in my eyes, and a cutting North-Easter right in my left ear, and a wet steering-rope in each cold hand, with my boots full of muddy water, and my best trousers coated with black mud nearly up to the knees, I think I would rather not learn from a bitter experience what it is to be as right as a shilling.

Our four hours' row, which, under my somewhat trying circumstances might have proved just a trifle monotonous, was agreeably varied by the necessity under which we found ourselves of running ashore on two other occasions for the purpose of again emptying our leaky boat. On remonstrating somewhat severely with the eminent boat-builder from whom we had chartered our treacherous craft, he coolly informed us that "as it was the werry first time she had been out since she was laid up for the winter, he was half afeard as she might just weep a little."

We left him and his weeping outrigger, looking as indignant as it is well possible to look with one's boots and trousers smothered, so to speak, with Thames mud, and again sought refuge in our friendly inn, where a liberal tea warmed and refreshed us, and enabled us to make light of our threefold escape. My young friends seemed to think it gave the one touch of adventure necessary to a perfect day's amusement, and I have but little doubt that repeated experiences of the same kind might at length succeed in convincing me that, to walk seven or eight miles on a stretch, and then to sit for four mortal hours in a small, leaky boat, without even the ordinary luxury of a cushion, in a bitter Easterly wind, pulling with unaccustomed hands at two small ropes, with your boots filled with muddy water, and your best trousers plastered with Thames mud, and with all the anxiety necessarily resulting from the responsibility of knowing that you are the only one on board who knows which way you are going, or by what dangers you are surrounded, at once satisfactorily answer the oft-repeated question, "How to spend a Happy Day."

AN OUTSIDER.

THE DUTCHMAN'S BIG DOG.

(EARL GREY'S VERSION.)

Boer sings—

Oh where and oh where is my big Bulldog?

Oh where and oh where can he be?

With his Su-ze-rain-ty and his Con-ven-ti-on,

Oh where and oh where is he?

They set him to watch me, my tricks for to stop;

Oh where and oh where can he be?

But I guess he will never catch me on the hop,

And his bark is all fiddlededee.

I call him my dog, he would scare me, but can't;

I whistle, he'll come, you will see,

With his tail 'twixt his legs, and his ears on the slant,

As docile a dog as can be.

My big Bulldog cannot know what he's about,

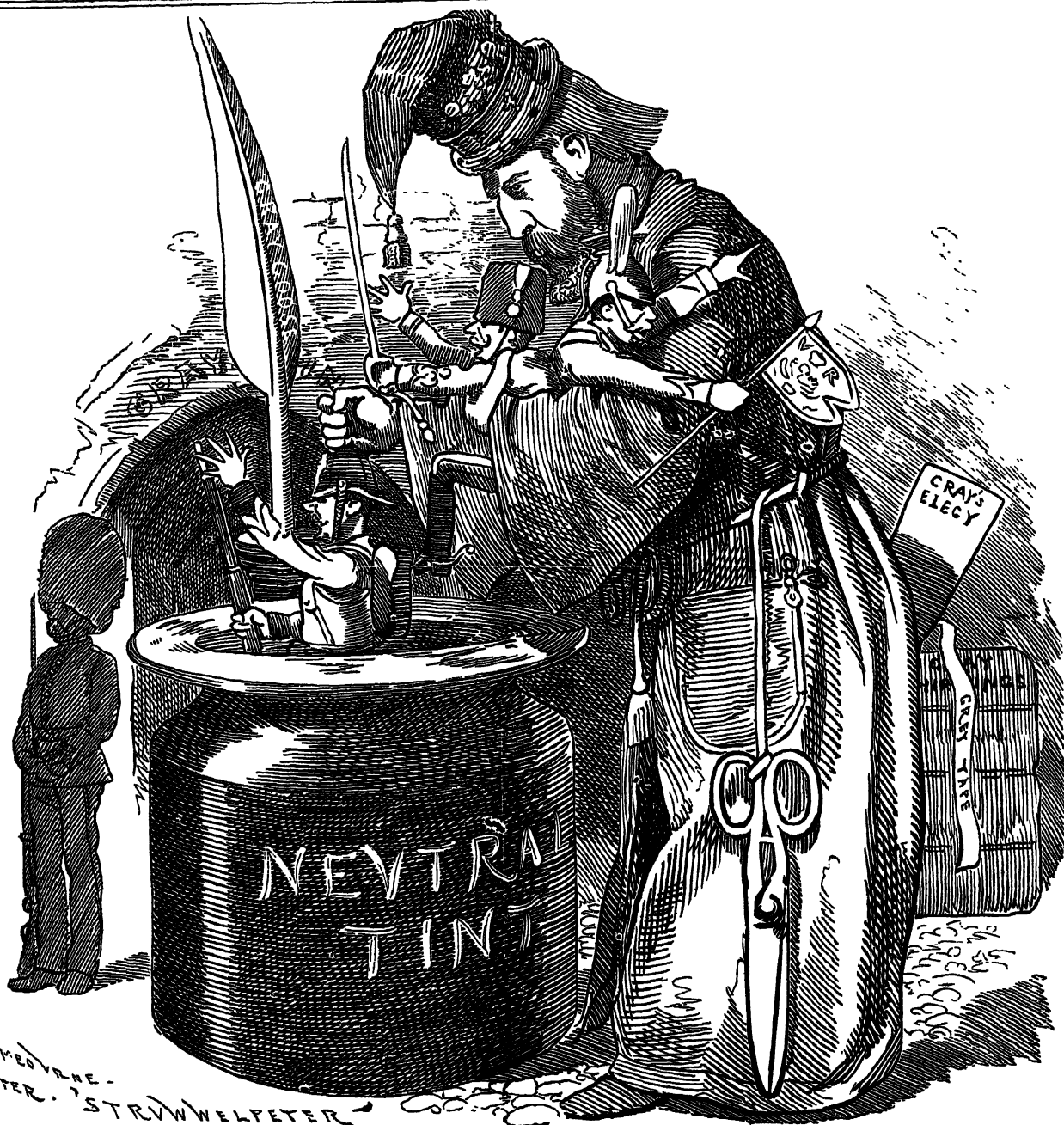
He seems in a bit of a fog.

If the dog were the stronger, he'd rule me, no doubt.

As it is, I shall just rule the dog.

Oh where and oh where, &c.

A LITTLE GAME OF CROKE, EH?—The Archbishop of CASHEL, Dr. CROKE, has subscribed handsomely to the "Parnell Testimonial." His Grace's title should be, Archbishop of Cash-ill applied. The Thirteenth LEO will roar; but not with laughter.



"DIPPING THE COLOURS."

Shady Prospects for the Army, according to the New High-Hart-in-toning-down "arrangement in gray."

"AND THEY MAY SCREAM, AND THEY MAY CALL,
INTO THE DYE HE DIPS THEM ALL:

THEIR SCARLET COATS SO BRIGHT TO SEE,
COME OUT QUITE GRAY, GRAY-DUALLEE."
From "Agrippa the Dipper," in "Struwwel Peter,"—(adapted).

HIS FIRST BUDGET.

SCENE—Interior of the Sanctum at 85, Fleet Street. MR. PUNCH discovered hard at work. TOBY (pocketing a bribe) ushers in Distinguished Statesman, and retires stealthily and hurriedly.

Mr. Punch (looking up). Ah, CHILDERS, you here? What do you want?

Distinguished Statesman (nervously). Oh, please, Sir, I don't want to disturb you, but the Grand Old—I should say the PREMIER—said I was to read you the rough draft of my financial statement, and—

Mr. P. Ah, to be sure—the Budget! Fire away, then—as you used to say at the War Office.

D. S. Ah! I liked Pall Mall so much better than Whitehall! I do so miss the armour I used to borrow from the Tower.

Mr. P. Well, never mind that. Go on briskly, and tell me if you have imposed any new imposts. Cut out the preliminary "dialect," as DUCROW used to say, and "come to the 'osses."

D. S. (producing M.S.). Well, Sir, I thought Bicycles and Tricycles—

Mr. P. Won't do. They are a bother to the horses of the rich, but give a deal of pleasure to the small City clerk and the artisan. Leave them alone.

D. S. (crossing out suggestion). Then a small duty on Cartes de Visite.

Mr. P. Now that Professional Beauties are out of fashion, won't be very productive. Out with it!

D. S. (erasing). Then I thought a small impost upon Theatrical Tickets—

Mr. P. Certainly not, Sir! The Public pay enough for their places already. Away with it!

D. S. (erasing). Then it seemed to me that, perhaps, if Aërated Waters—

Mr. P. Oh, leave "the Mashers" alone for the present. I have dealt with them.

D. S. (erasing). Then I thought if we taxed the Advertisements, especially those on the hoardings.

Mr. P. You wouldn't do much harm? Well, it was tried years ago, in the papers, and wasn't popular. Cross it out.

D. S. (erasing). And then it seemed to me that, as there were such a lot of them, if we taxed the Volunteers—

Mr. P. Why, you would set the country in a blaze! Out with it, Sir; out with it! I suppose you couldn't get the War Office out of your head! Well, go on.

D. S. Please, Sir, I can't go on. I have crossed out everything.

Mr. P. Well, GLADSTONE Junior, you have made a nice mess of it! However, as I have a spare ten minutes, I will set it right for you.

D. S. (falling on his knees). If the gratitude of a life!—

[Scene closes in upon Mr. PUNCH good-humouredly altering the Budget to the form in which it is to be presented to the House of Commons.]

PLIMSOLL'S PÆAN.

SINE Ventilators! popular sell
To put down spouting-shaft!
Conspiracy of the lounging Swell!
All Nobdom's cant and craft!
The working-man they do not love,
They'd stop the holes that blow,
That they may idly lounge above
Whilst labour chokes below.
Infernal stink? Infernal rot!
A mere occasional puff
Of sulphur-fume and steam-spray hot!
Out on æsthetic stuff!
They'd prig "the people's pleasure-ground,"
In which to stroll and trifle,
And whilst at ease cavorting round,
Care not that thousands stifle.
The Railway is the People's friend,
The Swell the People's foe;
So long as blow-holes he can end
He does not care a blow.
If Railways cannot breath-room give
Without park-spoiling, why,
Better that labouring men should live,
Though trees and flowers should die.
And if you say that on that "If"
All sorts of questions hinge;
Not logic *plus* a sulphur-whiff
Can make a zealot cringe.

HOME COMFORTS.

The following is a puzzle which appears in the *Daily Telegraph* (March 26th):—

BOARD and RESIDENCE, South Kensington. Near park, museum, rail, and omnibus. Bath room. Home comforts. Terms for partial from 18s.; full from 21s.; married couple, two guineas. Carpet dances.

Now, partial home comforts at eighteen shillings appears reasonable, but full home comforts at a guinea is decidedly cheap. The final sentence puzzles us altogether, "Carpet dances." Does it, indeed? Is this one of the "home comforts"? Possibly the tables turn, the chairs chevy one another, and the sideboard "sets to partners." It would perhaps be somewhat perplexing, all this frivolity of furniture, after a time. Possibly we have made a mistake, and that "Carpet dances" is a misprint for *Carpe diem*.



"SERVICE GOING TO THE—"

Customer. "DID YOU SEE THE NEW REGIMENT MARCH IN YESTERDAY? A FINE BODY O' MEN—" (*Barber sniffs depreciatingly.*) "EH? WHY, I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THE 150TH SPOKEN OF AS ONE OF THE CRACK—" [*Is lathered.*]

Barber. "'POOR LOT, I FANCY, SIR! ALL GROW THEIR BEARDS; AND I'VE HEARD THE COLONEL SHAVES HIMSELF!'"

THEATRICAL MEMS.—*The Rector* at the Court got it hot all round from the Critics. Mr. PINERO has, we hear, seen the error of his way, and has rectorified his mistake. The acting is said to be very good. We shall see.—Among the numerous *Matinées* at the Gaiety are two of considerable interest; one when *Vice Versa* is to be played, and the other is Miss LINDLEY's *Matinée*, when this Lady is to appear as *Countess d'Autreval* in T. W. ROBERTSON'S *Ladies' Battle*, and a young Irish Gentleman, Mr. H. FITZ-PATRICK, is to essay the part of *Pat McNoggerty* in *That Rascal Pat*. A new delineator of Irish character is a rarity, and will be a great attraction for this entertainment, which should be called a *Matinée* and a *Patinée*. It is on the Thirteenth.—Opera Comique. *Bondage*, last Saturday, proved to be a dull translation from the French by a "well-known London Author," whose name did not appear. This was wise; had none of the Actors appeared, and the piece itself not been produced, it would have been still wiser.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



DOMBEY AND SON.

THE SOCIETY DRAMATIST.

THE Society Dramatist has an enormous advantage over his professional brethren. He is so thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the *haut ton*, that he can represent polite society as it really is. Mr. SONNETAN TYDIE has forwarded to us the following specimen of refined Comedy which, he says, was played with enormous success at the Duke of BRICKWALL'S Theatre last week:—

LOVE AND WAR.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord ARDOURY.

Colonel REGINALD DUNNING LOVETON (retired).

Captain ALGERNON STASLEY.

Captain CHARLES STARCHLEY.

Lady ARDOURY.

Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES (of Pillmoney, a rich Widow).

ACT I.—*July. The landing and entrance to the ball-room at Princes' Gate, the town residence of Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES. To the right is a Footman, who is announcing the guests. Mrs. R. J. is standing right-centre with a magnificent bouquet. In the centre are two large candelabra, with flowers, &c. To the left is another entrance, through which can be seen portion of the suite of rooms à la Renaissance. The band is playing, in the distance, one of WALDTREUFFEL'S waltzes, and the dancers can be seen. The faint cries of the linkmen heard without:—"Coming in!" "Coming out!" "Lord RIGHTLAND'S Servant!" &c., &c.*

Enter, from left, Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY.

Starchley. Do you know what time the supper-room will be open?

Stasley. One o'clock, I think. It now wants ten minutes to.

Star. I say, those are awfully good collars of yours! They are much higher than mine.

Stas. They are good. I got them in the Burlington. They have little slots at the side to keep the tie down. [*Shows collar.*]

Star. An awfully good dodge. Here comes Lady ARDOURY. No mistake about her being a beautiful woman.

Stas. She only made her *début* last season.

Star. Yes. Married his Lordship six months ago, and was the centre of attraction at the Queen's last ball.

Enter Lady ARDOURY with Partner (L.). She stops to speak to STARCHLEY and STASLEY, and the Partner returns to ball-room.

Footman (R.) announces "Colonel LOVETON." Enter Colonel REGINALD DUNNING LOVETON.

Mrs. Racksworth Jones (shaking hands with him). How late you are!

Col. Loveton. So sorry. Couldn't get away from the DRESS-BOROUGH'S before. The Royalties stayed so late. What a pretty ball you have!

Mrs. R. J. Yes. It is pretty.

Col. L. Who is the beautiful woman talking to STARCHLEY?

Mrs. R. J. Lady ARDOURY.

Col. L. Wife of "TIBBY" ARDOURY. I know him. He used to shoot with us at my uncle's place at Machaggis. Do introduce me to her.

[*Mrs. R. J. crosses the Stage, and introduces him to Lady ARDOURY. She bows.*]

Col. L. I know Lord ARDOURY well.

Lady A. Oh, yes! I've heard him speak of you.

Col. L. The supper-room is open. May I take you down?

[*Lady ARDOURY bows, and exit, with Col. L. (R.), followed by Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY.*]

Mrs. R. J. (in despair). He does not love me. I am resolved! As he will not love me, he shall fight me!

[*Curtain. End of Act I. (Interesting so far, isn't it?)*]

ACT II.—*October. Conservatory and entrance-hall at Deery Park, Lord ARDOURY'S Country seat. Through the door at back is seen a barouche. Coachman on box talking to Groom. Footmen with rugs, sunshades, &c.*

Enter Lady ARDOURY and Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES, equipped for driving.

Lady A. (to Footman). KENT—fetch Connus. (*Exit Servant.*) Will you get into the carriage first?—I must wait for Connus.

[*Mrs. R. J. exit through door at back, and gets into carriage.*]

Re-enter KENT, the Footman, with Connus, a pug-dog.

Lady A. KENT, put the dog in carriage.

[*Exit Footman through door at back.*]

Col. LOVETON, in shooting costume, suddenly appears from behind a palm-tree.

Col. L. (to Lady A.). Make some excuse not to go. I must see you—and alone. Hush! Here comes STARCHLEY and STASLEY. Send them for the drive. I will explain all!

[*Disappears behind palm-tree.*]

Enter Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY.

Lady A. Will you oblige me by driving with Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES. I cannot go. I am not well. Make my best excuses to her.

[*She sits on blue-china stool, (L.). Exit STARCHLEY and STASLEY at back. They are explaining, then get into carriage, which drives off.*]

Lady A. What can he mean?

Re-enter Col. LOVETON.

Col. L. Lady ARDOURY—FREDERICA—I love you!

Lady A. Love me! Oh, Colonel LOVETON, is this honour?

Col. L. All is fair in Love and War, and this is Love!

[*Curtain. End of Act II. (Exciting, isn't it?)*]

ACT III.—*The same day. Night. SCENE—The colonnade and lawn outside Deery Park. Easy chairs, Scinde rugs, &c. carefully arranged. To the left are Captains STARCHLEY and STASLEY at small table, playing "Spillikins." To the right are Lord ARDOURY and Mrs. RACKSWORTH JONES at another table with coffee. Lord ARDOURY is smoking a cigar, and Mrs. R. J. a cigarette. Through the French windows under colonnade in centre can be seen the interior of the drawing-room. Lady ARDOURY is at piano, playing "My Queen" waltz softly. Col. LOVETON leaning over piano talking to her.*

Mrs. R. J. (to Lord A.). I don't think I ever thanked you for that charming box of Egyptians.

Lord A. Oh! yes; you did, indeed. I feared you would not like them, as they had no mouthpiece.

Mrs. R. J. Indeed! I don't like the mouthpiece. Well, as I was saying, Col. LOVETON is no fit guest for you. He has been compelled to resign from the Turf, and mark—even now—his attentions to Lady ARDOURY. It will end when the clock strikes eleven!!

Col. L. (to Lady A., who has stopped playing). Oh! play that again. I could listen to you for ever.

Lady A. What! when you think of RUBINSTEIN?

Col. L. But I don't! (*Sentimentally.*) What is his studied manipulation to your inspired feeling? He works hard—you play soft. He fancies he plays—you play his fancies. Oh, FREDERICA! he may be a learned performer—but you are simple perfection.

Capt. Starchley. You moved three or four of the spillikins then.

Capt. Stasley. No; I didn't!

Capt. Starchley. Yes; you did!

Capt. Stasley. I don't think I did.

Capt. Starchley. I fancied you did; but I may be wrong.

Mrs. R. J. Hark! (*The clock strikes eleven.*) The end has come!

Enter Detective, hurriedly. He goes to STARCHLEY, and takes him by the shoulder. In shaking off the Detective, the table is upset.

Detective. Colonel LOVETON, I believe?

Starch. Wrong again, old Sportsman!

Stasley. Confound you! You've upset our spillikins, and spoiled our game.

Starch. Perhaps you'll pick 'em up.

Detective. Very sorry, Gentlemen. But I see my man.

[Exit into drawing-room, and arrests Colonel LOVETON. All come forward.]

Detective. It's all over, Colonel MATCHLER, alias Captain TENTER, alias Colonel REGINALD DUNNING LOVETON.

Col. Loveton. FREDERICA—I can explain all!

Lord Ardoury. Lady ARDOURY, if you please.

Lady Ardoury. My husband, I never knew how much I loved you till now! [STARCHLEY and STASLEY retire, and pick up the epilkinks.]

Col. Loveton (to Mrs. R. J.). This is your doing. You promised never to betray me.

Mrs. R. J. All is fair in Love and War, and this is WAR!

Curtain.

Extract from Next Morning Paper's Criticism, or from some remarks by an "Old Playgoer."—"That Mr. SONEETAN TYDIE, the Author of this clever Comedy, *Love and War*, can write brilliant dialogue is evident from the witty passages with which this play abounds; but his aim has been to give us true pictures of the fashionable society of the day, and in this Mr. SONEETAN TYDIE, being an acute observer, and himself a notable figure in the *beau monde* which he delineates, has been exceptionally successful."

THE NEW COLOUR FOR THE ARMY.

(Extracts from the Note-Book of our Extra Special Experimentalist.)

12 Noon.—Well, here we are at Flatfoot Flats, with telescopes, spectacles, and measures complete. Obeyed our orders in every detail. The Professor and myself are determined to sift the matter thoroughly, and not to accept evidence at second-hand. We have got a Metropolitan Policeman in blue, a Volunteer in grey, and a Militiaman in scarlet. Easily find out for ourselves which is the best colour. Soon see which is most conspicuous at a distance. The Professor not only scientific but thoughtful. As it is blowing hard, and feels bitterly cold, he has brought with him a large stone jar of whiskey. We have just had a mug of it each, and are all the better for it. The Policeman, Volunteer, and Militiaman are waiting for our orders.

1 P.M.—So far we have not obtained any very valuable result. We started our three colour-wearers from our post of observation, and told them to walk slowly away. To our great surprise they became invisible almost immediately. By the aid of a telescope we made out what we believed to be the Policeman at about a thousand yards' distance. Subsequently, it turned out that what we had taken for the constable was a windmill. In like manner, a goose passed for the Militiaman, and a donkey for the Volunteer. However, the test was scarcely a fair one. It appears that immediately after leaving us, our three assistants, instead of following out our instructions, adjourned to a public-house, where we found them a little later. We were very much annoyed, and would have been seriously angry had not the whiskey proved an excellent protector from the severity of the weather. It is wonderful what a lot of ardent spirit you can consume in a strong rarefied atmosphere when you have the chance—I should say when Science demands the sacrifice.

2 P.M.—Really very much annoyed. Policeman and Militiaman had to take Volunteer to station-house. This disgraceful, as Scientists should keep sober. Policeman and Militiaman came back. Both of them were more than one. Brought other people—somehow. Don't quite know why—but that's idea. Professor and I had more whiskey. Keeps out cold. Colour of Policeman, blue—Militiaman don't quite know what to say. Looked for them all over the place, then found them fast asleep out of sight. This playing fool—don't know?

2.30 P.M.—Lost Policeman. Don't know what become him. Militiaman (good fellow, Militiaman) awfully sorry. He weeps like child. So does Professor; so do I. Saddest thing in life! All had whiskey. Keep cold out. So unhappy!

3 P.M.—Dishided! Meantersay—de-ci-ded! Decided! Know what about! Shouldshayso! Likerssee man say don't! Won't be insulted! Going home! What's good staying? Finished whiskey! Keepcold-out! But say, old fla! Old fla—wan't dishision? Red's best colour! Can't shee Milishman two yards' distance! Dish-tinkly! Hang it all! Can't shee him 't all! Best colour! Course! Very 'tighed! Going home! Bed in boots!—

[At this point the M.S. breaks off.]

MOTTO FOR THE MUMBLES.—More foresight, and less "forsite."

THE SIXPENNY "WIRE."

[Dr. CAMERON carried a resolution in the House on Thursday night to the effect that the minimum charge for Inland Postal Telegrams should be reduced to sixpence.]

A SIXPENNY Telegram! CAMERON won;
It passed in the Commons, and now the trick's done;
And be any message of weal or of woe,
No shilling's required, for a "tizzy" 'twill go;
And all but the Post-Office clerks will admire
That boon to the public—a Sixpenny "Wire."

So now, when you think that you'll dine at the Club,
And out in perchance at the casual "rub,"
A sixpence is all that in future you'll spend
To make known to your wife that you're "kept by a friend,"
But she needn't sit up, for that nurses her ire;
And you'll soon say it all with a Sixpenny "Wire."

So cheap will the telegrams be, that in time
The lover will send off sixpenn'orths of rhyme:

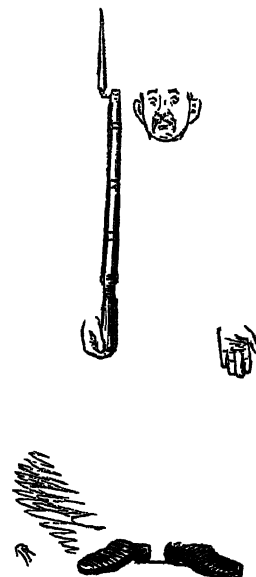
Oh	pet	at	each	long
hour	of	absence	I	groan
Send	but	twenty	dear	words
just	to	comfort	your	own

Thus the poet, you see, sweeps the Post-Office lyre,
And he'll get it all in to a Sixpenny "Wire."

The rise and the fall of the Stocks and the Shares,
The Bank-rate, the tricks of the Bulls and the Bears,
The orders for dinners, for boxes and stalls,
For coals and for claret, for dresses, for balls,
In short all that woman or man can desire,
Will soon be obtained by a Sixpenny "Wire."

THE NEW SENTRIES.—The Sentries at the New Law Courts are posted every morning regularly. On inquiry at St. Martin's-le-Grand, Our Reporter was unable to ascertain at what hour a Sentry, posted in the Strand, would be delivered in the City. One of the duties of the Sentries at the New Law Courts is to assist any Judge, when called upon to do so, in charging a Jury. He will urge upon them the legal point of the bayonet. The few remaining Serjeants are exonerated from Sentry duty.

ENGLAND'S INVISIBLE ARMY.



BRITISH GRENADEIER.

(After a design by Professors Abel and Stokes.)

A WILL AND A WAY.

It cannot, good Mr. PLIMSOFT, be denied that there is some justice in a portion of the plea you put forward at your Exeter Hall meetings. You said that "no doubt they were nuisances; but until a better mode of ventilating the District Railway could be found," you contended, "they should not be removed." Very well; but has not such a mode of ventilating a Railway much more difficult to ventilate than the District Railway been already found? Couldn't Sir E. WATKIN point it out to you? The proposed Railway under the Channel, if made, will have to be ventilated somehow without chimneys, and can't he tell how? If he can, let that method of ventilation for the District Railway be adopted forthwith, and then the chimneys on the Thames Embankment closed immediately.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—The Month of March expired peacefully last Saturday, the 31st, not in the least regretted by anyone who had known him. After a stormy career, his end was lambllike. Sic transit. March past.



THE ANGLO-SAXON COMPLEXION.

Frau von Schmeilgrath. "ACH! HIMMEL! MISTER CHONES! VAT PEAUTIFUL HIDES THEY HAF, THE YOUNG ENGLISH MISSES!"

ST. STEPHEN'S FERRY.

Air—"Twickenham Ferry."

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! Who's for the Ferry?
(The Almond's in blossom, and Eastertide's o'er.)
 And I'll row ye so quick in my craft new and steady,
 And 'tisin't a mile to St. Stephen's shore.
 The Ferryman's stout if he's not very young,
 And a mill-race at flood is a fool to his tongue;
 He hasn't an equal at handling a wherry,
 And well he is known on St. Stephen's shore.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! "We're for the Ferry."
(The Almond's in blossom, and Eastertide's o'er.)
 "It's late for a start, and you see we are many;
 And all of us bound for St. Stephen's shore.
 They are some of 'em little, and some of 'em big,
 Enough to o'erburden a long eight-oared gig,
 And they're all in a hurry and anxious—oh, very!"
 "And sure and ye're welcome,—I'll take ye all o'er."
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho! They are late for the Ferry.
(The Almond's in blossom, and Eastertide's o'er.)
 He pulls pretty quick, and he pulls pretty steady,
 But waiting their turn seems slow work and a bore.
 O-hoi, and O-ho! he may pull with a will,
 The craft is a new one, the sculler has skill,
 Yet with room for but two in the stern of his wherry,
 'Twill take him some time ere they're all safe ashore.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!!

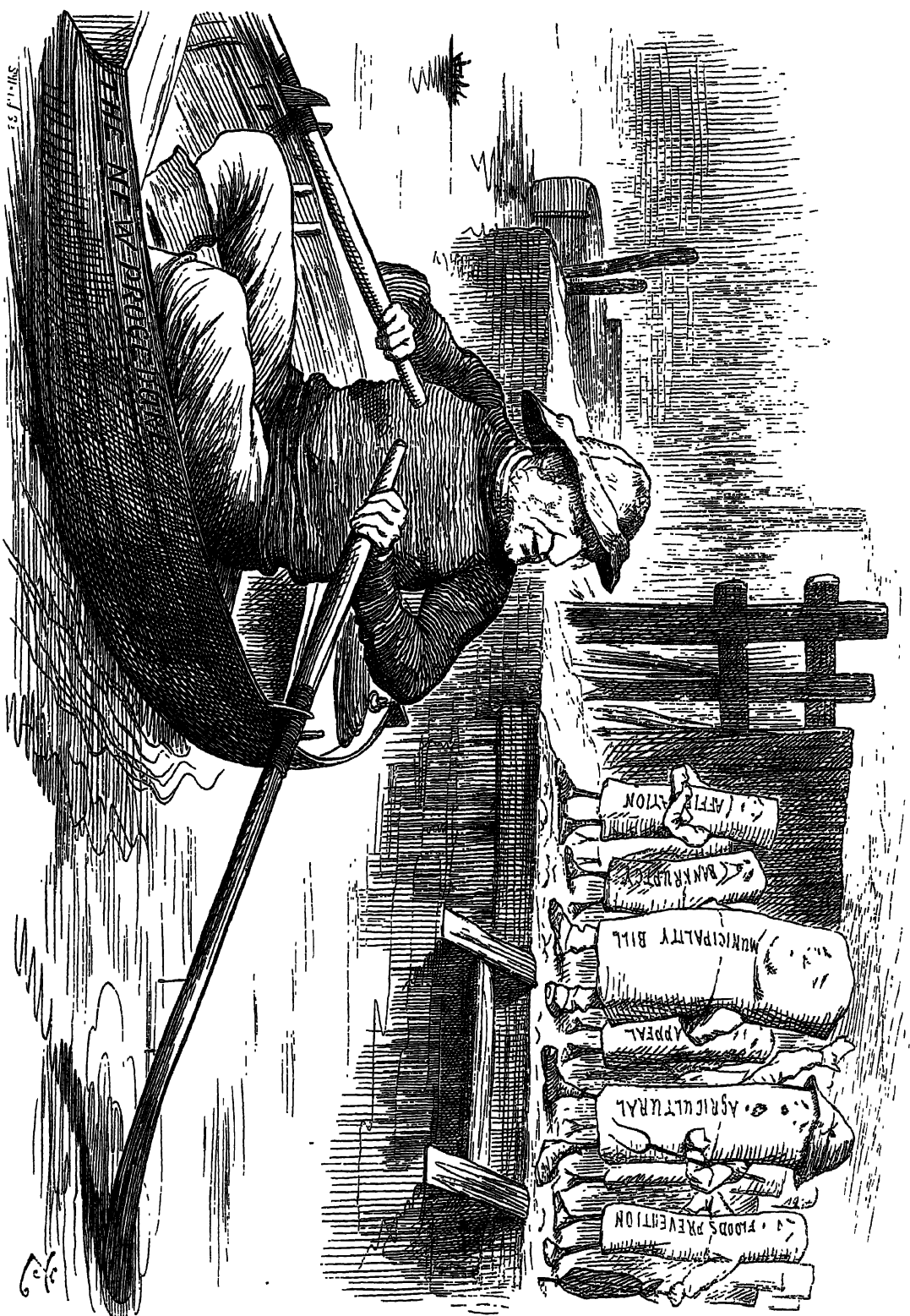
By a WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR WHO KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE STAGE.—Mightn't *Epea pteruenta*, "winged words," be fairly translated, or adapted, as "Prompter's cues"?

"KNIGHTS AT THE PLAY."

THIS is not *à propos* of Mr. DUTTON COOK's latest work on the Drama, but of the suggestion recently made in *Truth* that Mr. HENRY IRVING should be knighted, as "a compliment to the entire Theatrical Profession." This is, in a general way, true,—as coming from *Truth* it should be; but were a leader of the Chancery Bar to be made a Baronet, it would directly be a compliment to that branch of the legal profession; and so a Knighthood for Mr. IRVING would be a direct compliment to the Tragic and Melodramatic branches of the Theatrical Profession with which he is more intimately associated. At all events, to knight Mr. IRVING would be no direct compliment to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, whom we must take as representing the Low Comedy department; nor would it be, directly, a compliment to Mr. HARRY PAYNE, who now represents the Pantomimic Art, which, indeed, may well claim to be not a branch but the very parent stem of all Theatrical Art.

Arise then, Sir HENRY IRVING; arise, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE; and arise, Sir HARRY PAYNE, the last to wear the order of the noble House of GRIMALDI. Sir JULIUS, we believe, still has his "Benefit Concert," so in the Theatrical Profession it will not be derogatory to the new titles to advertise "The Benefit Knights." But how about the Ladies? "The spindle-side" must be recognised. Is it to be Baroness ELLEN TERRY and Baroness NELLIE FARREN? We submit the question to Garter King of Arms, and the Authorities of the Herald's College.

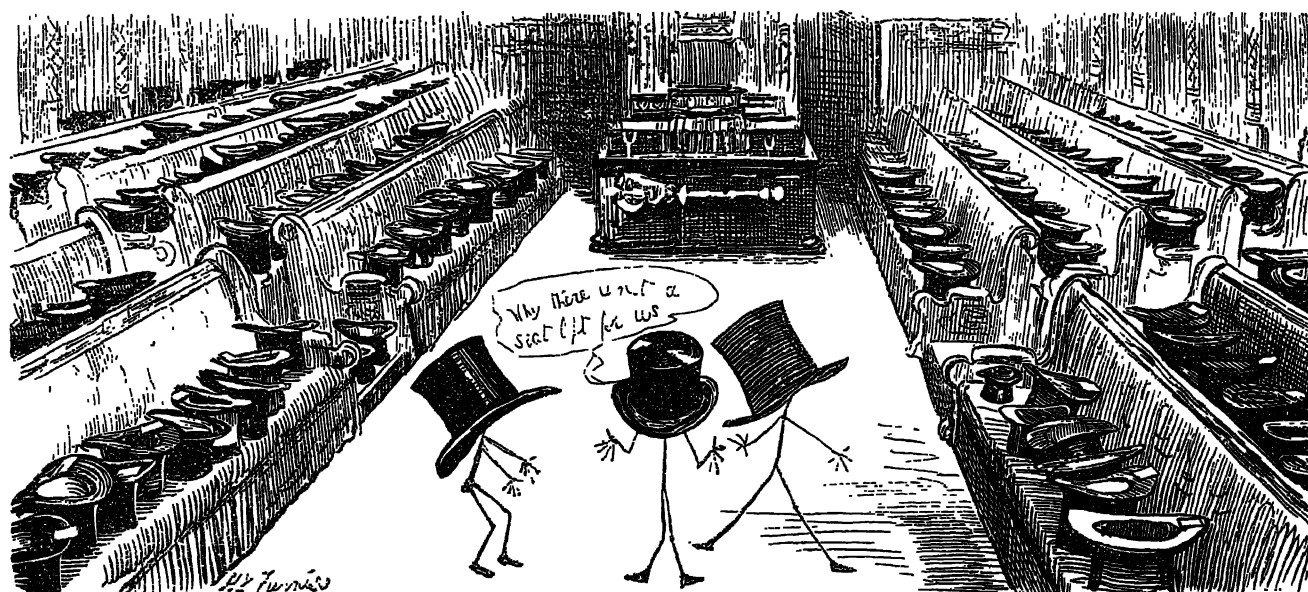
At the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's Enthronisation, there were some few of the Clergy "indulging," said the *Daily Telegraph* report, "in vestments of a more or less pronounced character." What on earth does this mean? We are looking forward with interest to some pictorial explanation of these strange garments in the Illustrated papers this week. In the same account we read how "some brass instruments, in the hands of surpliced musicians, added greatly to the musical effect"—but probably not to the picturesqueness. A man in a surplice blowing an ophicleide or working at a trombone must have had rather a comic appearance, but the artful Reporter takes good care not to mention this.



ST. STEPHEN'S FERRY.

FERRYMAN (*log.*). "WITH WHAT YOU MAY CALL A LITTLE 'DEVOLUTION' AND 'DIRIGATION,' I'LL CARRY THE LOT OF YOU—(*aside*)—SOONER OR LATER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

HAT ÉTUDE OF THE HOUSE.

(Before Prayers.)

House of Commons, Thursday, March 29.—Members met again to-day after Easter Holidays. Don't look so pleased as they should. At first, little gleam of joy at discovery that Head-Master wasn't present. But he came in towards six o'clock, and made a little speech on debate that happened to be to fore at the moment; then, like a wise man, went off home.

"Just let people know I'm here, you see, Toby," said he. "Curious it should have happened that debate on Woods and Forests going on when I looked in. Rather expected it would be something else. But doesn't matter much, you know. Give me five minutes' notice, and you may choose your own topic."

Met General FIELDEN in Library, looking more woebegone than other people.

"What's the matter, General?" I asked, cheerily. "Has someone been republishing your speeches during electoral campaign?"

"No," said the gallant General. "Worse than that. I've gone out of the oratorical line. Haven't opened my mouth since I came into the House. But energies must find some outlet. So I've gone into literature. Written an article for the April *Nineteenth Century*, called "What Shall I Do With My Son?"

"Capital subject. Specially interesting in domestic circles."

"Yes," said the General, ruefully, "that's just where it's created a stir. The young dog says, if I don't withdraw it, he'll send one to the *Fortnightly* entitled, 'What Shall I Do With My Father.'"

Only cheerful man about is the lighthearted O'SHEA. Kilmainham mystery beginning to pall. Has taken up the Romance at the Fisheries. Insists upon knowing HOME SECRETARY'S candid opinion of affair.

"Home Secretaries never give candid opinions," says HARCOURT. Whereupon O'SHEA pulls out pistol of Adjournment of House holds it at HARCOURT'S head, and threatens to fire unless he replies. Sir WILLIAM'S answer very neat. "Account of the case rests," he says, "on statement of Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Investigations of the police have not resulted in discovering any further circumstance in confirmation."

"Very neat," said Sir R. CROSS. "Any further circumstance in confirmation is good."

O'SHEA satisfied. Withdraws pistol, and exit Lady FLORENCE. Pretty good joke in its way. But some jokes, like every dog, have their day, and this has had a week.

Mr. SCHREIBER wants to fill up vacant panels in Centre Hall with Mosaic pictures of patron Saints of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. St. George already there trampling down Dragon, whose silver scales gleam in the gaslight, House doubtful. Who would Mr. SCHREIBER propose to represent the three countries? Mr. S. thinks MORGAN LLOYD done up in coat of mail might represent Wales. Sir GEORGE BALFOUR with claymore in hand and shield on arm would represent Scotland. Whilst, of course, JOSEPH GILLIS would represent Ireland. Mr. CAYENDISH BENTINCK opposes scheme altogether. Mosaic-work not true Art. "It's roccoco."

"Yah, yah, yah!" cries Alderman FOWLER. "What is roccoco?" he subsequently and confidentially asked Sir W. LAWSON.

"Capital beverage," said the Hon. Bart. "Strongly recommend it to you, Alderman. Absolutely pure, made only from the nibs, don't you know?"

Alderman faintly said "Yes." But really distressed at his own rashness. "Must be careful in future," he said, smiting himself on the chest. "Must restrain this too-ready cheer when Gentleman speaks from Front Bench. Rococoo, quotha! I suppose that's what they'll fill the loving-cup with when the new Government of London comes in. Ho! ho!"

House feared another explosion in Parliament Street. Only the Alderman scornfully smiling.

Business done.—Discussed Civil Service Estimates. PETER great at expenses in connection with Royal Palaces. LABOUCHERE wants to know what becomes of the yearlings of the Royal stud-house. RANDOLPH inquisitive about expenditure in maintaining and repairing Marlborough House. Pounding away from Eight till Twelve. Altogether SHAW-LEEVEY, in charge of votes, spent a bad *quatre heures*.

Friday.—Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD disclosed particulars of his Parliamentary Reform Bill to a listening Senate. Part of listening Senate undertaken, at short notice, by eleven Gentlemen on the Liberal side, and thirteen on the other, including JOSEPH GILLIS, who remains in state of deep despondency.

"Rouse up, JOSEPH!" I said. "Get thee away to some place where the company is light-hearted, and the merry jest goes round."

"No, no!" said JOEY B. "This suits me best. 'Tis soothing and quiet, and, I dare say, instructive."

So JOSEPH sat through it all, and when, at twenty minutes to eight, the dreary performance came to an inevitable close, he was one of those whom the SPEAKER counted.

"Did you see that?" he said, with something of old slyness. "SPEAKER began to count from the Treasury Bench, and HARCOURT only man there. Now we know who's Number One."

Business done.—Night wasted.

The Uniform of the Officer of the Future.

(With acknowledgments to Lord Wolseley's Committee.)

Full Dress for Service at Home.—Scarlet tunic, richly laced with gold braid seven inches deep. Bullion epaulettes, encrusted with gems. Overalls of cloth of silver. Cocked hats, with ostrich plumes of red, white and blue feathers. Real gold belts, with silver scabbarded sword. Diamond spurs. White kid gloves, with hand-painted backs. Patent leather pumps and white silk stockings. Dress stick, with turquoise-mounted handle, and gold and enamelled toothpick.

Full Dress for Service Abroad.—Sword, revolver, wideawake, grey tweed suit (as advertised), and regulation gingham umbrella.

PLIMSOLL'S PETITION

In favour of the Underground Blow-Holes!

THOSE Passengers who have hitherto signed this Petition to Parliament have been—

1. Epileptic Monomaniacs.
2. Confirmed Misanthropes, who don't want to use the Embankment Gardens themselves, and don't see why anybody else should.
3. Credulous individuals who really believe that the Metropolitan Railway Company is spending its money in order to benefit the public by better ventilation, instead of to get rid of the steam which interferes with the working of the signals.
4. Sailors out for a spree.
5. The workmen employed by the ventilating contractors.
6. The second cousins five times removed of the workmen so employed.
7. Infants in arms.
8. Their nurses.
9. Infants in intellect.
10. Their keepers.
11. Young females who have nothing better to do, and who would petition for a railway to the moon if requested.
12. Males who *ought* to have something better to do.
13. Persons to whom being asked to sign a Petition to Parliament adds about fifty per cent. of personal importance.
14. Readers of a halfpenny evening paper, who are convinced that to be suffocated in a public garden, in order to save a Railway Company expense, is one of the proudest rights of the down-trodden working-man, and
15. Persons who, being unable to write, affix their (PLIMSOLL'S) mark!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 130.



FRANK HOLL, ESQ., R.A.

"HOLL-O, BOYS, HOLL-O! HERE'S ANOTHER R.A.!"

(Elected Thursday, 29th March.)

WATT'S THIS?

How doth the little busy House
Improve the Session's hours,
And JOHN BULL's hopes betray
and chouse,
Till JOHN BULL's forehead
lours!

How skilfully they plan their
"sells,"
How neatly GLADSTONE
"wax,"
And labour hard, with groans
and yells,
And "block" with stubborn
backs.

For works of labour and of
skill
Each takes his seat or
"screw,"
But JOHN cannot help think-
ing still
His Parliament a "do."

Black and White.

MR. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE,
lecturing on "The Martyr-
doms of Modern Dress," came
to the conclusion that the
colour of our dress should at
all times be white! One feels
disposed to exclaim, like
SCOTT (with a difference)—

"O for one hour of WALLACE
white!"

And of genuine British black
fog also,—just to prove the
exquisite compatibility of the
two!

Dames who have with WALLACE
dressed,
Dames by London smut-falls
messed,
Let your judgment be confessed.
Chorus of Soiled Ones—Theory
won't wash!!!

But the garments would have
to, or they would not long be
white.

THE GOOD NEW TIMES.

(A Cover-side Forecast for 1889.)

It certainly promised to be the best meet of the season.

Not a cloud in the sky; the earth hard as a flat-iron, and three inches and a half of good rock-ice on every bit of water within twenty miles—it was just the sort of prime sporting weather to gladden the heart of a thorough-going old hedge-row Nimrod, like Sir JORAM TANTIVY. And as he came quietly jogging up on his familiar white clock-work cob, wound up within an ace of bursting his spring, an involuntary shout of "Yoicks, ye ho! Forrard!" went up from the assembled field. The old Baronet drew his blankets and hot bottles closer around him, and gave a friendly nod of recognition right and left with a sly twinkle in his eye. He was answered with a well-bred roar of laughter.

"Ready, as usual, for a snapped wheel, and a five-hours' stick on my side in a freezing turnip-field," he said, with a cheery wink; "and how are you, Lady JESSIE?"

A neat little horsewoman waltzed up on a beautiful mechanical creature. FRODSHAM's well-known name was stamped over its eye, and as the fair Diana, dexterously screwed round its off ear, it gave a pretty wheeling stagger to the right, with a natural up-and-down steamboat motion that instantly elicited the admiration of the hunt. But at this moment all eyes were turned in another direction.

With an uncontrolled rush a splendid electric bay had bowled in among the riders, and knocking several over so that they lay on their sides, running down, with their legs galloping wildly in the air, landed its owner with a sudden thud, through the walls of a barn, into the midst of a haystack that fortunately happened to be standing on the other side.

"Confound it!" said the latest comer, who was no other than Lord SPAVIN on his brand-new thorough-bred, *Accumulator*, "the beast is always playing me that trick; and I thought I turned his tail the right way! By Jove, this comes of tooling out without the printed directions." The Noble Sportsman wrenched with some uncertainty at the animal's switch as he spoke. But he was again at fault. In another minute it had backed, with a shower of sparks, in a direct line straight right in among the dogs, and was only brought to a standstill against the stump of a gigantic oak, between which and itself it sharply jammed the Vicar, who had been placidly watching the lively scene on his old-fashioned steam-mare, *Boiler*. There was a smart shock or two, an upset of red-hot cinders, an oath, and some burnt fingers and calves; but the field soon settled down to business, for the Master of the Hunt now joined the party with his mahogany box.

"The new musical fox from Paris!" everybody shouted, as the welcome official carefully produced the wonderful mechanical creature, winding it up slowly as he advanced.

"It plays three overtures, two sets of quadrilles, a polka, a waltz, and the '*Dead March in Saul*,'" he observed with some pride, as he set the carefully brushed but life-like brute in their midst, "and so, if by some mischance it runs to earth, we shall at least know where it is. Besides, it has a little fountain of superior Jockey-Club Bouquet in its forehead," he added, at the same time turning on a small silver stop-cock, cleverly placed near the creature's chin. "Tally Ho! I fancy we can't quite lose the Scent." A delicious Bond-Street perfume instantly filled the crisp cover-side air, as the overture to *Tannhäuser* merrily tinkled out with pleasing precision. Some of the pack howled, but another rapturous responsive shout of "Yoicks!" showed with what a keen sportsman-like relish the field appreciated these arrangements for a glorious run. It was a moment



GRATIFYING !

Amateur Artist (to the Carrier). "DID YOU SEE MY PICTURE SAFELY DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY?"

Carrier. "YESSIE, AND MIGHTY PLEASED THEY SEEMED TO BE WITH IT—LEASTWAYS, IF ONE MAY JUDGE, SIR. THEY DIDN'T SAY NOthin'—BUT—LOR' HOW THEY DID LAUGH!"

of thrilling excitement, and all, as if by a common instinct, gave their mechanical hacks a final screw.

And now the pack and their medical adviser hurried to the front. They were a miscellaneous, but talented and highly-trained family, and were of all kinds and sizes. This was a natural result of the new condition of things. The old-fashioned foxhound was extinct. Declining, when the famous Bill passed, to follow across country a red-herring on a tricycle, the first roughly-suggested substitute for Reynard, he even showed greater repugnance to the more perfect and perfumed modern contrivance. So the Circus-monger had to take the matter in hand, and soon every hunting county was once more alive with the old hue and cry, though pitched in a somewhat different key. But the Skiptley Poodles were famous from Warwickshire to SANGER'S.

And they were in full force to-day. Not that they all were of the famous moustachio'd and trimmed-tail breed. Among them were huge heavy-witted St. Bernards, over-fed Maltese, aged Sleuth Hounds, a retired Newfoundland or two, toothless Mastiffs, and a good average sprinkling of the common street-dog, ready to pick up a living anyhow from hand to mouth, and not above chasing a scent-bottle for a mile or two in the open, for the price of a pound of tripe at the finish.

But the Skiptley were popular. There were few of them that couldn't shoulder a musket or walk on a barrel at a pinch. The Master of the Hunt gave them their tongue. They had it in the shape of sandwiches, and now they were ready. The Doctor took a last look at them. "A run this morning will not injure their health or affect their spirits," he said, cheerily, "and I can sign the requisite certificate for the officers of the Protection Society. *Houp-là!* Off you go!"

In another second the mechanical fox had dashed forward with a pleasant springy whizz that set every sporting heart in the field beating twenty to the dozen. "Farrard! Yoicks! Tally! tally-ho! There he goes!" and the pack, some curvetting, some jumping through imaginary hoops in the hedges, some even walking on their forelegs, but all rolling along in well-fed and highly-trained indifference at a comfortable pace, followed the ingenious toy with all the

intelligent regularity of a three-hundredth-night's performance. Not so the gallant sporting assemblage who hurried after them.

Headed by the hardy Sir JORAM, these showed that, in them at least, the spirit of the *Good New Days* was not yet dead. At every fence, at every ditch, at every slight inequality of the ground, some county champion had come to grief. Here a burst spring, there an exploded boiler had done their work; while further afield some unmanageable bit of mechanism had carried its helpless rider across the lawn and into the breakfast-room of a country mansion, from which he could only retire with a hearty laugh, to be followed up, however, by a threat of heavy damages from the exasperated owner.

Still the fox, true to the prospectus of the inventor and patentee, kept on his way, and turning down a spinney, and still playing *The Lancers*, headed away bravely for Combe Hanger Junction; finally running to earth in the signal-switch, and by sticking between the points, stopping the 4.50 down express for a good three-quarters of an hour.

The pack meantime, not caring much about the scent, had cleverly lost it at Friars-Minton, and making for a cat's-meat cart at Dingley Bottom, were only recovered in the course of the following week at the Dogs' Home; while Lord SPAVIN, who had kept up with them by running *Accumulator* backwards with the safety-valve down, was ultimately blown through the roof of the Town-Hall at Little Pendleton, and coming down on the head of the Clerk, had a narrow escape with his collar-bone. And so ended a day of most enjoyable and delightful sport.

THE INNS (AND OUTS) OF COURT.

It has been arranged that the great Equity society will shortly migrate from its present quarters to Lincoln, while the two Temples will return to Jerusalem. These moves will take place *after* Gray's Inn gives up its grand old site, and comes down to the Strand. But not before!

John Brown,

PERSONAL ATTENDANT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BORN DECEMBER 8, 1826. DIED MARCH 27, 1883.

—“How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!”
As You Like It. Act II. s. 3.

SERVICE of Kings not always in earth's story
Has been a badge of honour; gilded glory
Of silken favourite dulls down to dust;
Devotion self-respecting, sober, just,
Lifts lowliest tendance to ennobling state.
A good Queen's faithful follower! His the fate
To wear the honours of the antique school,
Right Service, nobler than unrighteous rule.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS'S CAPRICE.

An Uncommon "Queer Story."

LORD HAROLD held open the carriage-door for his Mother-in-law. "Your boxes will be sent after you," he said in a cold, formal way. Then the baronche rattled down the street, and he returned to the house, twirling his moustache with a sinister smile.

His noble relative, however, as she was borne swiftly along by the family bays to a back street in Soho, had a different expression on her well-chiselled features. Her life in Belgrave Square had not been a pleasant one. There had been scenes. Rare china had been thrown about. Even the family diamonds had more than once been torn in half in an unseemly scuffle, and only last week, Mr. PURDLE, the trusted and confidential business adviser of the ancient house, had been thrown, together with a draft copy of his own marriage-settlement, by Lord HAROLD, into the cistern.

His Mother-in-law, who looked on, took it quietly. She merely said, "You have degraded me; but I will pay you out." Then she drove off to the back street in Soho.

Her interview with Mr. MACLIGGER, the celebrated Stage-trainer, was in every way satisfactory. "I understand your Grace thoroughly," he said; "you wish to show Society that you can not only lead but amuse it." "Precisely." "After three months' study with me, you will be in a position to play *Juliet*—at a *Matinée*. You will probably be hooted. Still I will guarantee you a six days' engagement somewhere as *Mrs. Bouncer*. After that the matter really rests in your own hands; but unless I am much mistaken in my tutorial powers, you will finish up as a Second Chambermaid in the Provinces. I presume that your Grace will play under your own name?"

The Dowager-Duchess smiled sweetly. Mr. MACLIGGER bowed. "That will pull twenty pounds into the house *once*," he said, "and prove an agreeable and permanent surprise to your family."

From that moment the "study" went on unceasingly, and at the end of the appointed period, the eventful *Matinée* arrived. As the sagacious Mr. MACLIGGER had predicted, though she was supported by the *Romeo* of Mr. BILTON SKIBBS, his fair but portly pupil was hooted well back into her chamber in the Balcony Scene. Nor did better success attend her *Mrs. Bouncer*. On the fifth night, as she was delivering her last speech to *Cox*, a huge green missile was hurled at her with telling effect by a critical patron in the Gallery. Some sympathisers who had come with paper to the Stalls cried, "Shame!" But she took the hint. The name of "HONORIA, Dowager-Duchess of Boxburgh," appeared no more in the bills of the *Vulgarity*.

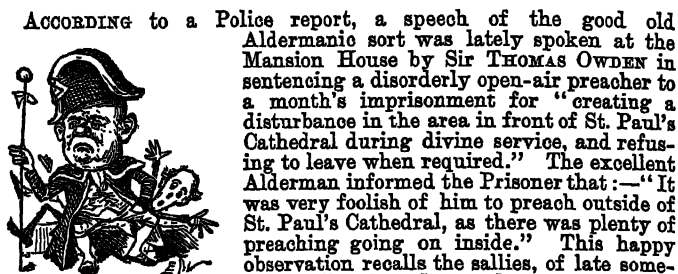
Some years after this little episode in her life, she was seated in her own private boudoir at Balchamps, and idly turning over the treasured contents of a secret drawer. She had just taken from its recesses a large withered cabbage, and was looking at it with a curious pout, when her son-in-law (they had halved the family diamonds now, and the solicitor, Mr. PURDLE, was nearly dry)—entered quite suddenly. It was too late to conceal the tell-tale vegetable, and the quick well-bred eye of the young Peer rapidly noted the embarrassment his entry had occasioned. He gave his Mother-in-law a gentle kiss.

"Let us burn it," he said, softly, trying to lift it; "that is," he added, as he felt its weight, "if it does not put the fire out."

The Dowager Duchess dropped a restraining finger on his arm. "No—no," she said, with a well-studied calm. "No, no, HAROLD. I would keep it as a good friend—would that others like me could meet with many such!—that first reminded me not to meddle in business with which I had no possible concern. Heavy as it was, and if *was* heavy, it was but the meet reward—"

"Of your laudable ambition?"
"No—of my *vulgar caprice*!"

"A REGULAR OWD AN' OWD 'UN."



ACCORDING to a Police report, a speech of the good old Aldermanic sort was lately spoken at the Mansion House by Sir THOMAS OWDEN in sentencing a disorderly open-air preacher to a month's imprisonment for "creating a disturbance in the area in front of St. Paul's Cathedral during divine service, and refusing to leave when required." The excellent Alderman informed the Prisoner that:—"It was very foolish of him to preach outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, as there was plenty of preaching going on inside." This happy observation recalls the sallies, of late somewhat fallen into desuetude, by which Civic Magistrates were commonly accustomed to excite mirth in other and merrier days. The fine of a fever, for disturbing the congregation and doing a considerable amount of damage, was another Aldermanic joke. Take care. The Seldom-at-Home Secretary has his eye on Municipal Magistracy.

MEDALS AND MUFTI.

[It has been finally decided that officers may wear all their medals in miniature in evening dress.]

SHADE of great DIZZY, if he could make shade,
Who to all shine and shimmer was so partial,
Descend, and see what vast advance we've made
In matters martial!

Gone, CASTLEREAGH's "so *distingué*" black;
When next Ambassadors are named to fib on
Their country's service, neck, and breast, and back
Shall be all ribbon.

No more we may contrast our nice and neat
Costume with that in vogue across our borders;
Disorder's coming fast when the *élite*
Stoop to low orders;

When Britons' staid sobriety of dress
Shall give place unto variegated acres
Of spangles, and our wicked sons look less
Like undertakers.

The waltz, however, may acquire new charms
For frisky matrons and for flirts single,
When, twirling in the arms of men of arms,
The Jingo jingle;

And just below, the bright eyes thus are bound,
If they're polite, to seek a looking-glass in
Their own, where there's a brightness just as round,
And marked: *Kassasin*.

Let no brave use a bushel for his light,
Be it but rush-light; there is no true rising
Without, for men who trade like men who fight,
Self-advertising.

AP-PY THOUGHT.

A PRIZE is to be given at their next Eisteddfod by the Cardiff Committee for the best Welsh Pantomime Libretto. Our Own Pantomimist, AP-JONES, is in this, though he says he will not compete against Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, or Sir LEWIS MORRIS if they are going in for it, so as to give them a chance. AP-JONES's first notes are sounded, and as an instalment he sends us the following suggestions, on which he is going to work his libretto:—

Bad Spirits—The Welshers, Welsh Sharpers, and Flying Welsh Harpies. *Good Spirits*—the usual ones, but not to be summoned from vasty deep cellars on Sunday. *Mortals*—AP-THOMAS, AP-MORGAN, AP-DAVID, with chorus, "*We are an Appy Family; we are, we are, we are!*"

Grand Procession of The March of the Men of Garlick.

Sensation Scene—The Shipwreck: Springing a Leek.

The King of the Bigheads will be Sir WATKIN PUDDING, and the female interest will be centred in the Maid of Llangollen. The Pantomime will be finally submitted to AP-HARRIS, and, if he Approves, it will be produced with new scenery, dresses, and Ap-pointments. Clown by an Ap-Rhryl Fool.

ONE OF THE LIGHT-FINGERED CLASS.—A Lady with small taper fingers. This would account for cases of Kleptomania.



Irish Landlord (to his Agent, who has been to London as a Witness), "AND DID YE MIX MUCH IN SOCIETY, MURPHY?"

Mr. Pat Murphy. "MIX IS IT? FAIX I DID THAT, EVERY NIGHT OF THE WHOLE TIME, AND THEY SAID THEY'D NIVER TASTED ANYTHING LIKE IT!"

LITTLE SARAH AND HER YOUTHFUL SALLIES.

(One or Two more of Them.)

THE highly entertaining extracts from the renowned SARAH's forthcoming "*Ma Vie de Théâtre*," furnished last week by a daily Contemporary, giving, as they do, a brief insight into the extraordinary precocity of her early years, have, as was to be expected, only whetted the public appetite for some further acquaintance with that interesting period of her life.

Indeed, if the publishers now and then allow a favoured correspondent or two to have a judicious peep at these very advanced sheets, there is no saying what the first week's sale of the book may not realise. Here, for instance, is a bit, dealing with a still more remote epoch in the career of the remarkable genius whose slightest doings are soon to be matters of European interest.

M. JULES CHARETTE merely began his fragmentary *excerpts* in the atmosphere of the schoolroom. The following little passage goes even further, and takes the reader straight to the nursery. The incidents are, of course, commonplace enough, and such as might have been expected under the circumstances; still, they are characteristic.

"The moment," says SARAH BERNHARDT, "I was installed in my cradle, my character underwent another complete and radical change. Hitherto I had merely stared at a magnificent fresco of '*Nero Playing at Skittles with Jehoiakim in the Arcophagus*,' that used to hang suspended from the ceiling of my mother's bedroom, in a dreamy state of passive disgust. Now, I seemed to require aggressive action. I began by eating my coral, whistle, bells, and all. Then I clutched at everything. I had torn a few sheets and blankets to shreds, but my first regular onset was made at my nurse's front hair. Every particle of this I pulled out in firm tiny handfuls by the roots. My Great-great-grand-uncle, who was always walking about on all fours and imitating the screech of a cockatoo, with a hearthbroom down his neck, to amuse me, tried feebly to intervene. I beat him about the head with a couple of feeding-bottles, and he got quietly under the sofa. This made M. Z.— laugh.

HOME-TRUTHS FROM ABROAD.

(A Long Way after Browning.)

I.

"OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning," in despair,
There's a horrible fog i' the heart o' the town,
And the greasy pavement is damp and brown;
While the rain-drop falls from the laden bough,
In England—now!

II.

"And after April when May follows,"
How foolish seem the returning swallows.
Hark how the East wind sweeps along the street,
And how we give one universal sneeze!
The hapless lambs at thoughts of mint-sauce bleat,
And ducks are conscious of the coming peas.
Lest you should think the Spring is really present,
A biting frost will come to make things pleasant,
And though the reckless flowers begin to blow,
They'd better far have nestled down below;
An English Spring sets men and women frowning,
Despite the rhapsodies of ROBERT BROWNING!

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—Unprecedented precautions were taken at the Enthronisation of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. It was at first proposed by an Extreme Church Party that His Grace should wear full mediæval pontifical "ornaments," but the possibility that a dynamite might be among them caused the proposition to be immediately rejected. Among other interesting discoveries connected with this ceremony, it has been ascertained with tolerable certainty that about the period of the Reformation the title of the See was slightly altered, and CRANMER, at the time when his reputation was at stake, where, by the way, it was made, was called the Archbishop of Recanterbury. This is among things not at all generally known.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.—Pluto and Proserpine.

"What shall we do with her?" he said, holding his sides, in his brutally vulgar manner, 'she can't keep on her legs. What do you say to making her a Stewardess on a Boulogne Steamboat?' At that moment my mother's five maiden Aunts, pretty, airy, curly-headed, nimble-kneed little *soubrettes*, danced in, and struck an attitude round the foot of my cradle. But the Doctor (he was the oldest friend of the family) had given me the kitchen-poker to play with, and I soon made a pass or two among them that sent them capering off to the other end of the room. So sped my babyhood away. All my happiness was in that poker, and I was always hitting somebody over the head with it, and I hit hard."

There is a further little story of how the youthful SARAH, while cutting her second front tooth, carved a colossal group of "*Hercules strangling the Infant Hydrants*," out of a simple block of Aberdeen granite with a blunt razor; and also some further details of her well-known feat of paving the Rue Rivoli with asphalt one hot summer's evening when no one was looking. Most amusing, too, is the account of the witty practical joke she at last managed to play on her would-be tormentor, M. Z.—, with two quarts of boiling lead, on his eighty-third birthday. This should be read to be enjoyed. Altogether the volume promises to be a most delightful one, and by anticipation we already take off our hat to its spirited Editor, M. DERENBOURG.

Paradoxical.

SOMETHING'S wrong with the "rule of the road" out at sea,
Or else our ship-steerers are foolish and feckless.
More wreckless, perhaps, the great ocean might be,
Were those who sail on it less reckless.

NEW READING.—JOHN BULL reading the perpetual iteration of Conservative oratory, complains that "his Tory repeats himself" rather too much.

HIGH SPIRITS.—When are Spirits like Axioms?—When they are "above proof," to be sure.

KING MOB!

KING Mob as ever on mischief bent,
In a land of freedom pitched his tent,
In every capital round the world,
His blood-stained banner King Mob unfurl'd.
As a cowardly cur and a secret spy,
With a treacherous hand and a devilish eye,
He stalked unseen and with bated breath,
He marked the Monarchs of earth for death.

King Mob in civilisation's sight,
Proclaimed his gospel of dynamite,
For one or other he laid his snare,
"Invincible" here and "Nihilist" there.
In reckless fashion he flung his net
That was proof against sword and the bayonet:
What matter, he said, if the innocent fall,
Be they women or children, murder all!

He came at last over land and sea,
To the home of peace and the island free.
A spirit of discontent he cast,
And tore the page from a nation's past;
He spread the terror of force and fist,
And flattered the impudent Atheist;
Having preached up crime as his soul thought best,
He was treated by law as an idle jest!

Wherever he came and whenever he spoke,
They took King Mob for an idle joke;
When he entered a church, and began to swear,
He was only considered a harmless bear;
And a Magistrate ready with courteous whine,
Let His Majesty off with a simple fine.
Red-handed caught at the dynamite store,
The House of Commons began to roar!

Beware, King Mob! for the time has come
For Britons to strike—and to strike right home.
The days are over for empty sneers
When houses tumble about our ears;
It's a little too late to hold our breath,
With a mighty Metropolis mined with death.
But rebels will tremble and laughter cease
When the Hangman's knot—is the Bond of Peace!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is delighted to hear of the establishment of the Vine Club, which she thinks is evidence of a strong Anti-Blue Ribbon Army Association. Now, she says, she begins to understand what has lately been alluded to in the papers as "The Tipple Alliance."

THERE is a small rush on to the Stage just now of talented Amateurs. Not vanity, but a praiseworthy desire to realise a modest competency is their motive. That they deserve to attain their object is evidenced by the public display of their incompetency.

TU QUOQUE.

Army Candidate. "AND I ONLY MUFFED ONE THING IN THE GEOGRAPHY PAPER. COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHERE THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR WERE!"

Fond Father. "OH, I SAY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THAT. FANCY—THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR!"

Army Candidate. "WELL, I DIDN'T, ANYHOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE THEY, DAD?"

Fond Father. "OH—WHERE ARE THEY! OH—ER—THEY'RE—WELL, THEY'RE—BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO LUNCH!"

A WORD FOR THE DOCTORS.

THE Vivisection Abolition Bill was talked out the other day, and, as we do not wish to see the progress of medical science checked, we cannot regret that the proposal was lost. The whole question lies in a nutshell. Vivisection, as the law stands, can only be practised under very stringent regulations and the authority of a licence granted by the Home-Office, which in very rare cases allows experiments to be made without anaesthetics. Only one per cent. of the investigations made equals the pain of an ordinary surgical operation. And what does the world owe to Vivisection? The discovery of the circulation of the blood, the antiseptic Surgery of the present day, the famous operation by which Mr. SPENCER WELLS and others have saved the lives of many hundreds of women; all these, and a thousand other benefits we owe to the experiments which it is now proposed to abolish. As Mr. CARTWRIGHT said during the debate—we prefer to quote him instead of a medical man like Dr. PLAYFAIR—

"Professor LISTER'S discoveries had revolutionised surgical science, and it was said he had reduced the mortality of man by 7 or 8 per cent., and yet on account of the restrictions surrounding the provisions of the present Act, he had been obliged to go abroad in order to prosecute his invaluable researches. In the LAMSON case the clinching evidence which brought about a conviction was derived from an experiment on a living animal . . . If this Bill were passed into law, experiments would be made on human frames and in the rudest form. In the nineteenth century the hon. and learned Member asked

them to prohibit investigation, to annihilate inquiry, and to say science was a thing that must be curbed."

No cases of cruelty under the existing Acts can be cited as occurring in this country, all the horrors of which we read taking place in Continental cities where there are no restrictions. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said, the question is, "Whether man as the superior animal had a right to use animals for his benefit?" Of course that can only be answered in one way, but the Anti-Vivisectionists rush off into shameless abuse of a noble profession, and do their cause no good by it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT well summed up the debate when he said—

"They must bring a little common sense to bear on this question. They must look at it in the light of experience, and he ventured to say that true humanity was on the side of these eminent men, many of whom were among the most tender-hearted members of society. He was satisfied that under the administration of the existing law very little pain was inflicted, and that what pain was inflicted was under such securities and guarantees that it was not only in the course of experiment, but was abundantly justified."

Mr. Punch yields to no one in his detestation of cruelty. But crimes must not remain undiscovered, our children must not die of zymotic diseases, and our wives and sisters perish for the want of the skill and the knowledge that have been obtained by humane operators from Vivisection—conducted, be it remembered, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred with the administration of anaesthetics.



THE TEMPERANCE BUDGET; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED.

John Bull. "THREE-HALPENCE! THE PRICE OF A CUP OF COCOA AND A SLICE OF BREAD-AND-BUTTER! I'VE BEEN TOO SOBER. I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE TO DRINKING AGAIN. *NUNC EST BIBENDUM!*"

OUTRAGE BY A VOLUNTEER.—They were marching down to Brighton through Horley. Noticing the gay holiday aspect of the village, said the Old Volunteer to the Young Volunteer, "What is the difference between this place and our most popular Sporting Novelist?" Before the Young Volunteer had time to think, his ruthless companion shouted out, "The one is smart Horley, and the other is HAWLEY SMART!" The matter is now in the hands of the War Office. But the Authorities are "At Fault."

The Channel Tunnel, if made, will be known as a portion of the Infunnel Regions. This notion struck Sir WATKIN, S.E.R., but funnely enough it had previously occurred to Mr. STAAT FORBES, L. C. & D.

NEW NAME FOR A THEATRE WHERE THE ACTORS ARE MORE OR LESS UNINTELLIGIBLE.—"The Mumbles."



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

The New Rector's Wife. "CAN YOU RECOMMEND THIS SEA-KALE?"
Greengrocer. "IF IT'S FOR THE PEOPLE ABOVE-STAIRS, YES; BUT
 IF IT'S FOR YOURSELVES, I WOULD SAY, DON'T TAKE IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—Very curious how Sir R. Cross objects to people smiling, much less laughing. Whenever he addresses the House always keeps his eye fixed upon Right Honourable Gentlemen on Treasury Bench. If anyone smiles he's sure to hear of it. Dodson always safe, but HARCOURT constantly offending, and Mr. GLADSTONE has been specially reprimanded. Last night Sir RICHARD on his legs making disjointed remarks on Criminal Appeal Bill. Stopping suddenly, with head on one side and gathering clouds darkening his brow, he exclaimed, "I hear someone smile." Terrible moment of suspense. Expected some trembling man to be given up by his affrighted companions, and soundly birched before the whole school. But danger passed over. After listening intently for a second and hearing no more smiles, Sir RICHARD went on, not quite satisfied, but baffled.

"A strangely chequered career, Cross's," Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL mused. "Heaven intended him for a schoolmaster, his neighbours made him Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and DIZZY projected him into the Home Office. But scratch the ex-Home Secretary and you find the schoolmaster."

Very interesting talk with RANDOLPH. He's been issuing another manifesto. The Count DE CHAMBORD nothing to him in this kind of literature. Prince NAPOLEON not a patch on him.

"Yes," said Baron DE WORMS, ruefully eyeing my young friend as he sits below the Gangway, carefully dressed for dinner; "but Prince NAPOLEON was straightway cast into prison."

"Of course NORTHCOTE's done for now," I said to Lord RANDOLPH, "and the bourgeois placemen, the honourable tadpoles, the Irish lawyers, and the rest, are out of the question. Seems to me choice grown exceedingly limited. But would BALFOUR do to succeed Sir STAFFORD?"

"Afraid not," said Lord RANDOLPH. "He's rather young, and what you may call pretty. Wants backbone."

"WOLFF?"

"Ah! WOLFF's a good fellow. Speaks very good French, and knows the mouths of the Danube. But I am not sure that the Party would follow him. He'd make an excellent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In fact, I have promised him that when I—in short, WOLFF isn't thinking of the Leadership."

"Well, there's GORST. Do you think he's capable of 'agitating Scotland and arresting the attention of the Midlands'?"

"I do not," said RANDOLPH, with firmness. "GORST is a little lacking in imagination, and his humour is a trifle musty. I remember him once saying to me he couldn't understand what BOURKE meant by impossibility of drawing up indictment against a whole people. 'Entirely a matter of fee,' the dear old Chappie said, quite seriously."

"Then choice becomes quite too utterly narrowed."

"I say nothing about that, TOBY. But a Leader is a man who can lead, and if there is a Party in this House well disciplined, it may be the one I have had something to do with."

Business done.—Read Criminal Appeal Bill a Second Time.

Tuesday.—"Cave Caine-m!" Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE whispered in Mr. LOWTHER's ear, as that gay young Knight rode forth, like young What's his name, to make a speech or two in the Easter recess. But it was no use. "I never posed as a cautious person," JAMES plaintively observed to the audience at Kirby Moorside. After which confession he ran a-muck at Grand Committees. Declared they were packed by Birmingham Caucus (of whom it seems Sir JOHN MOWBRAY is Chairman) and more than hinted that when Bills came back they must be gone through over again in the House. CAINE going to put question on subject.

"Most unfortunate tendency this of JEMMY's to blurt out things," says Mr. W. H. SMITH. "What the fighting section of the Carlton think to-day, he's sure to tell everybody to-morrow."

Quite pathetic to see Truthful JAMES waiting to be dragged up for his Caineing. "Don't know anybody of his experience and habits more fully capable of putting on air of ingenuous simplicity," says HARCOURT, eyeing him admiringly as he sits with head bent, toying with the paper on which his answer was written. "But when he looks mildest he's most dangerous. We'll see his heels fly out in a moment."

But we didn't. The SPEAKER, doubtless touched by JAMES's helplessness and pretty childish ways, interposed, and on point of order ruled question inadmissible.

Afterwards spent an agreeable evening in foreign parts under guidance of JACOB BRIGHT and Sir JOSEPH PEASE. J. B. interested on account of the Congo River. "Must remain a territory," he says, "where Missionaries and Manchester men Con-go and come as they please, without interference from Portugal."

Curious mixing-up of long-cloth and Missionary labour both in this and the even more Peasefull debate on Opium which followed. Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, in course of brief lecture, put the case for suppression of Opium Traffic with irresistible force. "Abolish Opium Traffic," says he, "and you shall make ten thousand miles of railway in China, besides giving a chance to Christianity." That fetched the House; and the Government, instead of, as usual, meeting the Motion with a direct negative, wriggled out by moving the Previous Question.

Wednesday Afternoon.—LYON PLAYFAIR's foot is on his native heath, and his style Professor. Question is, that Vivisection be abolished. LYON PLAYFAIR says "No!" and tells the House why in most charming lecture. Members been yawning all afternoon, and moaning round corridors, library, and terrace; now flock in, and listen with growing interest. JOSEPH GILLIS sat spell-bound as the Professor traced the links between Man and Animal, glancing aside for a moment to express the hope that missing one may some day be found.

"Man," said the Professor, "is only the King of Animals."

This disappointing, but might be worse.

"Let me tell the House how I killed two rabbits," continues the Professor.

"Knocked them on the back of the neck, I suppose," the irrepressible RANDOLPH murmurs. But the rest of House thrilled with anticipatory horror. Seems that late Professor SIMPSON called one morning on PLAYFAIR in Edinburgh, and asked him for "some liquor." Thought a Scotchman would instantly have produced a bottle of whiskey, and one of those little wooden cups that grow in the Highlands, and treated his friend handsomely. On the contrary, PLAYFAIR took him to laboratory, and brought out some home-made stuff. Professor, evidently mad with thirst, about to gulp it down.

"No," says PLAYFAIR; "let's try it on a rabbit."

Gave a noggin to one rabbit; dies on the spot. Half a noggin to another; lived two years a hopeless idiot. Professor SIMPSON left the House hale and hearty.

"Ah! ah!" cries WILFRED LAWSON, triumphantly, "that comes of total abstinence."

Not sure I've got the rabbit story quite right. Fancy it was some other liquor made somebody else hopeless idiot. But there certainly

was a hopeless idiot in the case. Proposal on foot to engage LYON PLAYFAIR for the Session, one lecture a week. Find him with black-board and chalk, and, if necessary, white cloth and magic lantern.

Business done.—Discussed Married Fellows and Vivisected Dogs.

Thursday.—Mr. CHILDERS introduced Budget to-night. Very good speech and very good Budget. Speech particularly artful. Conservatives been preparing all week to come out to-morrow as champions of Economy in National Expenditure. Ready to show, with tears in eyes, how recklessly present Government been going on. Meant to make it clear to tax-payer that, if he wanted to save remnant of pocket-money, must get back Conservatives with or without a Leader. To-night, CHILDERS, with most innocent expression, mentioned, *à propos des bottes*, a few figures showing how things stood during six years of Conservative Administration, and how in three years of Liberal. Conservatives shocked, Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE quite pained. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON furious. Sir RICHARD CROSS indignant.

"So rude of CHILDERS," says Grand Cross, "going mentioning these things in a Budget Speech. Especially just now, when we had all got our speeches ready for to-morrow night. Would never have thought it of CHILDERS."

Mr. GLADSTONE had very pleasant evening. Luxuriously listened to Budget Statement, went off leisurely to dinner, returned at eleven o'clock in evening dress, with a rose in his coat.

"Haw! Anything going on, TOBY?" he said, slightly yawning. "Oh, of course, Budget Night. I remember; CHILDERS made speech; riled other side. Must be awful bore, don't you know, to have to make Budget Speech, and then to listen to other fellows; getting no dinner. Had very pleasant evening myself. Sorry for CHILDERS."

And the Gay Old Man, with a toothpick projecting from his eloquent lips, strolled away.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Friday.—Great day this for PETER. Government have accepted his Amendment on Reduction of Expenditure. P. positively pervades the place. Linking arms with everyone. Two at a time preferred, as that makes the corridors more impassable. Got hold of me just now.

"All very well for you fellows to laugh at me, TOBY," he shouted in my ear. "But I've beaten the strongest Ministry of modern times. Forced GLADSTONE to his knees. United both parties under my banner. *Nunc dimittis*, TOBY, *nunc dimittis*."

"Why, certainly," I said, "PETER means well: but he's a little boisterous for constant companionship."

Business done.—Decided to be more economical.

A BROKEN REID.

(A possible Episode from the Life of a Practical Philanthropist.)

THE red-coated sportsmen were eager for the hunt. The hounds could scarcely restrain their impatience, and the horses were restive from inaction. It was a lovely morning—just the very day for a grand run.

The Master, the Huntsman, and the Whipper-in were ready to start, when the report of a gun was heard. Then there was a rustling of branches, and Mr. REID, M.P., appeared. Mounting on a tub, he called the equestrians around him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "you know I am an Anti-Vivisectionist. You know I object to cruelty to dogs and other dumb animals."

"We know you are very feeble about your facts," replied the Master, who found Mr. REID tedious, and was anxious to be off.

"But although I am an Anti-Vivisectionist," continued Mr. REID, M.P., quietly ignoring the interruption, "I have still a hearty sympathy with sport."

Here some of the Members of the Hunt audibly suggested that, although Mr. REID's words were of an excitingly interesting character, they might yet be kept for some future occasion.

"I see that you are growing impatient," continued the good man; "and I am not surprised. Although no sportsman myself, I can quite understand the keen pleasure, the intense satisfaction, of a glorious burst over a ploughed field, or a leisurely saunter through a bullfinch."

"Yes, yes," said the Master, impatiently; "but the fox is awaiting us. So we must say good-bye!"

"You can surely stay a few minutes longer," continued Mr. REID, M.P. "The other evening, in the House of Commons, I insisted that your one idea was to kill a noxious animal."

"Yes, yes!"

"That you did it as quickly as you could. That the first who came upon the creature had the right to despatch him."

"Certainly, certainly!"

"And that being the case, as I was walking along the road I happened to come across Mr. Reynard, and—"

The field were wild with excitement. "Which way did he go?" "Where was he?"

"Knowing that you wished to kill him expeditiously, I did my best to accommodate you. I was perfectly successful. I closed my eyes, pulled the trigger, and shot the fox as dead as a door-nail!"

There was a shout of anger, a cry of hate, and—a Murder!

THAT THREE HA'PENCE!

By a non-political Tax-payer.

HOORAY! Let rival Chancellors war,
CHILDERS and NORTHGOTE snap and spar;
One thing I mark—it brings me *par*,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

What matters whether old or new
The hand that doth relax the screw?
At least the screw it doth relax,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

A Surplus! True, 'tis rather small,
But better that than none at all.
And there's one burden leaves our backs,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

Egyptian War! Its cost is paid,
And there's a little left in Trade;
The Revenue doth slowly wax,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

A Business Budget! full of sense
Though void of the sweet eloquence
Of him, the wielder of the axe,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

A Temperance Budget? Yes, from Drink
The Revenue may shrink and shrink,
Yet in remission all go snacks;
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

Ah! that three ha'pence in the pound
Covers a lot of faults all round.
They take, though called financial quacks,
Three ha'pence off our Income-tax!

Financial fight my mind bewilders,
But here's a health to Mr. CHILDERS!
Announcing, spite of party snacks,
Three ha'pence off the Income-tax!

COLLOQUY ON ARMY ECONOMY.

SAFECARD and SCREW.

Safecard. More work for the British Officer—Lord WOLSELEY's work. (*Reads from a paper.*) "Each company in a battalion is to be struck off all ordinary duties for about six months in the year, and in its turn, in order that it may be passed through a complete course of drill and instruction under its own officers instead of being exercised and taught by specialists such as musketry instructors."

Screw. Delightful task for the British Officer—"to teach the young idea how to shoot." Give them more work.

Safecard. More work, but no more pay. Expenses of living increasing too, and allowance stationary—for your Subaltern at five-shillings-and-six-pence a day.

Screw. Quite right. Competition for Commissions continuing all the same, and supply exceeding demand. Wages of military labour regulated by the rate of the labour market.

Safecard. All very well; but the employments go to those who can afford to take them. The purse gains the day. Money still makes the (military) man.

Screw. What then?

Safecard. What was the use of abolishing Purchase in the Army?

New Version of the Old Adage.

(By One who had his Throat cut by the East Wind at Easter.)

WHEN Easter falls in My Lady's lap,
Then Easter deserves a good sound slap!

PARTY EMBLEMS.—If Conservatives keep up the custom of wearing Primroses in honour of Lord BRACONSFIELD, Liberals will have to display button-holes of "Sweet William."



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER IN WATER-COLOURS.

Distinguished Amateur. "I—A—RUB OUT A GREAT DEAL. MOST OF MY EFFECTS ARE GOT BY THAT."

Old Snarle. "AH, CAPITAL PROCESS! ONLY YOU DON'T CARRY IT QUITE FAR ENOUGH!"

THE BUMPTIOUS BOY.

AIR—"The Truthful Boy."

ONCE there was a bumptious youth,
With poodle hair and fishy eye,
A boy who loved historic truth,
And never, never sold ally.

And everyone admired him so,
He was so rude, so void of ruth;
They cried, "The lad has dash and go!"
They said, "He'll rise, this bumptious youth!"

This bumptious boy, in boyish pride,
Observed the hunters in full flight,
And said, "Could I not better ride,
I'd hide my head in night-cap white!"

He sought a mount, a schoolboy's scrub
To most it seemed, and small at that.
He stood a-tiptoe on a tub,
And scrambled to his seat, and sat.

Said he, "They make a jolly fuss,
These huntsmen old; the pace looks hot;
But I and my *Bucephalus*
Will lead the field and lick the lot!"

And when he trotted, smart and cool,
Off to the field, the people cried,
"The boy though bumptious is no fool,
He like enough knows how to ride."

But when in spite of warning shouts
Of "Hi! 'ware wheat!" straight on he
pounded,
Like any 'ARRY, serious doubts
About his horsemanship abounded.

The leading huntsman, wary, steady,
He challenged,—it was cheek, indeed.
Crying, "Get out, you ancient Neddy,
I'll give the lot of you a lead!"

That skilful horseman, with a wink,
Said, "All right, youngster, take your
line;

I know the Country, and I think,
If you *don't* mind, I'll keep to mine."

And all the people laughed and said,
"Ill-mounted urchin, bumptious mite,
You'll come a cropper, tip o'er head,
The general verdict, 'Serve you right!'"

"WHERE ARE THE POLICE?"—Why, as far as the Detectives go, and they seem just now to be going everywhere, the more frequently this question is asked and remains unanswered the better for the interests of justice and the safety of the community. The less the public knows of the whereabouts of the Police the better will they be able to do their work. But when every one of their movements is dogged by Reporters, and the results made public by the Dailies which are all struggling for the Earliest News or "Latest Intelligence," the conspirators receive timely warning and the well-arranged plans of the Police are frustrated. To the Intelligence Departments of the Dublin, London, and Birmingham Police the greatest praise is due. And—another thing—we are delighted to hear that in Birmingham the Detectives who made the dynamite captures were armed with revolvers. We trust it is the same in London.

Cave Felem!

It has been lately pointed out that, under existing statutes, offenders convicted of damaging, or attempting to damage, persons and property by the explosion of substances such as dynamite, are liable, in certain cases, not only to imprisonment or penal servitude, but also to be whipped. Could not this information be published by notices posted about in the proper places? It might save some of us the pain of seeing a degrading punishment inflicted on our (Fenian) fellow-man. For the protection of public buildings there is probably no house-dog that would equal the Cat.

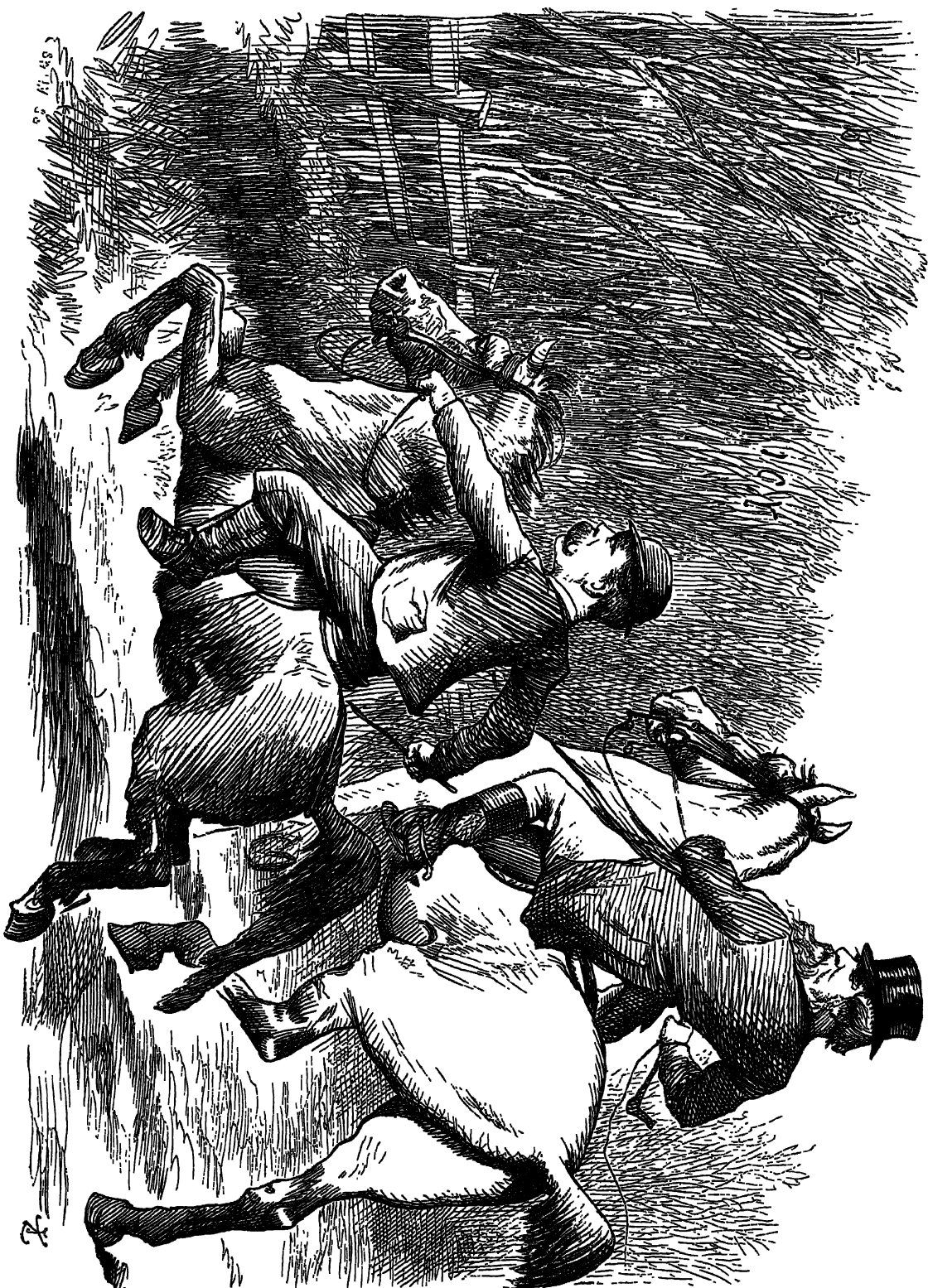
"THE PEER AND THE PERI."

If I had a Daughter what would go
On to the Stage when I'd said "No,"
Wouldn't I stop her? Yes. Just so.
Woe, there! Steady!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says two of her Nieces are going to a Fancy Ball as *Carmen*. She does not like the idea of the thick boots, smock frocks, and corduroys, and thinks they might have selected a more ladylike costume.

As an evidence of extraordinary warmth of the first week in April, the penny ice-carts are already out in the most aristocratic parts of the Metropolis, and doing a thriving business.

In view of the Divided Skirts and Fan-tail Dresses, can 1883 be termed, as far as it has gone at present, "this Year of Grace"?



THE BUMPTIOUS BOY.

LITTLE LORD R-M-D-TH (to M.F.H.), "OUT O' THE WAY, GUVNOR—I'LL GIVE 'EM A LEAD OVER!"
SIR S-T-P-P-ND, "ALL RIGHT, YOUNGSTER—TAKE YOUR OWN LINE—I KNOW THE COUNTRY!"

ESMERALDA;

OR, "MEET ME AT 'THE LANE' WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT."

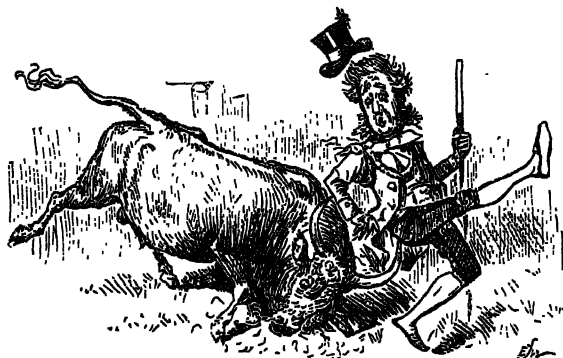
CONSIDERING that Mr. CARL ROSA has only got Drury Lane for an Opera Season of one month's duration—just sufficient time to let people know that he is there—the performance of *Esmeralda* is



"All Hands" for the end of Act II.

most creditable to the management. The *mise-en-scène* is very good, the grouping and the "business" evince careful stage-management, and the effects obtained by the simultaneous impulse of arms and hands—in the end of the Second Act, where the united Harrisstocracy go wild—will remind playgoers of the German Company, and those who have seen the new Eden-Théâtre in Paris, of the striking action of the crowd in the Prologue to the Great Ballet. The only sign of anything like hurry or incompleteness was to be found in the costume of the "men in armour," belonging to the brave corps commanded by Captain Phœbus, who, intended to be armed *cap-à-pied*, were perfect as far as the ankles, where the ordinary modern walking-boot was distinctly visible—and even this might be set down to the indomitable energy and enthusiasm of the chorus-men, who would rather be on the scene with seventeenth century armour on their backs and nineteenth century boots on their feet, than sacrifice one of the grand effects of the Opera.

Mr. GORING THOMAS's music is throughout graceful and melodious, but it lacks character, as, for example, in *Esmeralda*'s first song,



"Goring Thomas."

which rather reminds us of a sea-nymph gliding through the calm water, and singing to the accompaniment of her harp, than of a dancing Gipsy Girl with her tambourine and her performing goat.

MADAME GEORGINA BURNS is better suited to the part as a vocalist than as an Actress. She is always on the scene, and, when not engaged in being fondly, or insanely, hugged by her lover, or threatened by some disagreeable person, she is at once set upon by anyone who can get at her, hauled and lugged about the stage, and generally bullied in the most cruel manner. Like Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Policeman—"When operatic duty's to be done, poor *Esmeralda*'s life is not a happy one!" At the end of the Second Act, Mr. MCGUCKIN—a stalwart representative of the dashing Phœbus—takes the poor Lady's head under his protection in such a manner that he appears to have got her, as the pugilists say, "in Chancery," in which trying position she is dragged hither and thither, singing all the time. Finally he hugs her desperately, and still in Chancery, up the steps, with such vigour that we wondered she had any breath left in her body. Occasionally, when Mr. MCGUCKIN gave her a second's rest, we heard her voice making a plaintive appeal in a high key from somewhere under Mr. MCGUCKIN's arm; but directly he became aware of there being any life left in her, he set to work to hug her head more closely than ever to him, and in this helpless position he

rushed about with her, first to the left, then to the right, as though he were on the platform of some puzzling junction, vainly endeavouring to obtain information from anyone as to the whereabouts of his



Esmeralda, evidently one of the Romany or Roman nez tribe, interviewed by the Rev. Claude Frolo, of the Medieval Church and Stage Guild.

train and the time of its starting. The heroine had about as hard a time of it as any *prima donna* we ever saw.

The Reverend *Claude Frolo* (Mr. LUDWIG), whose taste for theatricals led him into the commission of some very underlinal acts, was apparently suffering either from a cold, in which case we sincerely pity him, or from a mistaken notion that, to convey the idea of concentrated passion, the singer should be as confidential as possible, and so, though no doubt he was very good and sang perfectly, we were unable to give any opinion on the subject, as to us he was almost inaudible.

Mr. LESLIE CROTTY's *Quasimodo* is a very clever performance, seeing what a difficult character it is, and how completely the librettists have washed all the colour out of it. Occasionally Mr. CROTTY, by the production of his voice and his pronunciation of certain words, vividly recalled Mr. SANTLEY. He has to sing the best and most telling air in the whole Opera; and had the situation been more favourable, the audience would have enthusiastically insisted on his taking their *encore* of "I, cursed of gods and men." Why "gods"? *Quasimodo* wasn't a heathen. The librettists have damaged the story, and the finish is ineffective. Fancy missing the grand effect of *Quasimodo* chucking *Claude* over the top of Notre Dame tower! What a splendid Wagnerian sensation this would have been, musically illustrated by a chromatic scale descent, from the topmost note in the treble down to the lowest note in the bass,—then one solemn whack on the drum, and "the rest is silence." Could *Esmeralda* have had one such song as falls to the lot of any one of her operatic relatives, *Arline*, *Maritana*, *Carmen*—could poor *Quasimodo* have had something as brusque and catching as the "Piff-paff" of *Marcel*,—could Phœbus have walked to the "flote," and come out with something as stirring as the *Toreador*, or Miss PERRY, as *Fleur-de-Lys*, have had a song like the Queen's in *The Huguenots*, the lasting popularity of *Esmeralda* would at once have been secured. But as it is, the public has to make its acquaintance, to get to know the Opera, and so to "learn to love" the somewhat Bizet-Wagnerish music, for which process, on account of Mr. ROSA's very brief London season, the public literally has not the time.

Colomba is the new Opera, of which, as at present advised, we can only say that the music is by A. C. MACKENZIE, and the libretto seems to be good. Whoever wrote it—no, we should say and correctly—HUFFERER wrote it.



Two of the Leading Features in the Opera.



Quasimodo; or, Bent on Mischief.

CORRECT TITLE FOR THE NEW LINE.—The Charing Cross-the-River-and-under-Water-loo Electric Railway. No ventilation necessary. This scheme can't end in smoke. There's a first-rate Board of Electric Directors, and no chance of any Elec-tricks upon travellers.

TOILERS AND SPINNERS.

THE Ministerial Member for Birmingham pitches into Lord SALISBURY as a member of a class that "toil not, neither do they spin." This is not one of the many clever things, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, which you are noted for saying. A leading politician, of whichever party, being also a Peer, whether in Opposition or Office, must necessarily toil, more or less, but can hardly spin,—unless he "spins round" with a fair partner in the giddy waltz. Or he may go out on horseback for a spin on the downs. But these are two instances where "spinning" is a pleasure, not a toil—or at least it ought to be so. For ourselves—but no matter. The only sort of lord who spins and toils at the same time, toiling as he spins is a Cotton Lord—and he doesn't personally always toil or spin very much.

"THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL,"—have all been carefully guarded. Sentries are posted at all the chief publishing offices. Some explosive material was detected in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, but its effect has been carefully neutralised. . . . In spite of all precautions, the Magazines have all gone off, but fortunately without doing any injury. Most people have only been able to judge of their contents by the various reports.

THE PREMIER, while in London, being compelled to leave off cutting trees, has been advised by his medical man to take to cutting jokes.

MORLEY'S VERDICT ON THE OPPOSITION TACTICS.—"The trail of the Woodcock is over them all."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 131.



LORD HENRY LENNOX, M.P.,

As "MASTER SLENDER."

MRS. GENIUS.

(Song of a Sorrowful Hero-Worshipper.)

AIR—"Mrs. Johnson."

GREAT Mr. GENIUS takes a bride,
Through life to struggle at his side,
Bylaw, and her own heart-strings, tied
To mighty Mr. GENIUS.
Her task to feed his spirit's flame,
To mend his breeks, and mark his fame,
To meet all bother, bear all blame,
Oh, happy Mrs. GENIUS!

He to his desk devotes the day;
Shall he be plagued with bills to pay,
Costers or cats to scare away?
Leave that to Mrs. GENIUS!
His duty is big books to write,
Which give Society delight;
To tend the house from morn till night
Is task for Mrs. GENIUS.

To halls of light he may repair,
His name is famous everywhere;
She stays at home and suffers there,
Poor jealous Mrs. GENIUS!
Shall he stint ease or pleasure? No!
She cannot soar, then let her sew,
And sup on porridge; 'twill keep low
The pulse of Mrs. GENIUS!

He's of an atrabilious mood,
At bearing pain he is not good,
But given to grumble and to brood
And worry Mrs. GENIUS.
He growls much like a bee-stung bear,
Denouncing all in earth and air.
Sheloves—and listens; that's the share
Of lucky Mrs. GENIUS.

Among earth's stars he'll deign to
roam,
Sirens his shaggy locks will comb.
Dames pet him. She can patch, at
home,
The dressing-gown of GENIUS.
Of letting her make friends he's shy.
No, let her feeble fingers try
To wring wet sheets (with wetter eye)
Poor, lonesome Mrs. GENIUS!

SHOW SUNDAY; OR, QUITE A LITTLE OILYDAY.

(By Our Own Mr. Merry-go-Rounder commissioned to visit all the Studios. *)

THE President of the Republic of Painters told me confidentially, while expressing, through the half-opened door, his regret at being unable to admit me into his studio, that his principal Picture would not be ready, or, if ready, only just in time, for the Academy. "Then," I exclaimed, "you are keeping up your name, and you'll be known this year as Sir FREDERICK LATE'UN." A shriek of laughter, and a heavy fall in the passage as the door slammed-to, proclaimed that my side-splitter had had its effect.

I ascertained in the neighbourhood that Mr. POYNTER's "Queen of Sheba," called "BALKIS is willing," will not be exhibited at the Academy. "A disap-poynter," as the funny Author of *Jocoseria* observed. At Mr. AGNEW's Gallery [always Bag news At the AGNEWS] in Bond Street I was unable to get near Mr. BRITON RIVIERE's *chef-d'œuvre*—(why "Briton" when he's a foreigner?); but as far as I could gather from the Policeman who was keeping the crowd off, it is something about a farmyard from which all the fowls have been taken, except one old rooster who is giving a final "Cook-a-doodle-doo!" before being carried off by the cook. So much I made out from the title, which is "The Last of the Crew."

While taking some slight but necessary refreshment at the soda-and-milk shop next to the Gallery, I was able to pick up a good deal about the Pictures on view from the remarkably well-informed and intelligent young milk-and-water colourist who serves the customers. From her I understood that Mr. B. RIVIERE's other Picture—or one of his other Pictures—illustrates a scene where the Leviathan of the

* From internal evidence, of which the reader will be able to judge, we have our doubts as to whether he visited any one of them. We were not aware that Refreshment-places and Picture Galleries were open on Show Sunday.—Ed.

Turf (whoever he may be) and a few millionaires are seated round one of the roulette-tables at Monaco: it is called "Giants at Play." I then inquired about Mr. MACWHIRTER's works, and was told that his great Picture was something about a young Lady at BIRCH's; being treated to a turtle luncheon, I presume.

From here I went to Mr. HOLL's. He has painted a couple of subjects,—the Queen's subjects, and both very distinguished,—which, if placed together, will, of course, be called "Peace" and "War"—the first being Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, and the second H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in full uniform. The same talented Academician has also done a first-rate portrait of "Our Mr. TENNIEL," which, however, is going to the Grosvenor Gallery. As the latter work was not completed, it was hidden from this visitor's inquiring gaze by a curtain.

"*Ars est celare artem*," I observed to the recently elected Academician, as I tried to raise a corner of the drapery and obtain a peep. But Mr. HOLL was Holtogether too quick for me, and being in a hurry I left without seeing the Hidden Gem.

Mr. BOUGHTON has chosen an historical parallel, and has found out a resemblance between the Prime Minister of Holland and the same official in France; he calls it "A Dutch Ferry." If this is a success, he will follow it up with "A Russian Gladstone," "An Italian Bismarck," "An American Salisbury," and so on. He has also the fancy portrait of a modern playwright, called "The Piece-maker."

Mr. KEELY HALSWELLE's was the last I inquired about on my return visit to where the Pictures are kept in Bond Street, and a very polite Gentleman, in a velvet skull-cap, told me that Mr. K. H.'s subject is intended as an opposition to the well-known illustrated advertisement for FRANK'S soap, and is called plainly, "Old Windsor." "So Hals-welle that ends well," I said to my kindly informant, which rib-tickler was too much for him, and I left him cramming his skull-cap into his mouth to prevent an explosion, which might have been mistaken for dynamite and caused a panic.

Mr. TOOTH has a great draw in Sir JOHN GILBERT's picture



"Mr. Jorley our Butler as joined us when we first come to Eaton Square is quite a Artis and paints Oil Pictures that butiful his Pantry is a regular Stewdeo he send them framed lovely to the Royal Academy Exhibition which they generilly gets ung on the vine Mr. Carver our Ed Footman is orfe jelous of him and says its all along of the Adress he writes on the back"!—(Letter from JANE the Upper Scullery-maid.)

"THE THIN RED LINE."

(Horse Guards Duo.)

"His Royal Highness did not welcome the change. He thought it a good thing for a soldier that, when in action, he should be visible."—*Daily Paper.*

Pro.

Who says a soldier's a thing ready made
Of a suit of grey and a service-spade?—
That there's pluck in picking a vantage ground,
Then digging a hole and heaping a mound?
The notion's preposterous, laughable, quizzible!
By Jove, Sir, a soldier—he ought to be visible!

Con.

I grant you all that; but when Six-foot Guards
Like ninepins go down at a thousand yards,
'Tis time to note that, if work's to be done,
A field to be saved, a day to be won,
It won't be by speeches as firework as fizzible,
But by getting well home with movement invisible.

Pro.

Pooh! Stuff, Sir! What served us at Waterloo?
Your neutral tint, or your washed-out blue?
Digging and dodging?—I rather opine
A rush with a cheer of a "thin red line,"
In the midst of a hailstorm of all things whizzible!
Don't talk, Sir, to me of a coat that's not visible!

Con.

No use, my good friend; for though you may bless
The days that departed with old Brown Bess,
If you make that "red line," that never will yield,
A target for every shot in the field,
Of your foemen you'll stir the faculties risible—
For neither your troops nor your brains will be visible!

"THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION."—Among the wonders of the deep will probably be included The "Fishery" on the Thames, or a working model of it, contributed by Sir BEAUMONT and Lady FLORENCE DIXIE.

Now ready, Block on the Understanding. By the Member for Bridport.

representing a fraudulent *écarté*-player at the very moment of detection, swallowing the king of trumps to prevent exposure. It is called "*The Trump Eater*." The crowd was so great I was compelled to take my information from the Dentist in uniform who guards the Tooth exhibition.

Mr. J. C. HOBSELEY'S "*Wedding Rings*" appeals to various circles, but as the distinguished Artist only shook his head and frowned on me from a first-floor window, calling out angrily, "Not to-day; don't want you to-day," I rather imagine he mistook me for a model, and so I was obliged to obtain information secondhand; that is, for the moment. No doubt he will write to me and explain.

Pushing through the crowd in St. John's Wood, I met Mr. MARKS on his own doorstep. I knew him immediately from his having been pointed out to me on the First of April, and it was impossible for anyone who has once seen him not to recognise at a glance that tall ascetic nervous figure, that thin, pale, thoughtful face, those coal-black locks, finely chiselled aquiline nose (which a Cæsar might have envied), those dark heavy eyebrows, and sweet, sad, melancholy smile. "You needn't come in," he whispered, in his low, musical voice, "I will tell you that my best picture is that of a Modern Masher, who is dressing for a ball, and at the last moment is unable to find the link for one of his wrist-bands. Need I say I call it '*The Missing Link*'? Good-bye!" And bowing courteously he turned to speak to a couple of Bishops, with whom he was soon engaged in some abstruse theological argument.

I just caught Mr. MILLAIS as he was mounting one of his own Pictures preparatory to going into the Park. "What is it my dear young friend?" asked the great Painter whose resemblance to the late Earl RUSSELL in height and general manner is remarkable. "The names of your Pictures!" I shouted as he was just moving off. "I'll tell you one of them," he returned blandly, "it illustrates a scene in a Sculptor's studio. I call it '*The Ghost Chamber*.'" And, bowing to his saddle-bow and to me, he ambled gaily away.

I was fortunate in gaining admission to the exterior of Mr. CALDERON'S studio just as the shutters were being put up for the day, but the boy on duty told me that the Picture would be a figure of a fishmonger's lad carrying a fish in a small piece of the *Daily Telegraph*

newspaper. "It is called," said the honest youth, as he pocketed my handsome *largesse*, while tears of gratitude stood in his eyes, "it is called '*The Wrapt Sole*.'" And if you want to know anything further—but I didn't, and, jumping into my cab, I urged him on at the rate of two shillings an hour to Mr. WATTS'S, who, ever-mindful of his great ancestor, the "How-doth-the-little-busy-bee"—Doctor, has simply painted a boy, and called it "*One of Doctor Watts's Little Huns*."

I had yet many others to see, but the shades of night were falling fast, and my *Excelsior* cab—[title my own and patented—Why "*Excelsior*"? Because he is always on hire and hire]—was becoming weary of waiting half-hours at the doors of the best Artists, and I was anxious and hungry. "Home!" I cried, when suddenly Mrs. SEYMOUR LUCAS drove up in her well-appointed Victoria and pair. Standing on the step with the grace of an Apollo and the lightness of an Ariel, I begged to know the name of her picture, as "I can't go and see it," I said, "for I am quite—"

"*Tired Out*," she said.

"I am," I returned. "And as to-day I can't see more, look as close as I may,"—but ere I had finished my graceful *carambole* on the fair Artist's name, one of her thoroughbreds gave a start and in another moment I was in the arms of the Crossing-sweeper with a little piece of paper in my hand, on which was written, "*Tired Out*," by Mrs. SEYMOUR LUCAS." Then it broke in upon me, and after rewarding the Sweeper, I was driven home, had a row with the Cabman (of which you will hear more if there is justice left in the land), and went wearily in to dinner. The first thing they placed before me was a *hors-d'œuvre* (began to hate the name, I had heard so much of *chef-d'œuvre* all day) of sardines done in oil. "A perfect picture," said my wife. "Take 'em away!" I cried; "I cannot bear anything more in oil, specially if it's a perfect picture." She explained that she thought the dish would suit my palate. "Oh, don't!" I groaned. I felt I had been all among the Oils all day—quite a little Oilyday—and had worked like a man on the *huile*.

Friends dropped in to discuss the Pictures. We sat up late that night. And when they left me, at 3'30, after a protracted artistic argument, we were all, more or less, colour-blind. So ended the Show Day.

'ARRY ON HIS CRITICS AND CHAMPIONS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I 'AD yours O. K., and the noosepaper cutting inside,*
Apparently writ by a party as puts up his dooks on my side,
Wich thank 'im for nothink 's my arnser. The ink-slinger 's plainly a flat,
And as for defending me—Walker! I larted, CHARLIE, all round my 'at.

Nice sort of old mivvy he makes me. I'm "poor and ill-dressed," CHARLIE—me!
When Rhino-cum-Kino 's my motter! It 's all blessed fiddlededee.
"A ill-used"—wot is it?—oh, "Citizen"—sounds like a steamer, I know—
As if I was old Sir JOHN BENNETT, or Alderman "out in the snow."

He 's a "don't-nail-his-ears-to-the-pump"—er, this party, dear boy, and no kid.
He says HOSCAR WILDE doesn't like me!!! Who 'd care half-a-bull if he did?
But he 's maybe a bit orf the rails, Mister HOSCAR 's no muggins, you bet,
And we snide'uns are birds of a feather, and wide-oh at spotting the net.

I am not quite so out of it, CHARLIE, as wot this yere Jorkins may think;
I 've seen HOSCAR WILDE, yus, and WISTLER, and tipped 'em the haffable wink;
And though I'm not nuts on their notions in culler and coat-sleeves, and that,
He 's a tidy bit out in his reck'ning who sets either down as a flat.

Lor', CHARLIE, they 're fair on the job! They are like me in one thing, old pal;
They do know their book, and no error. The World is arf fad and fal-lal;
I 've mine, and you 've yourn, and the caper is jest to play on 'em all round,
And if I 'd long 'air and the skriggles, 'twould suit me right down to the ground.

Their lay would, I mean. As to WISTLER, I went to his Show. Sech a spree!
Not the Picters—they didn't count much, but the pick o' the fun was to see
The Swells gawping round at his scratches, like lunatics puzzled and flustered,
In a room like a big padded cell as they 'd used for the stowage of mustard.

I can't say I like HOSCAR 's hair, and a kink in the waist ain't my style,
I'm more *ah lar militare*, CHARLIE, close cropping and plenty of ile;
But if fluffing and flopping was fetchin in suckles in wich I might spin,
Wy I 'd flop with the best of 'em, CHARLIE, so long as it pulled in the tin.

As to young Oxford nobb and the Mashers, that 's jest where this chap shows the
green,

Got the very wust eye for a likeness, my pippin, as ever I 've seen.
He says I am "fond of a lark;" right he is, though it 's jolly stale news;
And so are the Gaiety Johnnies, and ditto the 'Varsity Blues.

You see larks are larks. They 're the "relish" as life ain't worth living
without,

To any young fellow of sperrit who knows his meander about.
Wot hods if it 's chivvying swells with red ties, doing spoons at the "Gai,"
Or leading a rush along Fleet Street, as we did that last Lord Mare's Day?

It 's only the jugginses grumbles at me and the Mashers, dear boy,
Young pidgeons too funky to flutter, old roosters too stale to enjoy.
We smart 'uns must put on the pace, that 's a moral, and if in the run,
We bump or bowl over the stodgies, wy, that 's more than arf of the fun.

You git yerselves up,—that 's the fust thing,—it may be in KINO 's "Two-two's,"
Or "claws" and a score of shirt-front, accordin', o' course, to yer "screws."
Then go it! For 'ARRY or JOHNNY, the only safe rule or receipt
Is make fun for yerself and of others. That tottles it 'andy and neat.

Noise? Noosance? My eye and a bandbox! What nidditty-nodditty rot!
Row-de-dow is the mark of true dashers, all game 'uns who 're fly to wot 's wot!
Can't say as to Mohocks and sech like, but Undergrads, Mashers, or me,
We all likes a turn at the bellows when properly out on the spree.

Wot 's life? Wy, Love, Lotion, and Larks,—the three L's,—and the mark of
a man

Is to take 'em unwinking, like 'urdles. Yoihoicks! let them foller as can!
If we thought of girls' 'arts, our own 'eads, public taste, or the popular ear,
We might be gilded toffs or two-quidders, but JOHNNIES or 'ARRIES? No fear!

Tin does it, my pippin, not taste. I can't run to the Gaiety Stalls,
Cig'rettes, *petty soopers*, and so on; but then I 've the run of the 'Alls.
Penny plain, tuppence cullered, my boy. Let me land all the luck I can carry,
And the most undefeated of JOHNNIES shan't knock many stars out of 'ARRY.

* Our young friend has evidently been reading an article in *Life*, in which he is com-
pared—to his advantage in some respects—with our modern "Mashers," Esthetes, and
University "roaring boys."

J. M. MOLLOY's new song, well tuned by the Composer and well timed by
the publishers, METZLER & Co., for the opening of the Royal Academy, is entitled
"Pictures in the Fire." Intending Burlington House Exhibitors, please take
notice.

As all the Bills can't be passed this Session, we shall see a practical illus-
tration of the Survival of the Fittest.

WHAT THEY WILL COME TO!

(Advertisements extracted from "The New Era.")

WANTED, to open at the Variety Theatre, Little
Peddlington, a Juvenile Leading Gentleman, or
one to share the Business. Must have good wardrobe,
and sobriety indispensable. The Duke of Blankshire
may write.

WANTED, through disappointment, a combination
Walking Lady Chambermaid who can play the
piano when required. Must be a quick study, and able
to work the limelight. The daughter of an Earl pre-
ferred, and none under Baronesses in their own right
need apply.

WANTED, to join at once, a steady Viscount of
middle age (married preferred), to augment the
Champion Marionettes' Company as a figure-worker.
Must have a good voice and know his business. No
novice required. Will be expected to sell the programme
of the entertainment when not otherwise occupied.

WANTED, a few Dukes and a Marchioness to take
round the world an established, successful, and
high-class entertainment. Moneyless Members of the
House of Peers don't write.

MAKING A MOUNTAIN OF MONTE CARLO.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—I write to you as I feel that yours is the proper
paper in which to ventilate my grievance—a terrible
one. The Bishop of GIBALTAR has called attention to
the horrors of Monte Carlo, and warned doctors not to
send their patients to so health-destroying a spot. Of
course he is right, as gambling *must* be injurious to
people suffering from bronchitis.

But, Sir, I know of a place infinitely worse than Mo-
naco. In this place tyrants, robbers—aye, and murderers,
too—can be found by the score, not to say the hundred.
In this place the most abandoned of both sexes hold a
levée by day and by night—men as brutal as a First
NAPOLEON, as false as a JAMES THE SECOND, as cruel as
a ROBESPIERRE, are always there. Nay, more—men
and women whose names have been rendered infamous
in the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, smile and smirk
again. And amongst this awful company move young
men, women, and children. I am told that the place in
which the *levée* is held is particularly popular amongst
the agricultural classes. During Cattle-Show week the
rooms are crowded from morning until night. At other
times the London public throng the *salons*, and seem
never weary of gazing, with open-mouthed wonder, at
the notorious characters assembled there to receive them
with a hearty welcome.

What makes the matter more disgraceful is the shame-
less fact that the gatherings take place in apartments
exactly situated over an innocent-looking bazaar! What
can be more prejudicial to the best interests of the young
and inexperienced? I can assure you I have shuddered
when I have passed the detested portals of this pesti-
lent Pandemonium.

I ask you, Sir, then, in the name of decency to do
your best to remove the scandal. Paint the place in its
true character. Tell of the criminality of a vast propor-
tion of those who go there. Use your pages to point out
the pitfalls in the way of those who run the risk of
keeping certain company. It is impossible to touch
pitch and to remain undefiled. In like manner, it is not
practicable to go to Monte Carlo, or the spot I have
attempted to describe, without sinking—sinking—per-
haps never to rise again.

And protesting from the very bottom of my heart,

I remain yours most sincerely,

1st April, 1883. (Signed) A NOODLE.
The Mare's Nest, Donkey Town.

P.S.—I have just been told by a friend that the aban-
doned creatures of whom I complain are made of wax.
Need I say that I cannot, do not, believe him? It is
quite true I have never been inside the place of which
I complain. But what of that? As a matter of fact,
the Bishop of GIBALTAR has never been to Monte Carlo.
And see what a great—what a very great—deal he can
write about that place!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied
by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A ROUND OF AMUSEMENTS.

Un Voyage dans la Lune, at Her Majesty's, adapted from the French of JULES VERNE into the English Verne-acular by H. S. LEIGHT. A prettier effect than the Snow-Storm Ballet which concludes the *Voyage dans la Lune* is not to be found at any other Theatre in London. The scene between that excellent Pantomimist, Mlle. THEODORA DE GILBERT, and Mlle. ZENEA, as the Flying Dove, is charming in every way.

The Swallows are still the characteristic feature of the Snow Ballet



Leader and the Swallows.

her dance. Miss FANNY LESLIE is a valuable acquisition as *Prince Caprice*. Miss ANNIE ALBU has vastly improved since she attempted *Princess Toto*. But, let her beware of certain Americanisms in action, which though supposed to denote ease and freedom, soon degenerate into vulgarity. Miss MARIE WILLIAMS has little to do, but that little is so well and artistically done, that we began to

think that *Queen Popette* was somehow or other, we couldn't exactly say how, the life and soul of the piece. OFFENBACH's music is light, sparkling, and catchy; and M. JACOB's ballet-music is still just about the best dramatic dance-music that can be composed for this purpose. You may shut your eyes, listen to M. JACOB's ballet-music, and tell exactly what the steps must be. The scenery might be improved, and the next piece should have an intelligible and interesting plot, some funny dialogue, and, at all events, one thoroughly good Low Comedian. All show and no laugh can't pay in the long run,—and, in fact, there wouldn't be the chance of a long run for it to pay in. Of course, after Mlle. ALBU, Miss



Miles. Gilbert and Zenea.—
Depth of Winter, Height
of Spring.

FANNY LESLIE, and Miss MARIE WILLIAMS, the main success of *A Trip to the Moon* must be the Trippers.

Vice Versâ; or, *a Lesson to Fathers*. All who are acquainted with Mr. ANSTEE's original and eccentric story must have felt that its dramatisation was a difficulty, and its satisfactory representation on the Stage almost an impossibility. Mr. EDWARD ROSE, who himself plays *Dick Bultitude*, has, however, triumphed over all obstacles, and the piece, in three short Acts, playing barely an hour and twenty minutes, at Mr. GRIFFITH's *Matinée* at the Gaiety, was thoroughly successful, very funny, and well played all round. Mr. EDWARD ROSE thoroughly looked *Dick Bultitude* the boy, though his tendency to overdo facial expression, and his one monotonous action with his hands, considerably impaired the merit of his performance.

Mr. C. H. HAWTREY, in the difficult part of *Mr. Bultitude*, was amusing, and very little fault could be found with his change of manner when his son's mind has transferred itself to his body through the agency of the Garuda Stone.

Anything better than Mr. W. F. HAWTREY as the Schoolmaster, Dr. Grimstone, it is impossible to imagine. It was never once



Soft Rose; or, *Vice Versâ*.

overdone,—let us hope it never will be,—and the character, in make-up and in acting, was true to the life. It belonged to genuine Comedy. The boys, too, from the biggest to the smallest, played so naturally, that they could have given any performance of the School Scene in *Parents and Guardians* any number of lengths and won easily. Clegg (Mr. F. WOOD), *Tipping* (Mr. F. HAMILTON BELL), and *Chawner* (Mr. T. CANNAM) were simply the boys they represented. We haven't the remotest idea what their ages may be individually, but they appeared to be Comedians of sixteen and downwards.

Miss LAURA LINDEN made a decided hit in the part of *Dulcie*, in whose hands Mr. ROSE has cleverly placed the *dénouement*. We suppose Mr. EDGAR BRUCE will produce it at the Imperial. If he does so, we strongly advise Mr. ROSE to eliminate the comic Cabman, and substitute the Butler. Short as the piece is, it will still bear cutting, and ought to be reduced to exactly an hour. The Curtain should never be down for more than a minute.

The GERMAN REEDS have got a very amusing piece in the *Mountain Heires*. Mr. ALFRED REED, as a Cockney Brigand, and Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, as a Solicitor, compelled to appear in a brigand's costume, are both very funny. Mr. BENSON's music is pretty, but nothing more. We don't forgive Miss HOLLAND for making up plain, and giving herself such a sun-burnt complexion that she would be set down at once as Brown HOLLAND. She sings and acts as well as ever.

"Our Mess," Mr. CORNEY GRAIN's new song, has this fault, that there isn't enough of it, and it is so far from exhausting its subject, that it might be taken as Part the First of a series "to be



Cornet Grain, of "Our
Mess."



Alf-Reed the Great (disguised as a
Mutton Pi-rate of the Sandwich Isles).



Brown Holland; or, The
Merry Dutches.

continued in our next." The best thing in it is the imitation of the military band, which goes with shouts of laughter.

There is a very pretty *lever du rideau* now being played at the Savoy, entitled *A Private Wire*. Music by PERCY REEVE, and libretto by ARNOLD FELIX and FRANK DESPREZ. There is not a bad "number" in the score, which is none the worse for preserving a reminiscence of ARTHUR SULLIVAN in the *Lullaby*. The *mise-en-scène* is most praiseworthy, such care being, we regret to say, seldom bestowed on a *lever du rideau*.

The music of *Iolanthe* improves on acquaintance: "Don't go," and "O, Captain Shaw!" are delightful. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH is very droll as the *Chancellor*; but plot and dialogue are not up to the mark of *Patience* and *Pinafore*. The whole Company act with the greatest possible care, and the Chorus go through their work like carefully wound-up pieces of mechanism, which is exactly what they ought to do. All the Principals wear the electric spark in their hair, and are clearly light-headed.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE is immensely funny in *Artful Cards*, and the precision with which the change of the gambling-table into a couple of semi-grand pianos is managed, is most creditable to the Stage-Management. Miss MARIE LINDEN is a most attractive *Countess Asterisks*, and Mr. WARD a capital *Sir Havrut Shortleigh*.

We are bound to finish our round with an "Obituary Notice." On Friday night last, at the Haymarket Theatre, surrounded by a host of sympathising friends, and deeply regretted by everyone connected with the Management of this Company, expired, in the



LINLEY SAMBOURNE - INV. DEL.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MECHANISM.

MR. GEORGE LEWIS TRYING TO WIND-UP THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

sixteenth year of his age, the Acting Right of *Caste*, hitherto exclusively the property of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT. Dr. JOHN HARE, the original of *Sam Gerridge*, was called in at the last moment, but his invaluable assistance only galvanised into brief but brilliant life the last moments of the rapidly sinking invalid; and, despite the admirable nursing of Mrs. STIRLING as the *Marquise*, the devoted attention of Mrs. BANCROFT inimitable as *Polly*, the tender care of Mr. BANCROFT also inimitable as *Hawtree*, and the solicitude of Mr. D. JAMES, great as old *Eccles*, all was over at ten minutes past eleven, when invisible music played "*Auld Lang Syne*," and the mourners strewed the stage with wreaths and bouquets. We are glad to hear that the silent baby, the infant phenomenon of the Third Act, whose face for sixteen years has been hidden from the

view of the audience, and who has never once uttered a cry, or even had a measles, has been handsomely provided for by Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT. The Canary in the cage that adorned the window of the little house in Stangate, that never moved off its perch, never sang, and whose keep was absolutely inexpensive, will, we hear, be presented to the Aviary department of the Zoological Gardens. Sad for the BANCROFTS—to have "*lost Caste*," and, like *Mr. Buntitude*, to have to go to *School* again.

PROFESSOR ABEL and Dr. SIEMENS are the new Knights. Scientific men are delighted and electric-lighted. "*De Navy*," a Nigger Sea-Cook says, "take it as a compliment to Abel Siemens."

THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE.

[Speaking at the Annual Festival of the Lyceum Theatre Provident and Benevolent Fund, Mr. IRVING said that "the extraordinarily large number of Amateurs coming upon the Stage seemed to him to threaten to sweep away professional Actors altogether."]

"TWILL be a success, that is certain,
Reflecting the taste of the age,
A Viscount will pull up the Curtain,
And Dukes will appear on the Stage.
No pretty plebeians before us
Shall shake their auriculous curls,
But here will the Ballet and Chorus
Be culled from the daughters of Earls.

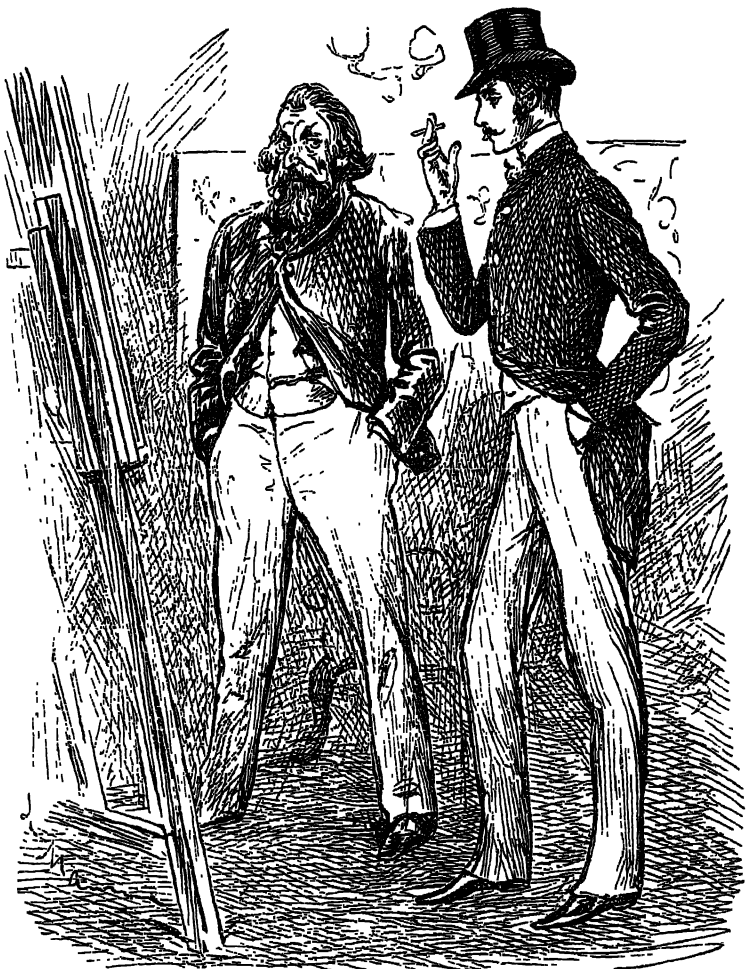
A Marquis, in trunk-hose and camlet,
Will surely attract quite a host;
A Baron shall figure as *Hamlet*,
An Earl will stalk in as the *Ghost*.
And who dare predict that we sell not
Our Stalls, where there is to be seen
A live Lord come on as *Claude Melnotte*,
A Duchess appear as *Pauline*.

Though haply the acting be "shady,"
As slang-loving critics may say,
Methinks that My Lord and My Lady
Should draw just as much as the Play.
Though Art be not here, why what matters
Its absence, for snobs will not fret,
Since those who tear passion to tatters
Have all of their names in *Debrett*.

DOING THE GRAND!

EVERYTHING'S Grand nowadays—Grand Concerts, Grand Hotels, Grand Old Men, and Grand New Committees. These last have begun well, at least the G. C. on Trade did, but there was a bit of a hitch in the Grand Law Committee. The room is stated to be "more richly furnished" than that of the Grand Committee on Trade. This doesn't look well—at least the furniture looks well enough, but it sounds as if the Grand Committees were suddenly becoming too grand. A "G. C." is just like a sedan-chair. Whether it goes along easily or not, depends, even in a high wind, on the steadiness and perseverance of the Chairmen. If they get through a Grand lot of work, the G. O. M. will be complimented on his G. C.'s, and will receive the Louis-Quatorzian title of Grand Old Mon-arque.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S COOKERY-BOOK.—She is making a collection of receipts. Hashed mutton and varicose beans when in season, she says, is an excellent dish.



A CAPITAL REASON.

"IT'S THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, YOU KNOW!"

"WHAT A SUBJECT! MY DEAR FELLAH, IF YOU MUST PAINT DUKES AND DUCHESSES, WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU PAINT MODERN ONES?"

"MODERN ONES! WHY, DASH IT ALL, MAN, I NEVER SAW A MODERN DUKE IN MY LIFE, NOR A MODERN DUCHESS EITHER!—AND, WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T WANT TO!"

BOMBASTES BOBADIL AT HOME.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, Monday.

I HAVE just had the privilege of a personal interview with O'D-N-V-N R-SSA, on the subject of the Dynamite Conspiracy in England. I found him in a luxuriously-furnished set of apartments in the Broadway, which somewhat astonished me, as last time I saw him he was in a grimy garret at the top of a third-class tenement in one of the lowest parts of New York.

Offering me a particularly fine Havanna cigar, and ringing the bell for a couple of bottles of champagne, he sank back in his luxurious cushions, and requested to know what I wanted. Any information, he obligingly added, which he had it in his power to afford, he should take good care to keep to himself. I succeeded, however, in restoring him to something like good-humour by reading aloud to him from this morning's paper an account of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S new Explosives Bill.

O'D-N-V-N R-SSA thinks it will do "the cause," as he called it, "a power o' good, bedad." I should mention that all the time he was speaking he kept toying with a large dynamite bomb which lay on the table, and which, as he boasted, if loaded, would blow a good part of Broadway to smithereens.

"However, it is not loaded," he smilingly remarked, and added that he personally was rather timid about firearms and explosives and such things.

His language with regard to "the craven Cabinet of London"

was far too strong to be respectable. He seemed annoyed at the stupidity of WHITEHEAD and the others in allowing themselves to be caught so easily.

"They don't know the A. B. C. of the Dynamitist profession," he said; but added that they were intimately acquainted with its L. S. D. Gulping down a huge jorum of champagne, and stroking his moustache with heavily-jewelled fingers, he remarked that he sincerely hoped that his self-sacrificing example would produce an excellent impression among the starving peasantry of the West of Ireland. The agitation, he remarked in a spirit of singular candour, which is perhaps attributable to the champagne, keeps England in panic and himself in plenty,—and what better arrangement could be desired?

As for the inhabitants of London, they deserve, according to R-SSA, all that they get, for their treatment of Ireland. He did not hesitate to say that the spirit of strict equity, and even the law of mercy itself, demanded that those terrible tyrants, the women and children who happened to live near Government Offices in London, should be slain in thousands by explosions of nitro-glycerine. The dreadful ruffians who might be passing by when one of his infernal machines exploded also deserved no pity.

As for the American Government, they certainly would not surrender him to British justice. Did I think they wanted, he asked me, the whole voting strength of the Irish thrown into the scale against them? I replied that I did not know, but thought it highly improbable. Winking his small eyes, and knitting his particularly low forehead, he said he thought so too.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 9.—Dynamite Bill went through both Houses to-night like streak of greased lightning. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in charge of it in the Commons, attempted to create diversion of delay by "drawing" Irish Members. But they not to be drawn, though Grandiose Old Man frowned upon them, shook a warning forefinger in their direction, and sunk his voice to lowest tones of Tragedy when referring to the clause dealing with the British subject "who goes to France or America, and is party in any way, directly or indirectly, by word or by speech, to any of these transactions." JUSTIN MCCARTHY wanted to know what was the difference between "by word or by speech," but restrained critical faculty.

Sir RICHARD CROSS, in his sparrow-like fashion, showed disposition to chirrup and hop around the Fourth Clause with intent to show how much better a superior kind of sparrow would have done it. But Gentlemen behind him howled. Sir RICHARD aghast. Was it possible that loyal Members of Conservative Party were interrupting him with impatient cries? Couldn't believe it. Tried another chirrup. Howls again. Sat down abruptly and aghast.

In the House of Lords the Marquis unexpectedly broke out. Denounced the Bill as Party manoeuvre unworthy of Parliamentary traditions.

"Good Heavens, my Lord! What do you mean?" Lord CAIRNS asked, when the Marquis sat down highly refreshed.

"Pon my honour, don't know," said the Marquis. "Fancy I mean nothing. Fact is, been hanging about here all night to pass this Bill, having meanwhile to sit through speeches by LYTTON, KIMBERLEY, and NORTHBROOK. So depressed; felt I must have a fling; though, to tell the truth, when I rose meant to cordially approve the Bill, and say that it ought to have been brought in long ago."

Business done.—Explosives Bill went off like a shot.

Tuesday.—Lord Mayor of Dublin arrived at four o'clock, in scarlet robes and chain of gold. Magnificent spectacle as he walked up the floor of the House, and took his accustomed seat below the Gangway. Many a man in his position would have ordered SPEAKER out of Chair, and seated himself therein, or perhaps shouldered Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT out of Premier's place. But CHARLES DAWSON is better bread. Great excitement in House. Members uncertain whether they ought to rise, and remain standing, as his Lordship strode to his place. Some for it, some against. Before discussion was over, the Lord Mayor was seated, and had carelessly thrown back the folds of his gown, so that the massive proportions of the shapely limb might be seen from the Ladies' Gallery.

"Splendid!" said Lord DUNRAVEN, who witnessed the spectacle from Peers' Gallery. "As compared with this, SOLOMON in all his glory was a poor white."

Subsequently, Lord Mayor entertained Patriotic party at dinner, over which he presided with mingled grace and dignity. "We're all proud of him," said Mr. SHAW, with a glow of warmth on his honest countenance. "Sim Tappertit was nothing to him."

Met JOSEPH GILLIS coming from the banquet, evidently in high spirits. Quite a contrast from ordinary manner of late. Afraid he'd been dazzled by the presence of the Lord Mayor. But it was something else that had cheered his sensitive mind.

"D'ye think, now," says he, "LABBY will *reely* be sent to gaol about this 'ere libel case?"

"You'd better go and ask him," I said, a little tartly. Can't bear spiteful men, though they're thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. How different the kindly heart of Captain O'SHEA beats at this crisis!

"Think," he says, brushing away a tear, "of EDMUND and HENRY in at the same time. Perhaps in adjoining cells. But the companionship would be some comfort. Maybe they'll sing to each other, and correct each other's little inaccuracies through a crevice in the wall. EDMUND will probably rear a fragile plant, and HENRY will cherish in his bosom a lonely mouse."

Good-hearted fellow, O'SHEA! Voice choked with emotion, as he drew this picture of the Member for Northampton making closer acquaintance with those "vertebrate animals," in whose interest he proposes to move an Amendment on Cruelty to Animals Bill.

"Cheer up, O'SHEA! If they're 'quodded'—which I'll lay a trifle against—you'll be able to go and see them. You know how to open prison-doors." Treaty-maker slightly revived at this prospect of future usefulness.

Business done.—Discussed New Scheme, propounded by O'CONNOR POWER, for Re-settlement of Ireland. Government couldn't see it.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Smell of whiskey in House to-day. Looked about for W. H. O'SULLIVAN. Thought he might have a few samples in his pocket. But he's not here. Very rarely is now. Become, in short, a "silent spirit." Noticed perfume was wafted from

direction of Galleries. Found them packed with Gentlemen, who, LAWSON tells me, are of the public-house persuasion, come down to hear debate on Sunday Closing Bill. Members chiefly arrived in four-wheelers, carrying great bundles, petitions for and against the Bill. Mr. COWEN being a man of impartial mind, presents two from Newcastle, one for the Bill, one against. Sir WM. MCARTHUR still smiles supreme. No one beat his roll of yesterday with over half a million signatures. A whisper about this afternoon that a large proportion are those of Aborigines from the East End, the Aquarium, and other resorts of those interesting people.

Debate on Sunday Closing not reached, and Gentlemen in the Gallery treated to discussion on County Government in Ireland. They listened languidly, staring at Sir W. LAWSON, pointing out to each other Mr. ONSLOW, Mr. WARTON, and Mr. CALLAN, and secretly taking nips, which accounts for pervading odour.

Business done.—Debate on Sunday Closing Bill circumvented.

Thursday Night.—Great men ever subject to aspersion. Lord Mayor DAWSON no exception to rule. It is said, and by a countryman, that Petition he presented the other night as an accessory to the red gown and gold chain, and a preliminary to the dinner, was carried by vote of a majority of Gentlemen "actually engaged in the whiskey trade."

"And why not?" says W. H. O'SULLIVAN, who has come back to-day, with his whiskers another shade darker. "If there's any persons concerned to stop Sunday Closing, it's them engaged in the whiskey trade. No one better right to sign Petition."

Turns out that Mr. BLAKE, who is responsible for the statement, is misinformed.

"Only Ten of the majority of Twenty-five of the Dublin Town Council who signed the Petition," says Lord Mayor DAWSON, drawing himself up to full height, and casting a withering glance on the ordinarily blameless BLAKE,—"only Ten were engaged in the whiskey trade."

Mr. BLAKE crushed. House expected he would rise and apologise to Corporation of Dublin and its Lord Mayor. Told me afterwards he would have done so, only so overcome that he couldn't trust himself on his legs.

"They told me there were Thirteen," he said, "and it turns out there were only Ten. I am astonished at their moderation."

Innocence and ingenuousness of Irish Members cruelly traded upon by ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Criminal Code Bill down for Second Reading. Lawyers on both sides agree that it's an admirable measure. Wanting, of course, a little trimming in Committee. Been hard at work all afternoon in Grand Committee on Criminal Appeal Bill, and so disinclined to talk. At a quarter-past eight, Debate, after dribbling along for the last hour, finally stopped. Irish Members away holding secret meeting. Eight English Members present all agreed for Second Reading. If ATTORNEY-GENERAL had got up, spoken for five minutes, and sat down, Bill would have passed. But Sir HENRY JAMES had devised deep scheme to entrap Irish Members. (At least so O'DONNELL tells me.) If he spoke long enough, they would come back, plunge into the debate, would waste remainder of night, and then *Clôture* be brought into play, Irish Members shut up, and Bill passed Second Reading.

Bound to say, seems to me Second Reading might as well have been taken at half-past eight, and rest of sitting used to get on with business. But ATTORNEY-GENERAL's sure to know best. Things fell out as he planned. Spread over half an hour what he might have said in five minutes. Irish Members came back, took up the debate, and kept it going till two in the morning. *Clôture* threatened, Debate collapsed, and Bill triumphantly passed Second Reading. Wonderful success! But business, ways in the House of Commons more than ever puzzling.

Business done.—Criminal Code Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—Spent morning in discussing Transvaal. At Evening Sitting, Mr. MONK came down, very nicely dressed, to move Resolution on the Marriage Laws. Full bench of Ministers, and things looking all right. But MONK had not taken JOSEPH GILLIS into account.

"We've had enough of Marriage Laws for one year," said JOEY B., grimly.

So he lay in wait, and Counted the House Out long before Mr. MONK, as representing the happy Bridegroom, reached the Altar.

"THE Doom of the 'Invalides' is pronounced," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S Nephew, reading an extract from the Parisian news in a daily paper. "Of course it is, my dear," rejoined his Aunt. "Ever since I can remember Paris, the doom of the Invalides always was most pronounced, specially when the sun shone on it, when it was magnificent."

THE Land of Misfortune. By Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Is this where "The Fishery" is situated?

THE COMING RIBBON.

Prize Reaction Tale for the Year 1883.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ceremony at the Church had gone off with the greatest *éclat*, and now the notable event of the day, the wedding breakfast, was more than half over.

There had not been a hitch. The cake was a masterpiece. The viands were perfect. But the feature of the entertainment was unquestionably the high-class character of the cheap non-alcoholic digestive beverages with which the splendid repast had been washed down. There was but one opinion about them. They were unique. So, at least, thought Sir GORMAN WOSH, the Slopshire Baronet.

"Try another tumbler of that Hydrophosphorated Gingerine," whispered the pallid, swollen, and portly old toper to his neighbour. "I drink nothing else at the cover-side. It won't hurt you. There aren't a dozen apopleptic fits in a pailful," and as he spoke, like a true votary of Anti-Bacchus, he emptied a decanter of the apparently innocent fluid at a draught.

"He's drinking himself to death," whispered the spiteful Lady TIPPINS, with a malicious little twinkle in her eye. "It's a wicked age. What do you say, Marquis?"

She tapped a thin, wan, bloodless-looking Aristocrat, who had acted as her escort to table, playfully on the shoulder with her fan. He looked at her with cold, white, watery eyes, and feebly raised a tankard of sparkling *sulphuro-carbonetta* to his lips. "If, in the old days, wine and innocence went out together," he said, gallantly, "we can at least boast that, in the new, we are not without water and beauty."

It was a natty compliment; and, as suiting the action to the word, with a limp but frigid bow to his fair interrogator, he drained quite a gallon and a half of the highly-recommended nerve, brain, and lung tonic with evident effort, a momentary blush suffused her features. And she would have essayed some *naïve* and appropriate reply, but at this moment all eyes were turned in the direction of Lord FROTHINGHAM, the old friend of the family, who had at last, after several unsuccessful efforts, been propped up on his legs to do honour to the toast of the hour. There was a hush of expectation—then silence. "I am asked by my dear friend, our honoured host," he commenced in a thin, wheezing, washed-out squeak, that told only too plainly of many a wild orgy with the water-butt, "to bid you charge your flagons with a choice and special beverage that he laid down himself, with a view to this great and happy occasion, some five-and-twenty years ago."

There was an attempt at a cheer, but the effervescents had already gone round freely, and spirits were damped. It died out like the echo in a catacomb. Still, the red-plushed attendants were busy in every direction with large white china jugs; and there was a buzz of something like consternation as glasses were rapidly drained and held out expectantly for that "new brand." The company guessed the treat that was probably in store for them. One or two of the more moderate and thoughtful made instinctively for the door. But the majority, in a state of flaccid dilution, and unequal to any active protest, merely kept their seats, and simpered sadly with the reserve of well-bred dyspepsia. The noble speaker continued:—

"I will not," he went on, in a painfully whining treble, "refer further to the event of the day. It is wiser to let it alone. Weak, knock-kneed, blighted, broken as we all feel on occasions such as these, we would yet avoid the scandal of unrestrained hysterics. And after such cheer as we have had beneath this roof,—the less we try to say the better. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, charge your tumblers with the famous old family toast-and-water."

There had been a terrible scene, and it had taken seven stalwart footmen and the French *chef* to carry the kicking old Nobleman into the open air, and deposit him on the pavement in the midst of the sympathetic crowd. But the happy pair had driven off, and he was better now. They had seated him in a corner of the drawing-room, with a mustard-plaster on his head, and he began dimly to recall the events of the morning. "He was still whimpering, but a kindly voice was addressing him earnestly now. The Reverend BRANDING SMASH, the respected Vicar of the aristocratic parish, had taken a seat by his side.

"Give it up, my dear Lord FROTHINGHAM," he said, with a rich round rubicund laugh that shook a statuette off the mantelpiece. "Give it up. Look at me! I never touch a drop of water. I see the destruction that is being wrought in this unhappy country by that terrible, that pernicious, that deadly fluid, and I avoid it as a subtle and poisonous snare." And the reverend Apostle continued the usual course of vehement appeal with telling effect and illustration for quite three-quarters of an hour. The poor old Nobleman blinked.

"Give up water?" he asked. "Then of what do you make your tea?"

"Of gin," was the cheery reply.

"And it is not nasty?"

"Try it!" There was a converting and pleasant wink in the earnest speaker's eye now.

"And do you mean to tell me you drink nothing but alcohol?"

"Nothing but alcohol."

"And you are ever in good spirits?"

"Ever! Listen!" and the kindly devotee sang the weak, trembling, but now hesitating disciple several comic songs, dancing choruses and all, in rapid succession. The old Nobleman bent forward.

"And the secret of your perseverance?" he asked, earnestly.

There was a moment's pause, as the good Vicar unbuttoned his overcoat.

"I am," he said, pointing proudly to the silken little emblem, "a member of the *Yellow Ribbon Army*!"

PASSENGER-DUTIES.

AT, or about Budget time, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is generally "interviewed" on the subject of Passenger-Duties, and this year he has taken off an impost which weighed upon third-class travellers. There are many passenger-duties, however, that are not wholly connected with finance, which it may do the public good to be reminded of.

The first duty of a passenger is to have his money ready, and not to expect change for a fifty-pound note when he takes a three-and-sixpenny ticket one minute and a quarter before the train starts.

His next duty is not to insist upon having a compartment to himself when the carriages are besieged by passengers, and not to threaten to write to his personal friend, the Chairman of the Company, or to his other friend, the Editor of the *Times*, when his demand is not instantly complied with.

His next duty is, when he has entered a carriage, not to lock the door with a private key, not to plaster an "Engaged" placard upon the window, or to pretend that he is an escaped lunatic in order to keep the compartment.

When comfortably seated, it is his duty not to place his luggage in nearly every available seat, not to carry game in an advanced state of decomposition, Normandy cheese, loaded guns, or knives of sinister aspect. He has a right to read, if he likes, but his duty is not to read works of ostentatious immorality or equally ostentatious piety. He may use a reading-lamp if necessary, but it is his duty not to let the candle gutter down while he is probably asleep, to the infinite annoyance of his fellow passengers. He may take snuff, but it is his duty not to sneeze with the roar of a lion five minutes before feeding-time. He may smoke, if he gets the permission of his fellow passengers, but it is his duty not to smoke rank tobacco. He may sup or lunch in the carriage, but it is his duty to draw the line at garlic, onions, or fried fish. It is needless to say that he ought not to pick his teeth with a corkscrew. If he feeds at a railway refreshment-room, he ought to take anything the Directors or the Contractors give him, and it is his duty to be thankful both before and after the meal. Let him think of the hardships his grandfathers endured as travellers, and not make rude jokes about "horsenail soup," concrete pies, and meat supplied by GRISSEL AND PETO.

Masheric Intelligence.

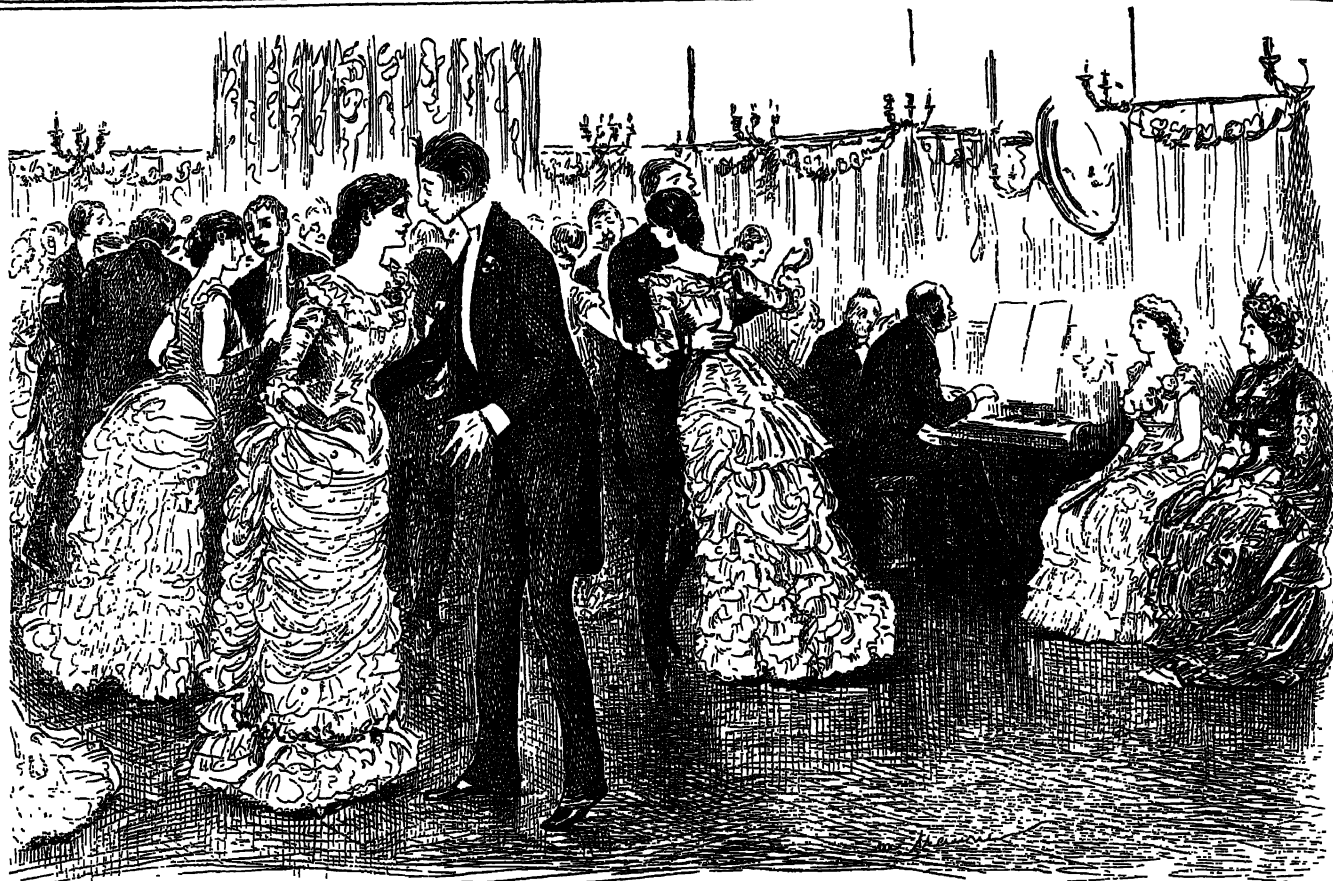
THEY have a Club now. It is called the "Masherium." All the tables are made very high so as they shall not cut their throats with their collars more than is absolutely necessary. They all wear pinafores at dinner to prevent their spoiling their shirts. At this Club, Champagne is no longer called the "Boy." It is denominated "Masherade." Potatoes, "mashed," ready at all hours.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following genuine extract from the *Wiesbaden Tagblatt* of April 3rd:—

"A lady wish give German or French lessons towards English Conversation, from a very fine lady or from a fine Mr. Englishman."

Any of our readers visiting Wiesbaden might avail themselves of the above offer.

FRIENDS OR FOES.—The Bishops, as appears from the recent records of Convocation, are beginning to incline to the opinion that the Salvation Army is a hostile force. Very long time in finding this out. Indeed, some of our Spiritual Peers—or, as we should prefer to write it, were it true, *Pairs Spirituels*—seem to think that there is less of the Army than the Knavey about these Salvationists.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Daughter of the House (having tried her Partner, and not finding him up to the mark). "STOP! DO YOU KNOW, I SEE THAT MISS BLINKINSOP ISN'T DANCING. I REALLY MUST GIVE YOU UP TO HER!"

OUR DARK BLUE LINE.

"The first line of defence that we have is the Police, and I hope I may pay my tribute to the splendid services which the Police, not only in the Metropolis, but also in the provinces, and above all in Ireland, have rendered to the cause of Society."

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Punch to the Peelers.

We have heard of our "Thin Red Line,"
Of its battle-front steadfast and fine,
Now lyrics must raise
A new psalm of praise,
To which England's ear will incline,
I opine,
Or wrongly the Sage doth divine.
The name and the fame of our Red
Have stirred admiration and dread
In friend and in foe,
When the battle-blasts blow,
And the death-flights of pitiless lead
Are sped,
Firm stretches the fine-scarlet thread!
Yet 'tis not the sole colour that's true.
That as brave hearts may beat beneath Blue,
Had we doubted before,
We have proofs by the score,
Since the Dynamite Demon's foul crew
First threw
O'er our cities chill Death's ghastly hue.
Splendid service! Sir WILLIAM, you're right,
Those breasts beneath Blue buttoned tight,
Standing firmly and still
Between England and ill,
Are heroic as ever in fight,
To fight
Put the foes of our land by their might.

Civic servants in plain woollen stuff,
Civic badge upon collar and cuff,
Yet cynics must own
Simple "Bobbies" have shown
Something more of true soldiery tough
Than enough
For mere dealing with burglar and rough.
The sleuth-hound and bull-dog in one
Is a guardian indeed. They have done,
These men in plain Blue,
What to dare and to do
Is as much as face steel-stroke or gun,
Nor run
When the death-shells are flying "like fun."
There is hell in our midst, its black band
Threats the cities and homes of our land.
These have struck on the trail
Of the Terror, with pale
Set faces, cool head, and firm hand.
So grand
State service should guerdon command.
Here's "Our Dark Blue Line"—our Police!
May their work so well started not cease,
Their resolute grip
Never falter or slip
From the Anarchs who lengthen hate's lease,
Increase
Tophet's borders, and murder sweet Peace!

LEGAL QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Will the Director of Public Prosecutions take notice of any case of assault?—Yes,—if you get sufficiently Mauled.
Then what answer would he make?—He would at once say, "I'm MAULE there!"

HARCOURT'S "RAPID ACT."

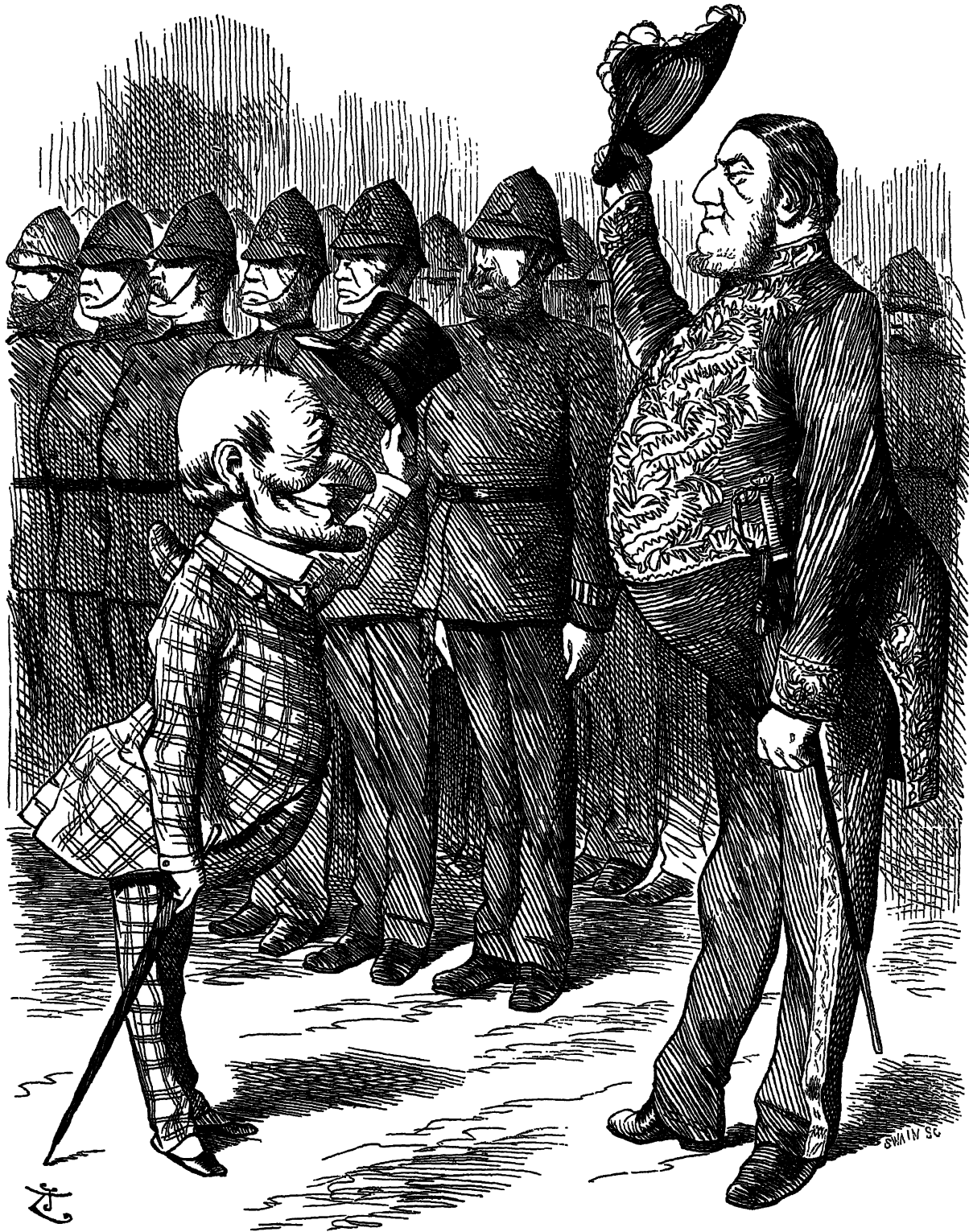
SEEKING how rapidly an "Explosives Bill" can become law—how both sides in Parliament agree to bury the war-hatchet, how the House of Lords agrees to sit after the aristocratic dinner-hour, and how the Sovereign is kept out of bed, or knocked up early in the morning—it is impossible not to regret that the same dynamite influence could not be brought to bear upon our ordinary legislation. Destructive forces, when properly governed, become the most useful agents of civilisation; and it has long been notorious that the only way to carry any useful reform is to establish a state of panic. Perhaps the Sunday Closing fanatics will create such a tempest of popular wrath, that we shall get free-trade in drink, drama, music, and dancing, while the draughtsmen are pottering over the clauses of the Municipal Reform Bill. (P)

Unrequited Advance.

Old Flame (in a tone of tender melancholy to OLD FOGGY, whom she regrets having rejected when he once made her an offer). "Do you think, Mr. BUCKTHORN, we shall meet those we love in the next world?"

Old Fogey. Perhaps, Ma'am. And, let us hope, in that part of it where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

MRS. RAM says she likes pure unadulterated coffee, no chicanery in it.



“POLICE INTELLIGENCE.”

MR. PUNCH (to HOME SECRETARY). “IN THE NAME OF THE PUBLIC, SIR WILLIAM, I CONGRATULATE YOU ON OUR—AH—BOBBIES!—OUR *DARK BLUE LINE* OF DEFENCE!”

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Case of Exhibits, respectfully offered for the consideration of H. R. H. the Prince of Whales by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Row of Erring.



Sam on Outlets.



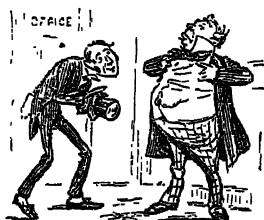
Mak' her ill.



'Ock Topers.



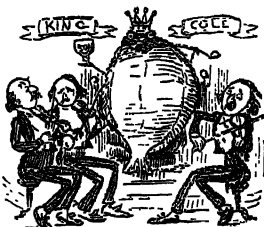
Jack.



Fishing for Place.



A Hoister Bed.



A Merry Old Soul.

ITALIANO IN COVENT GARDEN.

THE great novelty of the ensuing Italian Opera Season will be the production of a real Italian Opera. It is called *La Gioconda*, libretto by ARRIGO BOITO—no relation, we believe, to M. ARRIGO BEANO—and the music by Signor AMILCARE PONCHIELLI, whom Signor PUNCHIELLI of Eighty-five, Fleet Street, is delighted to welcome to England as his long-lost cousin several times removed.

Madame PATTI is to give us a treat in *La Gazza Ladra*; Madame ALBANI is to be the *Senta* of attraction in the Italianised *Flying Dutchman*. The Land of Song must be hard-up for *prime donne*, as, though the names, just for the look of the thing, are Italianised, there isn't a genuine native of Italy among the lot. Is there a notice over the Stage-door of the Italian Opera in London headed, "No Italians need apply"? As to the tenors, Mr. MAAS joins them, and will sing in his usually Maasterly style. Will he Italianise his name? If so, there's an operatic one ready to hand—Signor MAASANTIELLO.

The Covent Garden prospects are good, if not brilliant. Mr. HALL is at his post, as usual, in the Box-office: open the front door of Covent Garden Theatre, and you come at once to the Hall. Appearing generally with a gardenia in his evening dress coat, this worthy official is sometimes confounded with the Floral Hall. To do so is a mistake. F. Hall is lower down: this is E. HALL, and—that's h-all, at present on this subject.

But what does this mean in the Prospectus?—"Companies of Artists, with Accompanists and Conductors complete," may be had "at prices varying from 80 to 200 guineas." How are they sent out? Packed in Private Boxes? Tune, of course, is guaranteed,

but time is not specified. Are they warranted to keep in any climate? It sounds like one of Professor BLAND's advertisements of a Box of Tricks, or of somebody who provides an entire evening's entertainment; and Mr. GYE might have added, "Samples sent post-free to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of thirteen stamps."

The energetic *Entrepreneur* already complains (through us) of the applications of which the following, inclosed for publication, are, we suppose, fair specimens:—

(To The Manager of the I. O. C., Limited.)

DEAR SIR,

SEEKING your advertisement, I beg to request that you will forward a company of Artists to play the *Huguenots*, with Accompanist and Conductor complete. We'll do it in our back drawing-room, as a little surprise to my wife on her birthday. Eighty guineas being your lowest figure, I don't mind going to eighty-two if you'll throw in Sir JULIUS. Song, but no supper.

Handel House (No 32, corner of Brown Street), Kensington, W.

Yours truly,

ALBERT BASSOON.

(To Mr. Gye, Covent Garden Opera House, London.)

SIR,

WE are opening the new wing of St. Florida's Church, next Thursday. Having seen your representation of The Cathedral Scene in the *Prophète*, should like to know if we can arrange for an "Entire Company" (according to the advertisement in your Prospectus) with costumes complete, including the Bishops who, if I remember rightly, are always on in this Scene, and the Choristers who sing that charming Chorus while swinging the incense. Your minimum, I see, is eighty guineas, "with Accompanist and Conductor complete;" but, in a good cause, surely, Sir, you would make some reduction, and we can dispense with the services of the Conductor and the Accompanist, as our own Organist will do all that's necessary on our full-toned American harmonium. I think we can manage fifty pounds, but we are only a poor flock, and cannot bear much shearing. Temper then the wind instruments to us, and oblige

Cope Rectory.

Yours truly,

CHAS. YEUBEL.

DEAR SIR,

I'M giving a little festivity Entertainment to a few JOHNNIES, a bachelor party, and think it will be jolly to have one of your Companies down for the night. Your advertisement says, "Companies of Artists, with Accompanist and Conductor, complete, from eighty to two hundred guineas." We should like a Comic Opera—something light and funny, with lots of "go" in it, good Singers, and Chorus. Chuck in a Ballet, and I'll go to ninety quid. The Accompanist and Conductor included, of course. Send BEVIGNANI.

Yours, truly,

TITUS A. DRUMM.

Beanness Lodge.

P.S.—On second thoughts, I don't think we'll have the Chorus. It will be after dinner, and we can do that part of the business ourselves.

2nd P.S.—I reopen this letter to say that, on consideration, we can do without a lot of singing Artists. One good 'un will do. A real Comic cove, with a set of first-rate songs.

3rd. P.S.—Haven't time to re-write foregoing; but on carefully thinking over what will most amuse the Chappies, I have come to the conclusion that you'd better make the entire Company Ballet. We can do without old BEVIGNANI, and prefer Bery of Gals. The Accompanist will be necessary; send anyone who doesn't go in for liquor, and who is strong in the wrists (deaf chap preferred), as we shall only want him to turn the handle of my mechanical piano, which plays a hundred tunes, with all the latest Burlesque novelties. Perhaps I'd better come up, and choose the *troupe* myself, or you send photos. The hall of Beanness Lodge is plenty big enough for a first-rate Ballet. By the way, supper afterwards. Come down yourself, and Gye-ne the party. Larks!

THE GHOULISH RAILWAY.

THERE was a time when Railway Directors, for the purpose of Railway extension, were content with the homes of the living; but latterly they have coveted the resting-places of the dead. The Churchyard of old St. Pancras was the first annexation, and now the Burial-ground of St. James's, in the Hampstead Road, is threatened. No ground in London is probably more wanted as an "open space" for the recreation of the poor creatures who are chained by work to a crowded neighbourhood, but as those who have had the purchase-money for it once are willing to sell it again, with the bones of the helpless tenants for whom it was bought, the chances are that the Ghouliah Railway Company will get it. Is the money to be used for the decoration of a fashionable Church in Piccadilly?

WHERE are the Solomon Islands? Well—we should say they are exactly the antipodes of the Scilly Isles.

THE TWO HUNDRED.

(A little after a famous Original.)

CHEERS to the right of him,
Cheers to the left of him,
Cheers from the front of
him

Volleyed and thundered !
That wasn't half enough,
Rude RANDY to rebuff,
Tell him his talk was stuff,
They pen to paper put,
Tory Two Hundred !

"Pooh ! let young puppies
yell,

We know you lead us well,
Scorn faction's low bray !
'Gainst jeers to mock you
meant,

Letters to shock you meant,
Just put *this* document,"

Says Sir JOHN MOWBRAY,
Quite so ! Your health, Sir S. !

WOODCOCK has made a mess,

Finds he has blundered ;

Long may you lead your lot,

Give it your foemen hot,

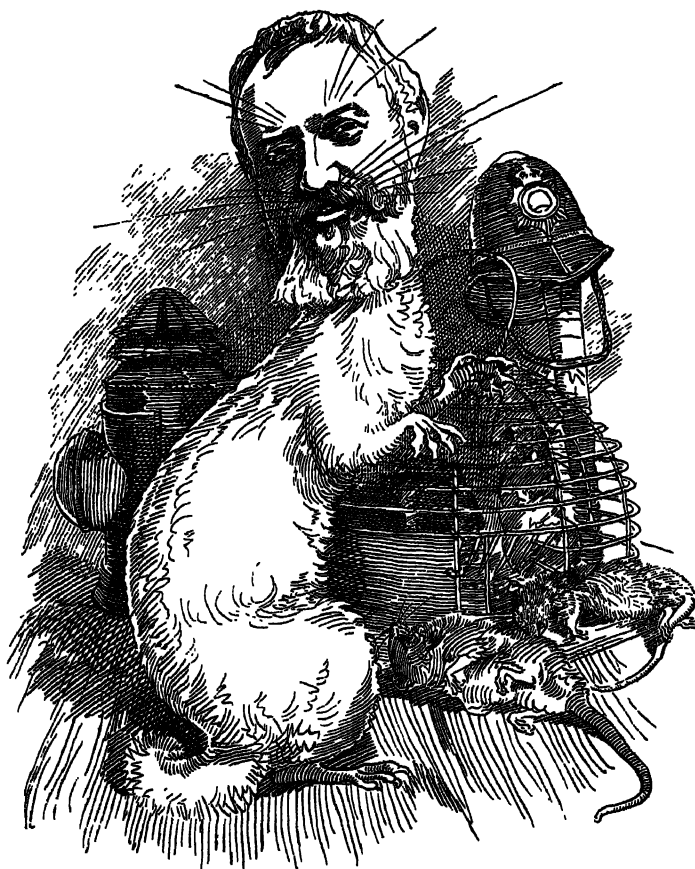
Cut by Lord R., but not

Not your Two Hundred !

In Earnest.

THE portrait of Mr. ERNEST HART was presented to Mrs. HART by the leading members of the Medical profession, in recognition of his great public services, particularly in connection with the British Medical Association. The names of Sir HENRY THOMPSON, Mr. SPENCER WELLS, Dr. QUAIN, and others of the same eminence, show that it was a genuine tribute to the work of one ERNEST HART from many Earnest Hearts, aided by Cool Heads and Steady Hands. The address itself was read by the Gentleman who bears the appropriate name of NOBLE SMITH.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 132.



CHIEF-SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAMSON,

AT THE HEAD OF THE DYNAMITE-DETECTION AND FENIAN FERRETING-OUT
DEPARTMENT.

"*Palmarum qui meruit*—FERRET."

RATHER CRAFTY.

WHILE taking our "refreshment" after "labour," we read the following:—

"His Royal Highness the Duke of CONNAUGHT yesterday afternoon laid the foundation-stone of St. Ann's Church, at Bagshot, with Masonic rites. . . . The Bishop of WINCHESTER officiated during a portion of the service."

Odd this. Is St. Ann in the Freemasonic Calendar? We can understand "Masonic rites" at the foundation of a Temple dedicated to HIRAM of Tyre, of which HIRAM Masons must be a little tired. The Bishop of WINCHESTER seems to have struck. Perhaps it occurred to his Lordship that "Masonic rites" on such an occasion were not quite in his line, so he would "either letter it or halve it"—and he halved it. By the way, Past Grand Master *Punch* has it on record that the last ecclesiastical Grand Master in England was Cardinal WOOLSEY. It is commonly said that it is so useful for a tradesman to be a member of the Craft; but, we ask, what well-known partner of an old-established firm is decidedly *not* a Mason? The immediate answer must be "*Fortnum*."

"COUNTS OUT."—The place par excellence for "Counts Out" is Italy. Any number of Counts out there, being often Counts out at elbows, Counts out of employment, and Counts out of luck generally.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' DUTY.—To see that the Directors are up to their work.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

WE'VE bin a-jogging on verry comfortably at the Marshun House for the last two or three munse. We ginrally has a Royal Prinse or a Dook or a couple of Markisses every week. Nothink keeps 'em away for long. If they ain't asked to dinner to eat and drink, they cums to meetings to talk, and to recommend other, and of course commoner peepo to subscribe their money, which is, I think, verry kind on 'em. That's wot I calls a verry fair diuision of labour. The swells does the talking and the snobs finds the money, and both fullfills the nateral law of their waried existence. I allers gits a peep at 'em if I can possibly manage it. I likes to see the fond and almost reverenshal look with which the middling orders gazes upon a reel live Prinse, and how they hangs with perfect rapshun on every word as falls from his Royal Lips.

We have had all our reglar Bankwets as usual, and they've all been apperiently enjoyed as usual, but there was nothink speshal about 'em to call for remark, until last Wensday, and then I'm enclined to think as our nobel Egipshun All saw such a sight as must have gladdened and estonished its verry eyes if it had happened to have any. Fanny the sublime idear of asking All the Egipshun Officers to come to the Egipshun All and have some dinner! And not only the Commanders and the Kernels and the Captings, but even the verry lowest of the low, even the deputy Surgeons wasn't left out in the cold, but had reel turtle and Cham-pain just like the rest.

Almost the fust thing as struck me was the gratifying fact that the members of the old Copperashun wasn't a-going for to let theirselves be cut out by their scarlet gests, so every one of 'em, as it seemed to me, who could either borrow or higher a red-coat, put it on for this

speshal military occasion. I herd one on 'em who had got a red coat on that was quite big enuff for two, explain that he came in that wunderfool garment coz the ticket of invitation said Uneform. The LORD MARE set the egampel, and looked like a reel Major-General, nearly all the Court of Aldermen followed sute, and then came the Deputy Leftenant Common Counsilmen, and a verry striking display they made, you may be sure, speshally two or three remarkably stout Deputyts who seemed to have been getting reddy for an enlarged Copperashun. Then again, to match the two field Marshalls as came with the other gests, we had our own City Field Marshall, Major CAMPBELL, looking as solgerly as the best on 'em, and the Sheriff's Field Marshall, PORTFEX, looking the appiest of the lot, because he had his own Field Marshallless with him looking as bright as a sunbeam.

The trubbal I had to explane to the reel solgers all the unyforms of the sham solgers was sumthink quite strawnery, and I am afraid in sum cases I had to shoot the long bow. Of course I may be sum-wot prejjudished, but to my mind, of all the splendid unyforms in that noble All, commend me to those of the 4 Royal Waiters in attendance on the 2 Royal Princes, and in attendance on nobody else, with their butiful scarlet coats, and their golden epperlets with their real solid gold fringe, and their stately and horty demeanor! I had quite a frendly chat with one of them after the Bankwet, of course paying him propper respect, and he told me, quite in confidence, while he langwidly puffed his Siggaret, that not only his own Royal employer—they never use the word Master—but also his Elustrus Brother the P—e of W—s have exprotest theirselves verry strongly indeed against the abberlishun of the Grand Old Copperashun, not only so, but their equally Elustrus Unkel the D—e of C—s expressed the decided opinion that it would be a *dashed* shame to do



HE MIGHT HAVE FORESEEN IT FROM CERTAIN SIGNS, HAD HIS DULL BRAIN BUT RECOGNISED THEIR SIGNIFICANCE. HE THOUGHT 'T'WAS BUT THE THRIFTY MAID BIDDING TIME TO PASS AND LEAVE HIS CLEANLY FOOTSTEPS OVER ALL. ANON HE OBSERVED FURTHER INDICATIONS, BUT HEEDED NOT THEIR PORTENT! AND NOT TILL ITS SCATTERED GERMS WERE GATHERED IN FULL FORCE, AND WITH A WILD FURY LET LOOSE UPON HIS BED-ROOM—AND FINDING ALL THAT WAS, WAS NOT!—DID HE REALISE THAT HE WAS IN THE VERY MIDST OF A SPRING CLEANING!!

so, as to his thinking the only place in which to get a really great dinner was the Manshun House. Of course I don't pretend to know much about how important matters like these is managed in the Pollytickie World, but I should think that such rewelashuns as these would settle the matter at wunse, and shut up the Firth of Forth like a werry hard frost.

I wish sum of our bitter foes could have herd the LORD MARE's speech. Didn't he tell 'em just all about the Egyptshun Champain! Why there was sum things as he told 'em as even I hadn't heard on afore. And what did Lord GARNER WOLSEY say in reply, and this ought to be writ in gold in the memory of every friend of the old Copperashun. "I ask for no greater reward, however long I may live, than that I have received to-day."

It's the custom of many unthinking people to laugh at the old Copperashun because they indulges themselves and their friends pretty often in all the dellycases of horspitality, but the nex time as any such ungenerous thort comes across what they calls their minds, let them remember the grand old history of the grand old Copperashun, and let them also remember, that one of the coolest as well as one of the bravest solgers this great country ever produced not only said the words quoted above, but also said at Gildhall that werry same morning, as I herd with my own ears, that the recet of the Telegram from the LORD MARE and Copperashun immediately after his great wictory gave him the greatest and most intense pleasure.

And why, because for ages and ages, no great man who has dun his country good service thinks he's had his full reward till he's made a honnerray freeman of the oldest the richest the charitablest and the horsepitablist City as is to be found in Urop in Asia in Africka or in Ameriker.

ROBERT.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Illustrated Weekly Papers must have trembled last Saturday morning when the *Daily Telegraph* came out with a couple of Pictures of "No. 1." If "Your likeness in this style" be frequently repeated, it will be fatal to the existence of the *Police News*.

A CAST-IRON EDITOR.

[A Journal, devoted to the cotton, wool, and iron trades, asks if "someone will only get up a patent, automatic, self-adjusting, double-backed, cast-iron Editor!"]

WANTED, a double-backed, cast-iron Editor,

One who's as strong as a full-armoured ship,
Who, like a spendthrift when greeting his creditor,
Faces the world with a sneer on his lip.

He must have works like a patent automaton,
Grinding out leaders in regular way,
Tackling all dry correspondence, say from a ton
Up to a truck-load of letters a day.

Then, when the public is terribly down on him,
He can preserve a mechanical grin.
Little he'll care if opponents should frown on him;
Wind him up well and he's certain to win.
Folks too may always be sure of his attitude;
Springs of cast-steel never vary an inch;
He'll reel off epigram, paragraph, platitude—
Such is an Editor good at a pinch!

Hope for All.

"Law bless us!" a very natural exclamation when we read in the *Morning Post*—

"Mr. R. S. WRIGHT has been appointed to the post of 'Devil' to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL."

The deuce he is! Had ORIGEN lived to see this day, how delighted he would have been; so also the Poet BURNS, who shared his Original opinions. Eh, mon! just to think that the Devil should come to be Wright at last! Poor Sir HENRY JAMES! A forensic *Faust* with a *Mephistopheles* always at his elbow! Is Sir HENRY "The Devil's Advocate"? How, in view of this fact, can Mr. BRADLAUGH remain an *Adiabolist*?

THE WHITEY-BROWNING SOCIETY.

(Communicated—by our own very serious Joker.)

April 1, 1883.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Society was held this month on the aforesaid usual inaugural date, and was in every respect a most successful gathering.

After recapitulating the delightful waste of time, temper, and intelligence that the Society, through its efforts to further involve and confuse the obscurities of Mr. WHITEY-BROWNING's capital conundrums, had effected during the course of the past year, the Chairman proceeded forthwith to read the following list of subjects selected by the Vice-Presidents for the present discussion:—

1. *Whitey-Browning as a substitute for cheap Champagne.*
2. *His Narcotic Teaching.*
3. *Ready-made Clothing and its Psychological Disadvantages, as gathered from the Philosophy of Whitey-Browning.*
4. *His Estimate of Concrete Clog-Dancing.*
5. *The Inductive value of his after-dinner Adjectives.*
7. *Whitey-Browning regarded as an Omnibus Conductor.*
8. *His subjective love of Marmalade.*
9. *The Secret of his Abstract Influence at Colney Hatch.*

On the applause that followed the reading out of this capitally-selected list having somewhat subsided, the Chairman proceeded. He said: "He thought that the time had now come when, from a sufficient acquaintance with the foggy—he might say—the inexplicable phraseology of their illustrious Master, they might themselves, in their own humble discussion, freely indulge in an obscurity that would render their remarks quite as unintelligible to themselves as they had, he was proud to believe, hitherto proved to the outer world. (Applause.) That manifestation encouraged him. It would be his endeavour, in future, not only not to cultivate the art of expressing himself in ordinary English, but he would go further,—he would do his very best to get along without any grammar. (Applause.) There was, as their great exemplar had well taught them, a wonderful profundity of thought associated with a brick-wall sentence; and the illustrious thinker, who was able to command an army of interpreting disciples, all of whom knew a good deal better than he did himself what on earth he meant when defying LINDLEY MURRAY, became the unconscious Author of a side-splitter so rich, so racy, so rare, that they could hardly hope to follow in his killing footsteps. Still they would try.

The Chairman then proposed, as subject-matter in illustration of their first *thesis*, "Whitey-Browning as a Substitute for cheap Champagne," to read and examine what he described as one of the illustrious master-singer's "stiffest little posers," and proceeded to declaim the following, amid a hushed and respectful merriment:—

BROWNING IS—WHAT?

BROWNING is—what?

Riddle redundant,

Baldness abundant,

Sense—who can spot?

Playing with wisdom, yet fiddle-de-dee,
Telescope waiting an eye that can see;
What of the cow that jumped over the moon?
Dishes enspooning with naught to enspoon!
Come, then, unstrung strangulation, O fiddle,
Scrape through the baldness, shy at the riddle!

Guess it again

Over your grog,

And aught that was plain

Grows thick, grows fog,

Grows fog!

The discussion of the above was then commenced, and led, as usual, to the customary displays of irritability and ill-temper on the part of the withered and worn-out disputants, the Deputy-Secretary being specially aggressive in his attitude as to the exact psychological significance of the expression, "fiddle-de-dee." Matters, moreover, were brought somewhat to a crisis by the proposition of a new member that the meeting should close its proceedings appropriately with a game of blind man's buff.

Upon the Chairman, who seemed to take to the task cheerfully, putting the Resolution to the vote, though there was a good deal of hasty feeling manifested by a small minority, who insisted that "they still had their heads tolerably clear," it was carried at once, and the further discussion, of the rest of the programme was adjourned almost unanimously, amidst cheers of evident relief.

After a little desultory and nagging conversation as to the advisability of entering into a contract with some respectable local butterman to purchase the surplus numbers of the Society's Papers by the hundredweight, the proceedings terminated.

N.B.—*Mr. Punch*, being conscious of the existence of a Society established by some very well meaning and worthy people, that

nevertheless appears to him to have certain vague, yet kindred points of resemblance to the institution with an account of the proceedings, of which his seriously jocular correspondent has here furnished him, wishes, while passing little judgment on either, to do full justice to both. No one has a greater regard and respect for a great name than *Mr. Punch*. But knowing that the injudicious and exaggerating adulation of over assiduous disciples will often not only make genius itself look ridiculous, but sometimes even flatter and delude it till it wanders unconsciously from the pathway of its own loftiest purpose, he publishes the above for what it is worth—a hint to be taken, *cum grano*, no doubt, but still he thinks—to be taken.

PROSECUTING—A SEARCH!

(Extract from the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's sharpest Detective.)

9 A.M.—Got my instructions. Thought the task a most difficult one, but determined to succeed. Laid in compressed provisions, and chartered a fire-engine, so as to get from place to place with the greatest possible celerity. Started.

10 A.M.—Have been to all the Police Courts. Many interesting cases. Brutal assaults, successful attempts at fraud, &c., &c. However, in spite of all my efforts, could hear nothing of him. He didn't seem to be known anywhere.

12 Noon.—Attended all the County Courts now sitting. Again found lots of work which he might have undertaken. But no, they hadn't even heard his name. Officials thought I was joking when I asked for him. General impression was that he had never been appointed.

2 P.M.—Been to all the Private Inquiry Offices. Plenty of matters there ripe for his manipulation. Was informed that he never interfered. Could get no question about him answered. Consensus of opinion that he was a myth.

4 P.M.—Have spent the last two hours in the Royal Courts of Justice. Seemed for a moment to be upon the scent. His name had been mentioned recently in a case which had come before the Lord Chief Justice. Apparently he had been "inquired after" (like things in the City), but had not been found. Many trials were going on in which he might reasonably have taken a part. But not a vestige of him to be seen. Baffled everywhere. Think, after all, he must be a "legal fiction." However, will not give up. Shall run him to earth if my life is long enough.

6 P.M.—Tried at all the Police Stations. Nearly got "run in" myself in consequence. Inspectors on duty thought my inquiries were "a lark." Assured them that I was in earnest. Inspectors convinced, but told me that "information had not been received" about him by them, nor by anyone else.

8 P.M.—Attended by a Constable, visited all the Pawnbrokers' Shops in shady neighbourhoods, and offices of receivers of stolen goods generally. None of their proprietors had ever heard of him. They said, however, that if he *had* been appointed, they did not object to him if he did nothing more in the future than he had done in the past. Constable, in taking leave, advised me to give up my search. Observed that he was evidently invisible. Rather disheartened. But courage! courage! courage! Once more yodels!—hark away!—I will have him yet!

10 P.M.—Looked in at all the Vestry Meetings. Labour spent in vain. Asked the Clergy of all denominations "if they had ever come across him?" They answered, "No—they had plenty of work for him, but, as a matter of fact, they had not seen him." Galloped in my fire-engine to all the Gaols. Governors very civil and obliging. But one reply, "Did not know him." None of the prisoners seemed to have any recollection of him. Utterly defeated! Weary and sorrowful, returned home.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Hooray! Eureka! Have discovered him at last! Took down an "Almanack for 1883," and spotted him at once! Here he is, accompanied by an "Assistant (£1000)," a "Chief Clerk (£380)," and costing, with the rest of his staff, £3821 (presumably) a year! Behold him, "Director of Public Prosecutions—Sir JOHN-BLOSSET MAULE, Q.C.—£2000." I have found him in *Whitaker*, but out everywhere else!

BLESSINGS OF THE BUDGET.—Nobody much the worse for it. Some few rather the better. Sixpenny Telegrams, and (preparation for repeal of Silver Plate Duty) slight boon to Silversmiths. Reduction of Passenger Duty for poor Railway Directors. Arrangement towards redemption of National Debt, with some advantage perhaps to posterity at large, and without much present injury to individuals. Proportionate gun-licences for accommodation of occasional sportsmen. Remission to Income-tax payer of partial impost by three-halfpence in the pound—for the present. Any longer—don't you wish you may get it? Thanks due for small mercies. No new burdens and curses.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Adapted for the Use of the Royal College of Music, by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

A leg-row.



Bass-o!



Skirts-sew Movement.



Pew lent-o!



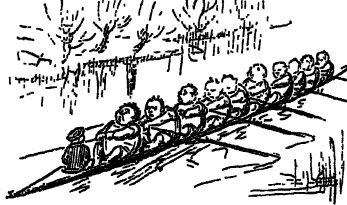
Cap reach he-o! So.



Press Toe.



Portamento.



Ten-oary Row-bust-o!



Forty (or thereabouts).



Cantab ill, eh!

ARRIVING AT AMATEURITY.

MR. PUNCH, having been informed on good authority that the unfettered enthusiasts who hold that a special training is by no means necessary to professional competency, and have, as a consequence, latterly been taking the Stage, if not the Public, by storm, are so angry with Mr. IRVING, that they are about to emigrate *en masse*, for the purpose of founding a Colony where their own fresh and airy ideas can have free and fair play, desires to recommend the following to their notice.

It is merely a chance page taken at random from a little useful handbook (*A Complete Letter-Writer*) Mr. Punch is compiling, that will, he thinks, be found invaluable to the neophyte in any such Society as his young friends have in contemplation. There are, of course, in Mr. Punch's collection, models provided for "Amateur" Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, R.A.'s, Lord Chancellors, and others, but the one he has selected from a distinguished Ecclesiastic will serve very well as a specimen of the rest.

Letter from an Amateur Archbishop to his Maternal Aunt, announcing his Elevation, and asking Counsel and Advice.

MY DEAR AUNTIE,

The Palace, April 1.

KNOWING that only a week since it was finally settled that I should go into the ironmongery business, I dare say it will to some extent surprise you to hear that I am now an Archbishop, having been consecrated, with great pomp, only yesterday afternoon. I think I may venture to say that the ceremony went off fairly, and considering that I am so fresh to the work, I am glad to tell you that I really get on remarkably well. Beyond holding my pastoral staff upside down, forgetting my apron, leaving out a collect or two, putting on my lawn-sleeves inside out, and bestowing an apostolic benediction on the Verger by mistake for the Sub-dean, there was, believe me, nothing to distinguish my discharge of my functions from the bearing of a veritable St. Anselm. By the way, when you next write, will you just tell me who St. Anselm was? Also St. Dunstan? Is not one of them referred to in the *Ingoldsby Legends*? Of course, it isn't very important, but still I think it will be as well, now I'm an Archbishop, to be a little up in Church History? And that reminds me of a small commission I have for you. I want you to try and get me a good, nice, showy, second-hand mitre. I am told there may be some technical difficulty raised to my wearing it in the Cathedral itself. But this is clearly absurd. To tell you the truth, my chief reason for entering the Episcopate at all was a conviction that I should look uncommonly well in a mitre. So, Auntie dear, do go to Nathan's, and see what you can do. Remember, an Archbishop's one. And I should think it so kind of you if you could come round some day next week and have a little ecclesiastical chat over a cup of tea. I feel I rather want it. The fact is, I have a heavy confirmation on soon, and I should like to be sure of my own Catechism first. You see I have taken to the Church at such a regular rush, that I hardly know where I am. The salary is first-rate, and I find the gaiters comfortable—still, I should like to have something to say when I charge my Clergy. You can understand that sort of feeling, can't you, Auntie dear? I shouldn't like to have to back out of it now, and take to a crossing. So mind you

come early, and give a helping hand to your always affectionate nephew and spiritual father,
W. J. NEW SARUM.

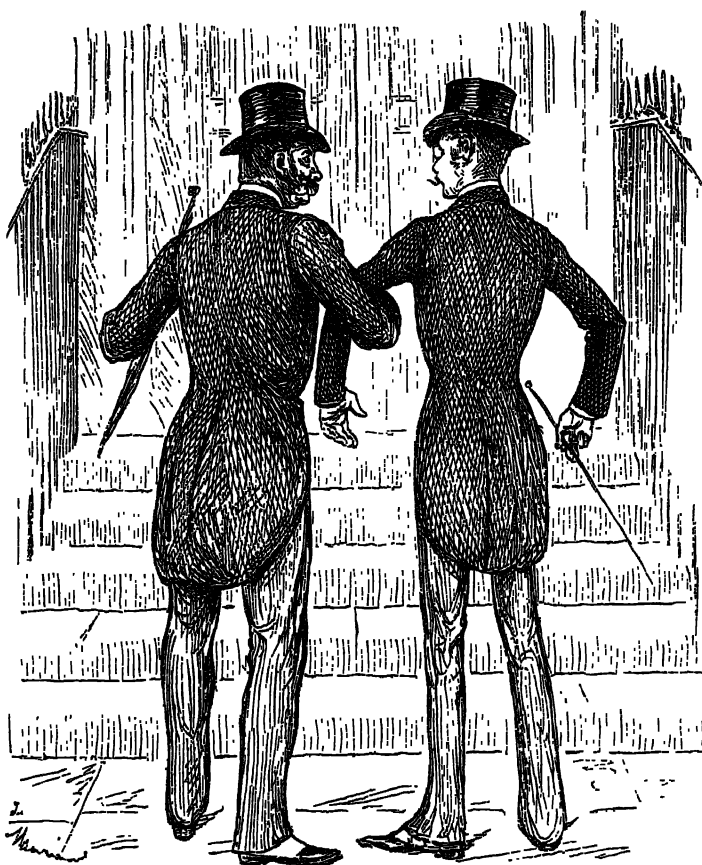
It will be seen readily, from a glance at the above, how very useful a carefully compiled little volume might prove; for it is to be presumed that other Amateurs, like the Amateur Actor, or Archbishop, may sometimes find that they have overrated their powers. But a sober word in conclusion. Mr. Punch takes off his hat to Mr. IRVING for the highly sensible rebuke he has had the courage to administer to a very foolish, but, it is to be hoped, an equally ephemeral fashion. Yet the cultivated Mentor and Manager himself, makes one mistake. His calling, except in a certain modified sense, cannot be regarded as a "profession." A man who has been called to the Bar,—and is acknowledged, *ipso facto*, as having gone through all the drudgery of preparation—becomes, at once, a Barrister. The same process holds good in Medicine, the Army and Navy, and the Church. It is this process of preparation that distinguishes a "profession" properly so called. For an Amateur to rush into a prominent position on the Stage is much the same thing as if a mere Law Student were to force his way into Court in the outward trappings of a Queen's Counsel, brief in hand, having literally taken Silk, without anybody having offered it to him.

But in dismissing the matter, Mr. Punch would move an Amendment on his friend Mr. IRVING's Motion. He would not scatter the Amateurs like chaff. On the contrary, he would welcome as many of them as felt the histrionic call to the stage-door. But he would let them pass it only with this proviso—that they should go through a regular apprenticeship. They should have only a word or two—or perhaps a walk on—and off. But no pupil of three months' private study should be permitted to appear in the leading rôle of any piece. Professors of the Art like Mr. RYDER or Mr. NEVILLE should not lend their names to such inartistic attempts, which can do neither themselves nor their pupils any sort of good. The public is becoming weary of these exhibitions of amateur incompetency, and of what use is it to the neophyte to appear as *Juhet* or *Juka*, and then be engaged, if at all, as a "walking lady" or third-rate chambermaid?

Mr. Punch fancies that his counsel, as given above, would solve and settle the matter once for all, and speedily too. So there is Mr. Punch's advice. And now let some enterprising Manager try it.

"SUPPLY."

Two hundred dozen of Pommery, the *World* informed us last week, is ordered for the National Liberal Club at the Aquarium, which, the Conservatives would naturally remark, sounds like rather a fishy place for a banquet. It is sincerely hoped by all lovers of Pommery, whether Liberal or Conservative, that this large order will not exhaust the present stock. We should be deeply grieved if Pommery ran dry,—though, in another sense, provided that it only keeps on "running," it may run as "dry" as it likes. There will be two thousand *convives* present, so that this gives one bottle and one-fifth to each person. If the Waiters are all selected from the Blue Ribbonmen, and if a fair proportion of the company is totally inclined, the liberal drinkers may get a couple of bottles a-piece. After dinner the Banquetists will feel in just the proper humour to "inahpeck what'er 's to b' shewn at Quar'um."



MAKING SURE.

"COME INTO THE CLUB, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT A BET ON THE RACE, AND IF I WIN, I'LL STAND A BOTTLE OF PIPER!"

"BUT IF YOU LOSE?" "OH, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP."

"BUT WE MAY BE TOO EARLY TO KNOW, YOU KNOW."

"OH, WELL, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO PASS THE TIME!" "ALL RIGHT!"

STRAY SUNBEAMS.

(A Lay of Our Lazy Minstrel.)

AWAY with great-coats and umbrellas!

Put all furry garments away!

Let glossiest hats—all you fellas—

Gleam bright in the light of to-day!

The air it is balmy and vernal,

We feel a new life has begun:

For gone is the weather hibernal—

And here is the Sun!

The genial sunbeams, in-streaming,

Flash bright on my pen as I write!

The paper is glowing and gleaming—

My eyes are quite dazed with the light!

No longer I growl or I shiver,

Nor each fellow-creature I shun:

I dream of the joys of the River—

For here is the Sun!

For England, the atmosphere's splendid,

We live and we breathe now again!

We fancy our trouble is ended,

For gone is the fog and the rain:

I laugh and I sing and I chuckle,

I rhyme and I dance and I pun!

I knock on the pane with my knuckle—

For here is the Sun!

What portents of pleasure I fancy

Return with these bright sunny rays!

What visions of laziness I can see,

Of languorous, sweet Summer days;

Of yachting and sea-side diversions,

And getting as brown as a bun:

Of rambles and Alpine excursions—

For here is the Sun!

I think of long days at lawn-tennis,

Of dreams in my bass-wood canoe,

Of gondola-lounging at Venice,

And skies sempiternally blue!

I muse o'er the pleasures of playtime,

Of laziness, laughter, and fun;

Of lime-scented zephyrs and haytime—

But *where* is the Sun?

[Sun retires behind clouds, rain patters on the pane, and the Lazy One goes to bed.]

PARLIAMENTARY PARADOX.—A Standing Committee formed of Sitting Members.

MORE WAX THAN HONEY.

As midnight struck in the Bazaar below, the figures at Madame TUSSAUD's began to move towards the great hall in which their Anti-Moscow-Wax-works demonstration had been arranged to take place. By universal consent the Russian Giant (holding General TOM THUMB in the palm of his hand) was called upon to preside.

The Chairman said he felt the honour conferred upon him very deeply. No doubt the distinction had been bestowed upon him from a sentiment of generosity. ("Hear, Hear!" from General TOM THUMB.) The grievance they complained of had been forced upon them by Russians, and so they had selected a Russian to take the Chair on this occasion—although it was personally difficult for him to find a seat large and strong enough to support him. (A laugh from General TOM THUMB.)

At this point considerable confusion was created by an excited deputation from the Chamber of Horrors insisting on taking a part in the proceedings. King RICHARD THE THIRD objected to the presence of these figures. He said that they must keep the meeting select, and a line must be drawn somewhere. He would draw the line before the Room of Comparative Physiognomy.

King JOHN and the effigy of an Anonymous Policeman were understood to be of the same opinion.

A member of the deputation (whose name was suppressed by universal consent) said that the opposition was absurd. As a matter of fact, they were one of the chief attractions of the Exhibition—"No, no!" from the effigy of an Irish Home-Ruler—and to exclude them was an insult to the Public to whose amusement it was their aim to minister. (Cheers.)

The Chairman suggested that the deputation should be allowed to remain on the understanding that they took no part in the proceedings, a proposition to which the meeting ultimately consented to agree. The speaker then continued. They all knew the purpose for

which they were gathered together. They were there to protest against the establishment of the Wax Works of Madame NAUWALD of Moscow at the Westminster Aquarium. (Cheers.) They had no objection to competition, as their collection was the best and largest in the world. ("Hear, hear!" from General TOM THUMB.) But they did object to the degradation of the Profession. (Loud cheers.) It was said that Madame NAUWALD's Collection of Odd Fishes—(Laughter.) He begged pardon, he should say effigies; but really, when Wax Works got into an Aquarium, it was not easy to distinguish them from the sojourners in the tanks. (Renewed laughter.) When he heard that the largest group was to consist of one hundred and ten figures, representing the recent massacre of Jews at Balta before a background formed by an enormous canvas presenting a vivid panorama of the scene, he could not sufficiently express his indignation. (Loud cheers.) It was ultra-sensational. ("Hear, hear!" from the effigy of a Gentleman seated in a bath.)

Mr. COBBETT declared very forcibly that the new-comers would have no chance against the present company. Those around him had the honour of being men of wax, and, considering their would-be rivals came from Russia, no doubt—he said it without meaning any disrespect to the nationality of the great man—(a laugh from General TOM THUMB)—who was acting as their Chairman—no doubt, he repeated, the new-comers would be merely things of tallow. (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. COBDEN said he liked to be practical, and, as a sign of their disapproval of Madame NAUWALD's Show, would propose that "this Meeting protests against the holding of the approaching Exhibition, and, as a mark of their displeasure, declines to patronise it even as visitors on the free list." This Resolution (which was seconded by Sir FRANCIS BURDETT) was carried by acclamation.

When our Reporter left, the figures had resumed their normal expressions and positions, and seemed to be giving unlimited satisfaction to a highly appreciative Public.



THE COLONIES.

Traveller (to Squatter). "HULLO, McDONALD! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS OF YOU! ALL YOUR MEN WORKING ON A SUNDAY!"

Mac. "THIS IS NAE SUNDAY, MUN!—IT'S WEDNESDAY——"

Traveller. "NOT A BIT OF IT! THIS IS SUNDAY, I ASSURE YOU——"

Mac. "AWHEEL! THINK O' THAT, NOO! WE HINNA SEEN A SOWL FOR THREE MONTHS, AN' THERE'S NAE AN ALMANACK I' THE HOOSE, AN' WE'VE GOTTEN JUMMELT UP A' TH' GETHER!!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY PLAY-BILL.

THE Earl of ONSLOW'S Play-bill, thanks to common sense in the Upper House, will not become a Dramatic Act. The scope of the Bill seems to include the encouragement of Amateur Vanity, the discouragement of genuine Dramatic Art, and the defrauding Dramatic Authors of their fees.

The idea of an attempt to exempt Stage Plays from the usual restrictions where the performance, by Amateurs, is for a Charity! Monstrous! Why, the excuse of a Charity is a perfect boon to theatrical Amateurs for airing their vanity, and precious little do they give beyond their pricelessly valuable time.

If Amateurs and Professionals do not have to pay Authors' fees for performance when playing for a Charity, then Charity would be made to cover a multitude of sins, and Charitable performances, in which the only sufferers would be the Authors, would be given daily all over the country. The Amateurs who play for a Charity cannot get their costumes, their scenery, their gas, their theatre, hall, or their music gratis; why then should the Author, to whom they probably do the grossest injustice by their ridiculous attempts at acting his piece, be the only one unpaid? The Author, if the case be a deserving one, can hand back his fees, or can pay them into the Charity's account as a donation, but he must not be forced to surrender his dues on every occasion when the Charitable Amateurs choose to gratify their vanity at his expense.

The Dramatic Authors' Society has fought very hard to enforce the rights of its members, and has succeeded. All this labour would be simply thrown away, and several Authors whose plays, written long ago, now, bring them, or their heirs, a small annuity, would themselves have had to appeal to a Charitable performance, should this Bill, by any unhappy chance, have become an Act.

A propos of a charitable performance, a most deserving case is that of MR. EDWARD ROYCE, whose drollery has amused us so many times

at the Gaiety. Illness has suddenly deprived him of the means of earning his livelihood by the exercise of his profession, and, besides a handsome subscription which has been already started by his brother professionals, a Benefit is to be given for him at the Gaiety Theatre on the Fifteenth of May. Everyone will give their services, the Authors will give their pieces, and *Mr. Punch* strongly recommends this case to the charitable playgoing public.

MR. PENNINGTON, the Gladstonian Shakspearian Actor, is to appear next Friday at a Gaiety *Matinée* in the play of *Ingomar*. The following week he should balance it by performing something like *Outgopa*. The pictorial wall advertisements could represent the old barometrical toy, with *In-go-mar* and *Out-go-pa* for the wet weather signal.

SEASONABLE THEORY.—The original of all such really strong expressions as have since been the cause of innumerable tears to the "Recording Angel," must have been something uttered by the progenitor of the human race when, after his expulsion from Eden, he encountered, for the first time in his life, just as he turned a corner, a blast of the bitter North-East Wind.

PASTORS OF THE PANTRY.—A certain Reverend Footman has written a book on *Modern Unbelief*. If for this work he is now promoted to the Episcopal Bench, will he take the title of the celebrated Bishop Butler?

"MR. WILLING'S QUIRE."—This doesn't sound so much like music, but like twenty-four big sheets of advertisement over the Metropolitan hoardings.

MATERIALS FOR EXPLOSIONS (*from the List of a Female Home-Ruler.*)—Club-Dinnerites and the glistening of Latch-Keys.

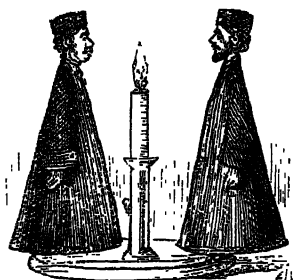
COLOMBA; OR, SOMETHING LIKE A LIBRETTO.

WHEN this notice appears, energetic Mr. CARL ROSA and his capital Opera troupe will have disappeared from London, to fulfil their numerous and hitherto deservedly successful Provincial engagements, which will in all probability occupy the remainder of the year. So full of promise (and of performance) has been this short, far too short, season at Drury Lane, so ready has the musical and theatre-going public been to recognise the merits of the Operatic Company, that, if a committee of distinguished and wealthy amateurs of music, with the support of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, were now to take in hand the institution of a subsidised English Opera House in London, under the thoroughly practical and experienced direction of Mr. CARL ROSA, the present year would not come to an end without seeing the commencement, and, we will venture to assert, the satisfactory commencement, of such an undertaking. The materials are ready to hand, and a scheme,—by the kind permission of Mr. GEORGE GROVE,—carefully matured and judiciously developed, without fear, favour, or fanaticism, would serve all the purposes for which the new Royal College of Music has been set on foot.

The latest novelty produced by the Carl Rosa troupe was *Colomba*, an Opera in Four Acts, music by Mr. A. C. MACKENZIE, and book by Dr. FRANZ HUEFFER. The latter we will consider presently.

The undeniable success of this "Lyrical Drama" (as it is styled in the published book) in Four Acts must have been most gratifying to the Composer, who, not to be beaten by Dr. HUEFFER's wonderful words,—and he has given him some twisters,—has triumphed over all difficulties of language and plot, and has given to the world a work of which WAGNER, in his best *Flying Dutchman* time, might have been justly proud.

The Overture is charming. There is not a dull scene (musically) in the whole Opera, of which, as far as melody goes, the gem is certainly the "Corsican Ballad" in the Third Act, prettily sung by



Design for the Two Barracini Extinguishers.

Miss PERRY as *Chilina*, to whom, though hers is comparatively a small part, fall the two airs to which the Opera will owe its popularity, and through which it will become widely known to the Concert-going and outside public.

Dr. HUEFFER has written a modest preface to his libretto, in which he fairly acknowledges his inability to surpass the poetry of ALFRED BUNN or to rival the dramatic force and knowledge of stage effect possessed by the late Mr. FITZBALL. As to the first-named, Dr. FRANZ HUEFFER has done himself an injustice. In some instances he has beaten Poet BUNN on his own lines; but, on the other hand, he has still much to learn from the works of E. FITZBALL.

The "accompanied" speeches are a decided improvement on the old Italian recitative and the English spoken dialogue, singers being rarely good as elocutionists. When we saw *Colomba*, an apology had to be made for Mr. POPE, who, although suffering from absolute extinction of voice, yet, with commendable pluck, came on and played the part of *Count de Nevers* in dumb show. Mr. POPE proved himself to be an able pantomimist, accurately conveying Dr. HUEFFER's meaning to his companions on the Stage and to a sympathetic audience, by the simplest but most expressive gestures. We missed his valuable assistance in concerted pieces, but we fancy we did not lose very much by not hearing him say, for instance,

"While I attend to the affairs of State,
And vainly try with diplomatic affability
To win the King some hearts; I grieve that your ability
Of public speech has left me to my fate,
Being, it seems, engrossed by some grave subject
Of philosophic import."

Which lines, spoken in a Gilbert-Sullivan eccentric Opera at the Savoy, by Mr. GROSSMITH, who would at once proceed to tell us in a song how he became an affable diplomatist, would have been received with a shout of laughter, and welcomed as real genuine humour.



Count de No-I-Nevers—
did-you-evers?

But Dr. HUEFFER, who is, of course, a humorist in disguise, simply means to convey that the *Count's* daughter and a *Captain Orso* have been talking together, and not taking him into their confidence; a slight that has somewhat nettled him, though he restrains his feelings of just annoyance, and expresses himself with a "diplomatic Hueffer-bility."

Chilina says,

"I'll sing you the song, in spite of the law
And all the gendarmes of Corsica."

Dr. HUEFFER, it is rumoured, has been already engaged to write the next Gaiety Burlesque. Then:—

"Where the shadiest seat of your choice is,
* * * * *
Shall we whisper with mingled voices."

Here is quite a Shakspearian couplet, with a kind of Two Dromios' smack about it:—

"I will conduct you where no one will find us.
Lean on my arm; they will walk behind us."

Then there is a stage-direction—most of the stage-directions are worth reading—"Exit rapidly, with a smile on her lips." Where on earth would the subtle humorist, Dr. HUEFFER, have her smile? On her nose? *Orso*, addressing *Lydia* "distantly," and yet calling her "dearest lady," explains that for "your father's child" (which is the Hibernian-Huefferian puzzle-poetic-expression for "you") it is "not seemly to meet in this wild place a friend of brigands, Whose head is threatened by the law." Here the secret-punster hints that an attempt is on foot to get *Orso's* head into Chancery.

On one occasion *Lydia* exclaims, "passionately":—

"Let not the fire I saw in your glance
Be kindled to flames of passion wild
By the idle words of a reckless child."

The "Reckless Child" in question being Madame VALLERIA as *Colomba*. Quite a suggestion for a subject for a song by Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, with Madame VALLERIA on the title-page, "*She was such a Reckless Child*."

Colomba is killed at the finish, and very badly killed too. Her death is ineffective, but the final hymn—the hymn which is "all for her"—is admirable, and we forgive HUEFFER and bless MACKENZIE. But this murder of *Colomba*—which sounds like pigeon-shooting in Italy—is wanton cruelty on the part of Doctor FRANZ HUEFFER, who ought to have done his best as a Doctor to keep his patient alive. However—beg pardon—HUEFFER, *Colomba* will live by the aid of Dr. MACKENZIE. *Colomba* will not be relegated to the Co-lumber room of forgotten music.

Who killed *Colomba*? I, said FRANZ HUEFFER. And why did she die? This way, says *Chilina*:—

"This precious life fell a sacrifice
To her brother's safety. We could not withhold her.
* * * * *
By a bullet, and lifeless sank on my shoulder."

Bravo, Poet HUEFFER! And how did she die? Thus—

"*Colomba*. I die contented. My task is done!"

—Like TOM MOORE's Peri—"Joy! joy! my task is done!"—

"My father is revenged, my brother free.
When you are happy, remember me!"

There's a reminiscence of BUNN about this couplet in the "remember me" which we regret, as suggesting a comparison prejudicial to the fame of the Author of *Colomba*.

We quit the book with regret. There are so many Huefferian gems to which we should so much like to draw public attention. Here is a couplet:—

"Have I not watched, and wept, and waited by night and day
For the coming of thee who to me of all is the dearest?"

Isn't "the coming of thee" beautiful? Any ordinary bard would have written "For your coming," and made up his metre in some other commonplace manner. But not so our Humorous HUEFFER.

And now farewell, Dr. HUEFFER! and "if for Hueffer, fare thee well!" Success to *Colomba*! which we hear is to be done in Germany, where, no doubt, the libretto will be intensely appreciated.



Master McGuckin as
Orso-and-so. Fools-
cap extinguisher pattern.



Colomba the Corsican Sister;
or, Hueffer's "Reckless
Child."

MORE REMARKABLE STATEMENTS.

From Mr. Bertie Phibber, of Somerset House, to his Official Superior.

SIR,—My absence from work for five and a half days may, I fear, have appeared to you somewhat irregular, but I feel sure that when I explain the fearful, and indeed appalling, events through which I have passed, you will ascribe my non-attendance to its right cause. I have been the victim of *Dynamite Conspirators*! Like Mr. GUR, of the Telegraph Department, I have been waylaid by Fenian emissaries.



On Saturday afternoon last I was walking down Piccadilly (on my way home to Brixton) when I was accosted by a person who seemed to be quite a Gentleman. He asked me if I had recently heard any news from my second cousin in Australia. This appeared to me so remarkable a knowledge of my private affairs, as I have no second cousins at all, and therefore none in Australia, that I was induced to accompany the gentlemanly stranger into a rather low public-house close to Leicester Square. After treating me to one or two glasses of wine, which I am convinced were drugged, he expressed a desire to see the view from the top of the house. He therefore led me up several flights of stairs, then up a ladder, and into a dark garret, where I was immediately gagged, rendered insensible with a chloroformed handkerchief and several terrible blows on the head, and heavily manacled and strapped to the floor. In this situation I was left for four days and nights; and I can assure you that I felt the position a really trying one.

On the evening of Wednesday my inhuman captors returned. I assured them that you would be getting quite impatient at my prolonged absence. They merely laughed, but allowed me to sit up a little. Then placing several dynamite bombs to my head, they ordered me, on pain of instant death, to reveal the whereabouts of the sentries, the thickness of the walls, the locality where the cash-box was kept, and other details relative to Somerset House. I threw them off the scent as much as possible, and I invented a secret passage leading under the Embankment to Westminster, which I fancy they intend to blow up when they find it. I ought to have said that the men had most remarkably livid faces, half green and half orange in hue! The miscreants then bandaged my eyes, knocked me on the head, and must have taken me in an insensible condition down to Brighton, because, curiously enough, I found myself lying just outside the Aquarium there, in the gutter, on Thursday night, with no money at all in my pocket. My medical adviser says there can be no doubt at all that I have been in some unusual situation, and advises me not to return to duty for a few days longer.

From Mr. Augustus Flighty to Miss Jones, London.

MY OWN AMANDA,—Can you ever forgive me? You will, I know, my love, when you hear my *romantic* tale. It must, indeed, have been an unexpected surprise to you to arrive at the church-door on our wedding day, and for me not to appear after all! I hope your dear father has not been put to much expense about the wedding breakfast. Tell him that the tradesman can send the bill in to me, if they think it worth their while to do so.

The cause of my absence, my love, was, I need hardly say, simply an *overpowering necessity*. Nothing else could have kept me from the Hymeneal Altar. Shortly after that conversation with your father, just before our marriage day, in which he told me that an unfortunate speculation of his on the Stock Exchange would prevent his settling anything whatever upon you, I was returning home, buried in pleasing dreams of our future bliss, when no fewer than fifteen determined-looking Fenians rushed upon me, each brandishing five-hundredweight of nitro-glycerine in his right hand. A terrific explosion at once occurred, which actually *blew me into the middle of next week*, this, of course, rendering it impossible for me to be present at the nuptial ceremony.

You will doubtless notice, my love, that I date this letter from New York. How I came here I really have no recollection whatever, but I attribute it solely to the nitro-glycerine, which is sometimes very peculiar in its operation, and I shall, of course, return as soon as possible. However, as the Fenians took my purse, I am quite destitute, and should therefore be glad if your dear father would send me £50 at once. Yours, with unalterable affection, though in a rather shattered condition, AUGUSTUS.

From Master Bobby Larker, at Dr. Grimshaw's Academy, to his Parents.

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,—On my way back to school yesterday, I met with a terrible adventure, which Dr. Grimshaw is cruel enough to say is *all a sham*! All the fellows here say I must have been

hocussed, but Dr. GRIMSHAW says it is not a question of *hocussing* but of *hoaxing*. I know you will believe me when I say that I fell in with a lot of Fenians in the railway-carriage, who cleared me out of all that money you so kindly gave me. Can I have some more, dear Papa and Mamma? I think it is dreadful that boys cannot go in carriages without being blown up. I have not been blown up, except by Dr. GRIMSHAW; but I am sure I should have been, as well as being robbed and half murdered, and I know that "No. 1" was there, because the man looked *just like him*! I will not trouble you, dear Mamma and Papa, by describing how I was attacked, but I should be glad of some more money, and the Fenians, I was forgetting to say, also took away that jolly hamper you gave me with the tarts and things. May I have another? Your ever affectionate BOBBY.

FOR JOE!

(Nonsense Verses on some Nonsense in Prose.)

THE Junior Member for Birmingham
Flouts Earls, Dukes, and Marquises, terming 'em
Mere increment-winners,
Not toilers and spinners,—
Smart facers—were facts found confirming 'em.

Not toilers and spinners! Come, J. C.,
A Lord has no call to be lazy.

Although Pussy GRANVILLE
Mayn't toil at the anvil,
His labours are many and mazy.

Were all "unearned increment" taken
From Trade's little perks, Trade might waken
To find that her hoard
Had half gone by the board,—

Nay, even your own might be shaken.

To rashly and blindly abuse, JOE,
Is foolishness. Men win and lose, JOE,

By toil not their own,
And by spinning unknown
To the hands that own Acres—or Screws, JOE.

You consider political lilies
To cumber the earth, and your will is
To put in the sickle!

That's trash, JOE, to tickle
The ears of crude Radical sillies.

You Radicals often are crude, JOE,
Too boyishly cocky and rude, JOE,
The "root of the matter"

Is yours, but pert chatter
Suggests that the judgment is "screwed," JOE.

Even Trade has its cankers—so terming 'em—
Into other folks' blossoms aly worming 'em,
Its "corners" and "rings."

You have heard of such things,
Though not—oh! of course not—in Birmingham!

Take more "liberal" views, JOE, and wider.
The rôle of a cocky derider

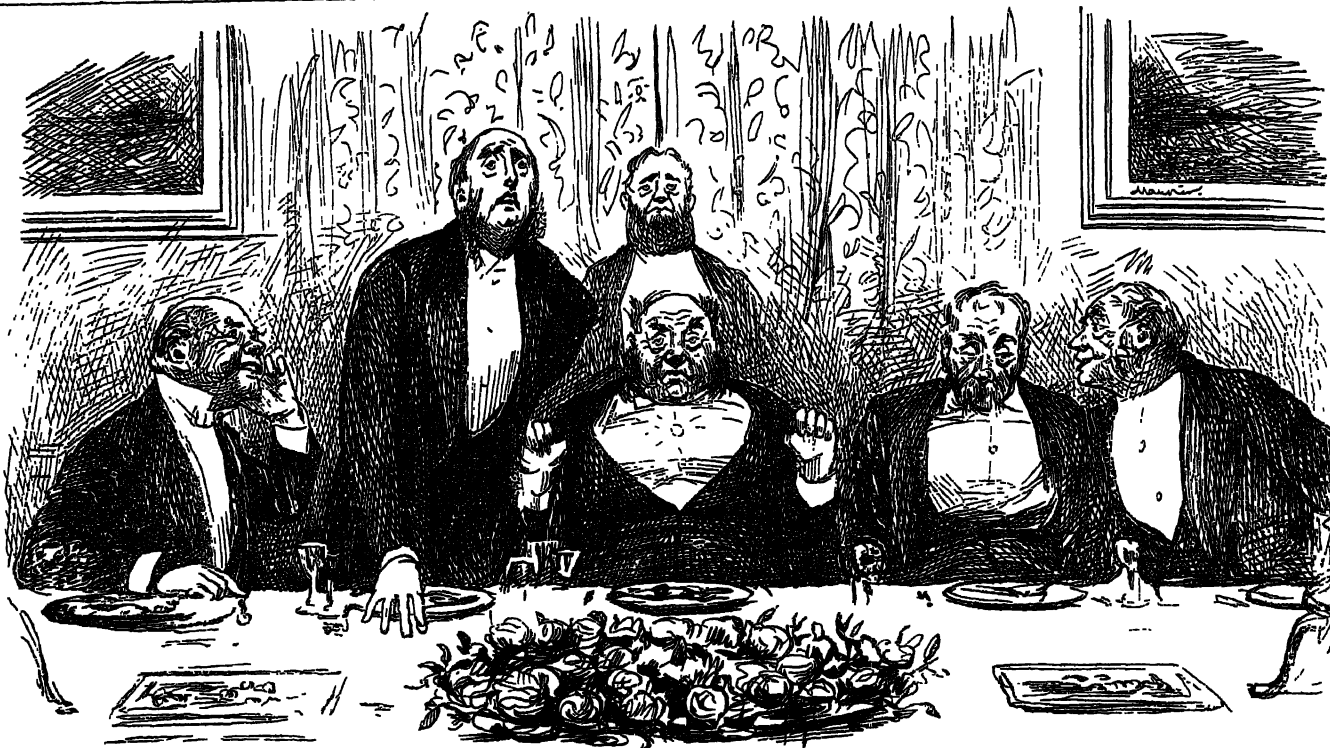
Is much *infra dig*.
He who markets will rig
Is a spinner—and so is a Spider!

MR. JAY GOULD, the Mammoth Millionaire, with his hundreds of thousands of Gouden sovereigns, can throw away a couple of thousand a month, says the *Spectator*, and be all the richer for it. Poor man! We wish we were somewhere near when the money is flying about. Yet when he goes yachting round the world, this man made of money will often find himself in some Straits.

FARMERS who have anticipated making a good thing out of their lambs, will now advertise to exchange them for sheep. The advertisement will be headed, "New Lambs for Old Ones." *Vivat Regina!*

MR. BRADLAUGH has been successful in keeping himself out of prison; but hasn't he somehow managed to put his FOOT in it?

"THE ROLL OF THE AGES."—The Penny Roll at Railway Refreshment-Rooms.



ARCADES OMNES.

"SIR GORGIUS MIDAS IN THE CHAIR."

Toast Master. "PRAY SILENCE, GENTLEMEN, FOR SIR POMPEY BEDELL!"*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "SIR GORGIUS—AND—GENTLEMEN—"*Grigsby (aside to Ponsonby de Tompkins).* "AH, A VERY PROPER DISTINCTION!"

SOME DAY.

WOODCOCK'S VERSION OF WELLING'S SONG.

Small Boy sings—

I know not what you think of Me,
 I know not as our glances meet,
 Whether yours gleam with mockery,
 Or with approval warm and sweet.
 It may not be till years have passed,
 Till this moustache is touched with grey,
 The world's a lottery, but at last,
 As statues we shall meet—some day!
 Some day I shall meet you.
 I don't quite know when or how,
 Only this, I'm game to beat you,
 Though our leaders flout me now!

I know not what of *them* you think,
 Of SALISBURY hot and STAFFORD cold;
 I know not whether that's a wink
 Of sympathy with WOODCOCK bold.
 But when we meet, some day, some day—
 As statues (I'll have one, you'll see)—
 I rather think the world will say
 That I've the pull—twixt you and me.
 Some day I shall meet you,
 I don't quite know when or how,
 Only this, I'm game to beat you,
 Though your followers flout me now!

CERTAIN Liberals are already discussing the floral tribute which shall adorn their buttonholes in honour of the G. O. M., and as we have recently suggested "Sweet William," which was not jumped at, we will now give another, which will recall the features and the characteristics of the Great Premier—and everyone will acknowledge its appositeness when we name "The Collar-flower," or as it may be called, the Shirt-Collar-flower.

NEW PICCADILLY WATERWORKS.

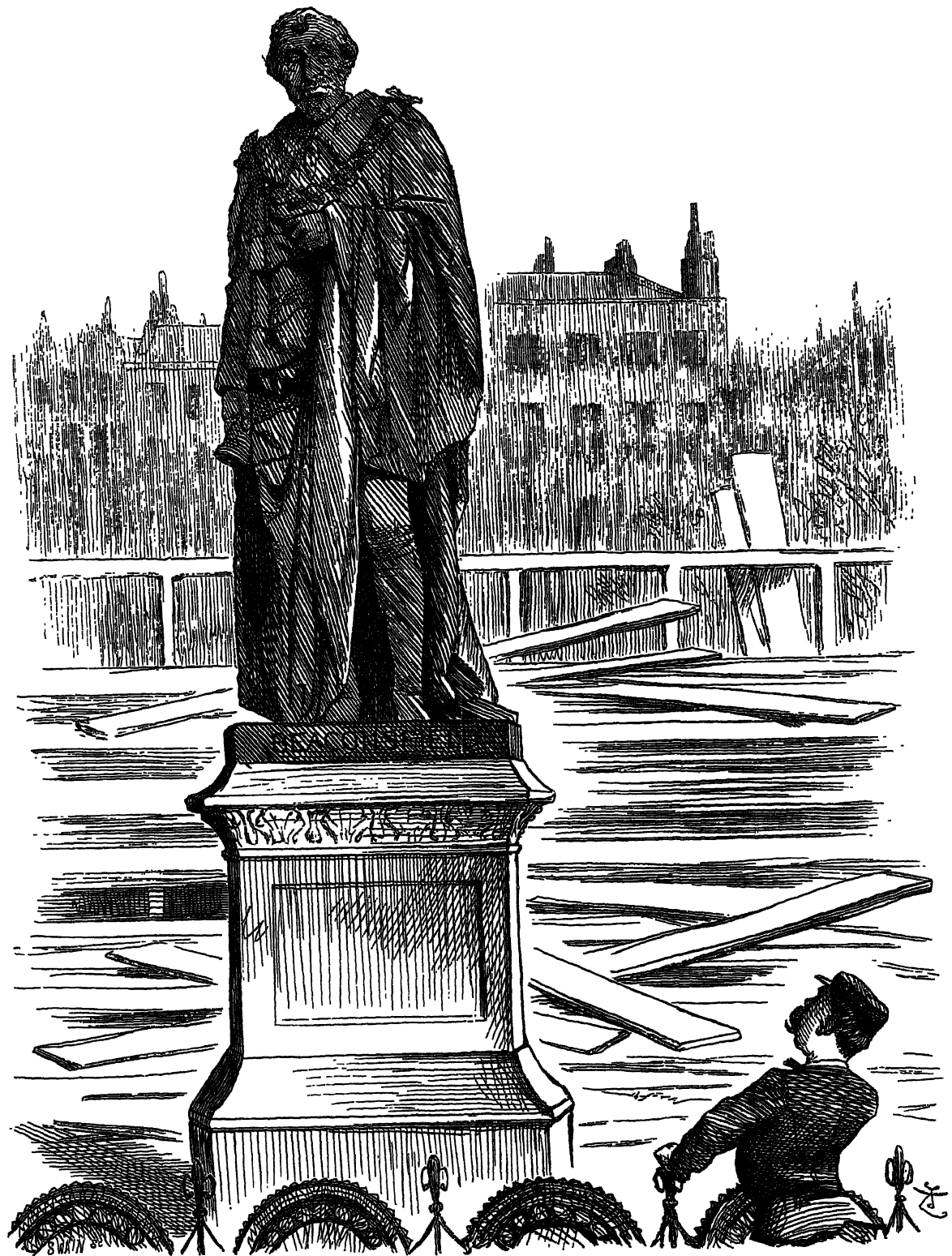
On Friday the 27th the new Galleries belonging to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, will be opened by the Prince and Princess of WALES. The "New Departures," instituted by the Institute are first that the Exhibition is thrown open to all water-colour painters without exception; and secondly, that a School is started where instruction in this particular branch of Art is given free.

Anybody with a taste for water-colours, and having a spare half-hour may look in, *en passant*, and ask for instruction. It is not yet decided whether brushes and paints will be found for the beginner, or whether the applicant must come provided with his own materials. The supply of water will be unlimited, and for those who are only brandy-and-water or wine-and-water colourists, there will be, we believe, an excellent buffet.

The music on the opening night will consist of appropriate selections from the works of Composers who have chosen such water-colour subjects as "*Lurline*," "*The Naiads*," "*The Waterwitches*," "*The Ancient Mariner*," and so forth. Fireworks being quite out of character, the Entertainment will conclude with a splendid display of Waterworks, the fountains of Trafalgar Square and the Crystal Palace having been kindly offered for the occasion. Most of the Pictures are said to be gems of the very first water. *Nous verrons*, and in the meantime Mr. Punch wishes every possible success to the Institute in its new home in Piccadilly.

THE Bancrofters, who have no sympathy with the Skye-Crofters, and when they strike "strike ile," ask, "What can the public want with a Dramatic School of Art, as long as they have got their *School* at the Haymarket?" Quite so; and even after their *School* has been shut up, we still don't see, and never shall, the necessity for a School of Dramatic Art. A good all-round education as a basis, a talent for acting, perseverance, and, as Sam Gerridge says, "strict attention to business," will turn a promising Amateur into a performing Professional.

THE Invincibles can quote Scripture to their purpose. Their single selection is "Love the Brotherhood." By this time the affection must be a trifle impaired.



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

LITTLE LORD R. "AH! THEY'LL HAVE TO GIVE *ME* A STATUE—SOME DAY!!"

AT BOW STREET.

(Among the Dynamitists, April 19th.)

I PAID the Cabman his exact fare, and he drove off quite cheerfully. I knew that for once I had had the best of him, that the locality and the local colouring,—chiefly blue, with silver buttons



and stripes,—would be too much for him, for it was Bow Street, and he had deposited me at the Police-Court door, within view of the Police, within immediate hearing of a Magistrate. On such an occasion I boldly paid that Cabman his exact fare, with such a sense of confidence as I have never previously experienced. But this feeling was to be of brief duration. Once within the precincts of the Court, though armed with a card to the Chief Magistrate, I became suspicious of everybody, but, strange to say, chiefly of myself. I presented my card to the Policeman at the door. Only one Policeman visible, and yet there was a crowd of ragamuffins outside, and the Dynamitists were within! I knew that extra precautions had been taken, yet every moment I expected to hear an explosion. The Constable did not eye me suspiciously, he did not ask me my name, age, station, when last vaccinated, why I wanted to come in on that particular day, and so forth, but merely let me pass in, and told me to go to the third room on the left. Just as if this were an ordinary day, and as if no extra-ordinary scrutiny was requisite!

Then it occurred to me that everyone about, whether bustling or apparently doing nothing in a listless way, in the passages, was a detective in disguise. I began to suspect myself of treason, of complicity in something or other, I didn't know what; I felt a dread of myself, and somehow began to keep an eye on myself, and watch my own movements closely. If anyone in plain clothes had suddenly walked up and arrested me, I should not have been in the least astonished, but should have said, "Certainly—I don't know what it's about—but probably you're right—I admit I oughtn't to be here—I acknowledge I have no business here, I dare say I am in disguise—take me away, search me"—and if they had found nitroglycerine, done up as pills, in one pocket, and a revolver disguised as an anti-stylograph pen in another, I simply should not have been surprised. In such a place, it is exactly what I should have expected. Outside, I should have protested; inside, it was quite a different matter. The atmosphere of the place did it; it was my first visit to the chief Police-Court. I was in a sort of dream, and seemed to be Criminal, Magistrate, Counsel for Prosecution, Solicitor for the Defence, and Prisoner at the Bar (guilty, of course) all in one. If I had been left long alone in that passage, I should have given myself up in sheer despair, and requested anybody to make some sort of charge against me and have done with it.

Nervously I entered room Number Three, which at once suggested to me that I was only separated by a couple of walls from "Number One." Here I had expected to see the Gaoler of the Jack Sheppard era, illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, with jangling keys at his waist (for I had got the scene mixed up with Newgate of the past), and several beetle-browed, lynx-eyed Inspectors in full uniform, armed, standing with folded arms, watching every new-comer.

To my intense surprise, there was no one there except a small boy—a very small boy in knickerbockers—who was apparently doing sums on a slate. Was this a Detective's boy in disguise? Was he a young Detective in training? Was he put there to engage the unwary in conversation, and then run out suddenly and denounce him? I viewed him with distrust. If he had looked up from his employment, or amusement, I was prepared to have given him a civil nod by way of salutation, in a mean spirit (I admit it) of currying favour with even the smallest representative of the Executive. But, like the "Good St. Anthony" in the old song, he "never took his eyes off the old black book."—I mean, in this instance, the slate.

Keeping my glance fixed sideways on the boy, I sat down and began my game, too, of pretending to be interested in the advertisement sheet of the *Daily Telegraph*, which was lying on the table. I had scarcely settled myself into the assumption of an easy attitude when a pleasant-looking person (Usher, I believe) came in, took my card, examined it carefully, then looked at me as though failing to associate me with some description he had had of the individual to whom the card really belonged. (I shouldn't have been in the least angry, indeed I should have taken it as quite a matter of course, had he handed the card back, shaken his head knowingly, and observed, "It won't do—this has been tried on before here, you know—you ain't the person you represent yourself to be"—and I should have acquiesced, bowed politely, and gone away, only to wake up when once more in the open air, and alive to the fact of my own identity)—and then remarking that the case would not begin for another quarter-of-an-hour or so, he retired with my card, returning

in a few minutes to inform me that he would show me into a seat as soon as I liked to go in. In the meantime the calculating boy had disappeared—a mysterious bell had sounded somewhere, and the boy had vanished.

As I went down the passage I caught a glimpse of him laughing and talking to a black-bearded Inspector, with an intelligence and a free-and-easy manner far in advance of his years. I have no shadow of doubt about it,—that boy is the future English *Leocoe*, and he is here in training for the Detective Department. If I had been taken up and charged there on any count, no matter what, the evidence of that boy, I am convinced, would have been damning.

I was, as the papers say, "accommodated with a seat on the Bench." I was painfully wide awake to everything that went on, but for all that I was in a dream. I seemed to recognise all the prisoners: I seemed to be familiar with every face in Court, no matter where he was, or who he might be, or what he was there for.

People annoyed me by sneezing and coughing at the most interesting moments. A Police Court should be the quietest place possible, so that the attention of all may not be distracted by any "irrelevant issues." But to begin with, there are as many doors in the Bow Street Court as there are in a bustling scene in a Criterion *Farce*, where everybody hides all at once, and each person comes out at the wrong moment. All the doors being perpetually opened and shut—until even the patient Sir JAMES INGHAM could stand it no longer, and had, at all events, one of them locked,—constituted of themselves so many irrelevant and distracting issues. Then the whispering! Heavens! it seemed as if everyone had come in here for the express purpose of whispering to everybody else,—not necessarily about the case, but about anything. The sneezing, too, was most distressing, causing the Usher to rise up, and call out "Silence!" in his loudest voice, while looking daggers in the direction of the sneezes, which seemed to come from somebody in the crowd near the door in the furthest corner. The sneezer—a most irritating person, who broke out spasmodically at quite irregular intervals—remained invisible; and, in spite of the presence in Court of a select body of Detectives, the sneezer remained undetected. The only man in the Court who had reduced sneezing, coughing, and the use of the pocket-handkerchief to a perfect art was the Usher, who, when afflicted in this manner, suddenly disappeared below the edge of his box, buried his face in his handkerchief, as if overcome by a burst of irrepressible emotion, and, so, to speak, kept his spasm to himself without annoying anyone, recovering so quickly as to be up again with the rapidity of a spring-toy figure, fresh as ever, a trifle red in the face, perhaps, after the struggle, but ready to attend to the Chief Clerk, and to shout "Silence!" once more to the invisible sneezer, to whom he had just been setting so excellent an example.

Of the Preliminary Examination itself, of the links in the chain of evidence slowly and surely forged by Mr. POLAND in his cool, unimpassioned manner, of Sir JAMES INGHAM, ready to listen to and to answer courteously and wisely any objection, of the marvellous precision of the Clerk of the Court in taking down, and, more wonderful still, subsequently deciphering his own handwriting when reading over the evidence to a Witness, of the fainting of the Witness, of the demeanour of the Prisoners, of the faces of the Prisoners themselves individually, of their Counsel, of all this I can only say that it was a very vivid night-mareish dream from which I awoke once, partially, for luncheon, and to which I went back immediately afterwards, and took up the dream where it had left off.

When it was all over for the day, and I was quite awake again, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could tear myself away from Bow Street. I tried to shake it off—I went for a walk—but, as in *SHELLEY's* poem, there seemed to be "a spirit in my feet," which insisted on taking me back again—no matter in what direction I had started, or how far I had got on the road away from the place—to Bow Street.

I walked about with assumed boldness, with a sort of vague feeling that I was either a Criminal escaping from justice or a Detective in disguise. On the whole I think the latter sensation predominated. In everyone I met I fancied I recognised either a Prisoner or a Policeman. The lineaments of three of the Prisoners I couldn't get out of my head. They seemed to be photographed on my eyes, and were perpetually mixing themselves up with the features of friends and acquaintances. Wherever I went I was a haunted man, and saw Prisoners everywhere. They seemed to have got into the Club; they lurked about the street; I came upon them unexpectedly round corners. The Police appeared to regard me ally, as much as to say, "All right, I know him: he's just come from Bow Street. Pass, friend, and all's well."

With the hurry of dressing for dinner, and after the first glass of Champagne—the dream had gone. But I can recall it all,—and shan't in a hurry forget my first Dynamite Day at Bow Street Police Court.

THE ORIGINAL CAB RADIUS.—A Spoke of Phœbus's Chariot-wheel.

THE FISHERIES
EXHIBITION.

1. PORTRAIT of "the Gentleman who came here last Tuesday week and caught four dozen."
2. Autograph of a civil Thames fisherman.
3. Fancy model of "the biggest fish I got hold of all the day, and played for two hours, and then the line broke."
4. Sketch of a truthful Irish keeper.
5. Case of flies constructed by an Amateur—the Bedlam, the Colney Hatch, the Earlswood, and the Broadmoor. All warranted not to kill in any water whatsoever.
6. Bust of a watering-place boatman who once informed a visitor that the weather was not perfectly suitable for fishing.
7. Biography of a puntsman who refused beer and tobacco.

Declaration and
'Davy.

A TRUE man, of exactness
fond,
As good his word as is his
bond.
The affirmation of a knave,
it
Is also worth his affidavit,
He on his conscience that
an oath
Affirms to be no obligation,
Should we, my Luds, be
nowise loth
To trust that fellow's
affirmation?

Æs TRIPLEX.—A Three-
penny Bit.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 133.



SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN,

"THE PRINCE IN WALES."

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

PRIMROSE DAY.

(April 19, 1883.)

A YELLOW Primrose on the
river brim
Touched not the heart of
stolid PETER BELL.
A river of Primroses in
full swell
Through London's streets,
perchance, had moved
e'en him.
And, be it party heat or
modish whim,
Or honest homage to the
great departed,
That moves the most,
some few, frank,
simple-hearted,
Gazing upon the dainty,
delicate, dim
Pale gold of the Earl's
blossom, put away
Question of policy, me-
mory of fray.
Cynics or rivals may re-
buke; 'tis sweeter
To greet the flower *not* in
the spirit of PETER.

"Spring's Delights."

A PERSON named SPRING
publicly avows his opinion
that the Embankment
Blowholes 'are things of
beauty! Envious SPRING!
His æsthetic susceptibility
must be of the subtlest
sort, and his life in London
one long rapture. But
SPRING's delight will
hardly banish the Winter
of the public discontent.
Though, by the way, if
anyone can reconcile the
public to them, it is Mr.
STAAT FORBES, who has
already styled them the
"Æsthetic Blowholes,"
and has shown himself not
averse to ventilating the
subject. Will this cannie
conciliator teach us in time
'to learn to love 'em?'

WANTED A TEST ACT?

(Private Communication from Our Own School boy.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE read a letter from a Dr. DUDGON, advising people
to taste—(oh! what a lark!)—Nitro-Glycerine. He calls this
"testing" for it. But here's a cutting from his letter:—

"If we put on our tongue not more than one-tenth of a drop, we observe,
after one minute, more or less throbbing in the head, especially the temples,
aggravated to pain on shaking the head, a feeling of constriction in the neck,
as though a band were tied tightly round it, and a quickened action of the
heart, the pulse rising to 100 and even 120 per minute."

You see this is evidently meant for a bit of fun, but not much
comes of it, does it? Pulse at 120, with a band round your neck?
Why, a tablespoonful of common Cayenne pepper put in the soup at
a dinner-party, will do as much as that for a dozen people. You
try it. But as to having a game with Nitro-Glycerine, I've been
thinking out a dodge or two after reading the papers. Look here,
now: if you want some real good "tests," and no mistake, here you
are. Here's three to start with:—

1. Make a quart of the regular stuff, from a 'good receipt, then
when you've let it stand long enough, give the baby a tea-spoonful.
If the first time he falls down he blows up—then it's all right.
2. Take a tumbler full and do it up with fuller's earth and black-
ing till you've made a bit of dynamite of it. Now look out for a house
in a fashionable square (an uncle's does best) having in coals. Then
pitch your lump into a sack and watch. If in about five minutes

the pavement is shot clean into the drawing-room windows and the
roof comes off—then you know it's all right.

3. Take all you've got left of the stuff loose in a carpet bag, and
get into an omnibus where the road is in bad condition. Bet all the
people they'll get out *without paying their fares*. Now wait for a
jerk—and they'll do it. If there is nothing left of the omnibus but
you and the conductor's badge—well, then, you know it's all right.

I could give you some more, Mr. Punch, but I dare say this will
do for you to start with. Suppose you just try them. Anyhow,
there's more fun to be got out of them than out of that stale old
plant of taking your breath away. No, Dr. DUDGON may think it
prime, but I can tell him it isn't a patch on the conclusive settlers
of yours scientifically,

TOMMY.

'Ware Heroes!

Oh! no, we never pension them,
Our warriors and our tars;
Our game's to use and then contemn
The men who fight our wars.
Oh, would-be heroes pause on
Your careers, the times are shabby;
You'll be jawed against by LAWSON,
And be joked against by LABBY!

THE Official chiefly affected by Her Majesty's command as to no
eating lamb this season, is, of course, the Master of the Mint.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16, Midnight.—W. E. G. still here, though it's time he was home in bed. In high spirits, too, at progress of business. Criminal Code Bill referred to Grand Committee; Patents Bill read a Second Time, and will be referred to Grand Committee before SPEAKER leaves the Chair.

"*E pur si muove, TOBY,*" he said, playfully pulling my ear.

"Yes, my gay old GALILEO (if you will allow me to call you so), it does. But at pretty cost to us. I have been on Grand Committee on Criminal Appeal Bill to-day. Met at noon; ground away at work till quarter to four; had a couple of meat biscuits and saucer of milk, then into House to be at prayers, and secure seat. Since then helped to pass two big Bills. Now it's midnight, and daresay it'll be two in the morning before I get home. That's fourteen hours' work, which is pretty well to be going on with. Tell you what,—I shall bring in a Ten Hours' Bill for application to House of Commons. Will get Inspectors appointed, as in other factories, and have work put on proper footing. It's all very well to go on at this rate for a bit. But look at cost. You lose some of your best men. BOBBY SPENCER already laid up, with merely hearing how hard CAVENDISH BENTINCK works. Constitution, it is true, a little weakened by intense mental strain in connection with visit to Ireland. But others will go, and average of bye-Elections will be quadrupled."

"Nonsense, TOBY, nonsense. You young dogs are a degenerate race. I worked fourteen hours a day for fifty years, and look at me!"

Hadn't prolonged opportunity. Off like an antelope down the Corridor, in behind the Speaker's Chair, and so back to his seat. Terribly afraid he'd lost something during brief absence. Wonderful Old Man! But he's killing us all the same.

Business done.—Criminal Code Bill referred to Grand Committee. Patents Bill read a Second Time, and sent on to Grand Committee. Grand Committees working capitally.

Wednesday, 2 A.M.—PELL just brought Lord HENRY LENNOX up on charge of voting in wrong Lobby. Noble Lord blushes and simpers, as if he were being led to the altar.

"How's this, young man?" says SPEAKER, sternly.

"Please, Sir," simpered Lord HENRY, "I fell asleep, and didn't hear you put the question. WYNN told me to be sure to be down and vote. Saw a lot of Members going into Lobby. Went with them. Horrified to find myself in such company. Tried to get out. Doors locked, so had to go and vote against PELL's Motion. But didn't do it on purpose."

Evidently mistake, so let Lord HENRY off. Don't wonder he fell asleep. Wonder is that anybody's awake, though just before

LONG PARLIAMENTARIANS AND SHORT COMMONS.

Division had a good rousing shout at M'KENNA. Sir JOSEPH, who is sure he'd make a good Chancellor of the Exchequer, been popping up since ten o'clock last night, when he came in from dinner. But Front Bench men had then taken up the running, and no chance for men below the Gangway. But the blood of the M'KENNA's up, as anyone might see by looking at Sir JOSEPH's face.

"Go on! go on!" he murmured, when, rising for the third time, the SPEAKER gave the preference to Mr. GOSCHEN; "you may delay me, but you Kenna stop me."

So, when GLADSTONE sat down a little before two o'clock this morning, Sir JOE rose once more. So did cries from the House. Such howling, roaring, and hooting not been heard for many days. Quite refreshing and inspiring after level flow of night's debate. It was then Lord HENRY LENNOX was disturbed in his sleep. Dreaming he was at last First Lord of the Admiralty in strong Conservative Government, and thought this was shout of the Dockyard men, whose wages he had been reducing.

"Must do it!" Lord HENRY murmurs, "Must do it! Awfully fine fellows Conservative working-men, and that sort of thing. But Radicals looking closer than ever after demeriton coppers. Must save them!" And Lord HENRY, turning over, went to sleep again.

Sir JOSEPH continued his speech for ten minutes. Deeply interesting. Full of facts, crammed with figures, pellucid in style, convincing in argument, charming in eloquence; only not a single syllable audible above the uproar. Sir JOSEPH's peroration delivered with fine effect, he sat down. House cleared for a Division, and Lord HENRY LENNOX rubbing his eyes, and pleased with hazy recollection of having "been firm with the Dockyard men," went out to vote against his own party.

Business done.—Mr. FELL's Resolution in favour of Immediate Settlement of Local Taxation Question defeated by 229 Liberals and Lord HENRY LENNOX, 216 voting for Motion.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Business of this House not well regulated. After recent prolonged sittings, with the Division on Local Taxation taken at two o'clock this morning, the conflict with Irish Obstruction, and Affirmation Bill coming on, it is cruel to impose on what should be the peace of Wednesday afternoon the breathless excitement of debate on Scotch Parochial Boards. Even the hardened constitution of JOSEPH GILLIS could not stand it. At four o'clock tried to Count Out House, and nearly did it.

"Why did you interfere, Mr. BIGGAR?" the Lord Advocate asked, with blandest manner. "Doesn't the Bill meet your views?" "I don't know what's in the Bill," JOSEPH answered with his fine simplicity. "But if there's one thing I hate more than an Englishman, it's a Scotchman; and when I found you enjoying yourselves, making speeches as long and as dry as half a mile of oatcake, I thought I'd stop you. That's all."

Am afraid JOSEPH's naturally genial temper has been soured of late.

LYON PLAYFAIR hovering round the debate as became Scotch Member, but took no part in it.

"I like something that leads to samples, TOBY," he said, "or lends itself to diagrams on a black board. Then I'm your man. But you can't produce a portion of a Parochial Board in a pot like Oleomargarine, nor dissect a Poor Law pauper as if he were a rabbit. So I left it to them."

PLAYFAIR tells me that now he's K.C.B. he's more than ever glad to be out of the Chair of Committees. "Those Irish Members," he says, "would of course have called me 'Sir LOYN,' and from that to 'SIRLOIN' is a very short step."

Business done.—Two hundred and ten Gentlemen voted on Scotch Parochial Boards Bill. Estimated that the odd ten (average of attendance during afternoon) know what it was about. Everybody, including the Division-bell, brought to ultimate state of exhaustion by five hours' Scotch speeches. Bell, when called upon to announce Division, feebly tinkled out a single call, instead of four as usual. SPEAKER led into open air; Sir ERSKINE MAY leaning feebly on shoulder of Mr. MILMAN, got as far as corridor, and there fairly broke down. Scotch Members quite cheery.

"A braw afternoon," says Mr. RAMSAY. "Pity they couldna' suspend Standin' Orders, an' let's mak' a night o't!"

Thursday Night.—Questions to-night whether Our Only General and Our Single Admiral shall be made hereditary. Mr. LABOUCHERE puts the case with great clearness. Lord ALCESTER, he says, has, let us admit it, deserved well of his country. Make him a Peer, and give him a pension. But, whatever may be the merits of the father, the son certainly has not done anything. Then why give him a pension? That is the point. But House having eight hours to talk in, wandered over many subjects, including Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS and Battle of Trafalgar.

Late at night, Lord EUSTACE CECIL presented himself, and, holding on to box with his elbows, delivered a speech. Profoundest distress of noble Lord lest he should say anything to hurt anybody's feelings. What he did say was, that GLADSTONE had behaved meanly to Sir F. ROBERTS. That, grateful to WOLSELEY and SKYMOUR for having

saved his policy in Egypt, had overpaid them at the expense of country. Didn't say this out in so many words, but, with hints, innuendoes, and statements of what he'd heard or what other people believed, managed to make it clear.

"Did you ever," said LYON PLAYFAIR to Mr. FORSTER, "make vinegar out of the plant?"

"No!" growled the Right Hon. Gentleman, who was just going to sleep.

"Most interesting," the Professor airily proceeded. "Must show you some day. You put plant in jar, pour water over it, seal it up, and there you are. Excellent vinegar. If you take the same plant afterwards, do it over again, you get some acidulated wash. CECIL reminds me of this experiment. The style of his brother, the Marquis, is the real vinegar, and his resembles it just as second brewing from plant resembles original liquor. Must get you a plant and illustrate my meaning. Sorry haven't one in my pocket at the moment."

Business done.—Passed Second Reading of Pension Bills.

Friday Night.—In House of Lords, Lord CARNARVON asks can Colonial Secretary tell anything about annexation of New Guinea by Queensland? Certainly, Lord DERBY would tell everything. Quite interesting narrative, conveying vivid picture of Queensland passionately pleading for acquisition, and Lord DERBY coldly pointing out absolute inability of forming opinion till he had received despatches.

"Haven't formed an opinion now, one way or other," he says, and House thoroughly believes him. What a mind it is!

Business done.—Congregation in other House, after listening to STANSFELD's sermon, declare against C. D. Acts by 182 against 110.

A FOOTMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

THE *Times* of Wensday contained an appeal from a West End Footman which I think is one of the most affecting things as ever I read. It seems scarcely possible but it no doubt is the fact, that Gentlemen as fills the werry highest positions in West End Families as Footmen, and even Butlers, has to go with their employers to dinners to wait at Table without no perquisites, just to save the shabby hosts and hostesses the werry trifling expense of perfeshun waiters.



United Service.

As he so pathetercally says, after being confined in-doors so many hours a-doing of nothink, he natrally wants a little fresh air and a little recreation, insted of which he acshally has to wait at table peraps for ours! Poor Feller! better be a mere Ewer of wood like pore Mr. GLADSTONE or a drawer of water like Mr. HOOKEY, R. A. And how unjust to me and my perfeshun! Why should Nobblemen and Nobblewomen take the bred out of our mouths by making unfare use of their own gentlemen? Many and many a time have I ofishyated at swell dinners at the West End. They all nose where to send to when they wants anythink A wun or Fast Class, whether for a dinner or for a Waiter, and that's in the City.

My engagements at the West End has fallen off very much of late, which I naterally set down to poverty, little thinking it was meer meanness, however, as the pore Footman werry wisely says, now as the *Times*—of which he pollytiokelly says he is a grate admirer—has bin kind enuff to put his letter in, his shabby employers will be shamed out of their meanness. The one thing in which he makes a fearful mistake is in speaking of the duties of a Waiter as most unpleasant and even mean. How so highly respectable a member of one highly honorable perfeshun can condend to speak so disrepectably of another equally honorable perfeshun, does estonish me, and I can only account for it by thinking that the recelleeshun of his own serious trubbles made him for once somewhat unjust to those whose important duties he is so improperly called upon to fulfill.

ROBERT.

Free Trade for Farmers.

"ARE you considering any Measure for permitting the Agriculturists of the United Kingdom to grow tobacco for sale?" No impertinent question this, which Lord JOHN MANNERS the other evening asked the Government. On every principle of Free Trade which the farmers suffer by, surely they ought to be free to grow whatever they profitably can. If it doesn't pay them to grow wheat, they are in effect *sine Cerere*. Not being allowed the alternative of cultivating Nicotian crops, they are also *sine Baccho*. No wonder, then, that *frigit Agricultura*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

(By Our Own Merry-Go-Rounder, who interviewed 'em.)

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Chez lui. Think I've got some first-rate speeches for this occasion. Better than anything I've ever done before. Looked up a splendid selection of new words all of at least three syllables, and have still power to add to their number. Have been studying the best models,—I mean my own speeches and those of other great orators of the past. I am sure H.R.H. the Prince of WALES likes listening to a real flow of eloquence. I know he does by his rapt attention, and the graceful bowing of the head with which he greets my points, when His Royal Highness's eyes are slightly closed in deep thought, and the cigar is at his lips. Regret much that several Kings, Foreign Princes, and Hereditary Dukes will not be present, as I shall not have an opportunity of showing how perfectly I can master their styles and titles, and give them several times over, without the slightest hesitation, or the very smallest mistake. It is quite a lesson to some of my Academicians in foreign pronunciation. Should like to hear my dear old MILLENS trying anything of the sort. I can't help—you'll excuse me, *caro mio*,—but I really cannot help smiling when I think of it. I shall speak for half-an-hour, or so, at a time, and though every sentence will have been well considered, yet most of my hearers would be ready to swear that it is all impromptu. *Ars est celare*, you know. Excuse me. I must now leave you, to try on my new suit which has this moment arrived. So very, very glad to have seen you. *À bientôt*.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (at Marlborough House—just going out). Oh—tell Mr. FRANCIS KNOLLYS to look up some of my other speeches. Shape out something neat and complimentary in a general way. Shan't speak for more than five minutes, to set the example of brevity. Drop a line to Sir FREDERICK, and say they can all talk as much as they like—(though there's no necessity to tell 'em that!)—when once the cigars have commenced. But we must come to cigars sharp after dinner. Time and Tobacco wait for no man. If I see EDINBURGH this morning out riding,—(why does he ride? Sailors ought only to ride at anchor)—I'll tell him not to make a long speech about the Navy. By the way, I'll take the opportunity of mentioning the Royal College of Music, and EDINBURGH might allude to it too. Just work it in quietly. Suppose Mr. GEORGE GROVE will be there. He might respond to "Music." Now I'm off.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. Hum—ha—confound it! Yes—of course. Hang these painter fellows!—(Had to sit to that chap HOLL for hours—got awfully tired—but deuced clever fellow, and capital portrait: very like. Suppose I must say something about it. Say how tired I was. Hate sitting: if I were a hen might like it. Ha! ha!—or hang their pictures! That's what they do, by the way. Might bring that in, only they don't relish a joke. Must say something about the change of uniform, and the "thin red line." Dash it, that's a good idea—"thin red line." Must compliment Sir FREDERICK as Colonel of Volunteers. Ought to bring in joke about "no man better able to draw a sword." Anyhow, will stick to "thin red line"—sure to tell on such an occasion.

H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh. Let me see; I shall have to reply for the Navy or Music, or the Navy and Music. Probably the Navy only. (To *Private Secretary*.) Just make out the statistics of the past ten years, with historical references to last century,—general notions of English Naval History from the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and details of our latest improvements. Oh—and Happy Thought—will say something about the Marines. They're popular just now, and that will do to wind up with. Shan't speak for more than forty minutes. Only got three days to practise in. Must practise violin. Sonata first. Wire for Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

[Tunes up.]

Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone (overheard by Our Merry-Go-Rounder). Please tell Washerwoman shan't want these extra-starched collars home for Saturday night, as I'm not going to the Academy Banquet. Don't fancy I come out as brilliantly as I ought to on these occasions. Haven't got what BRIGHT calls the "confectionery" for this sort of after-dinner cake. BEACONSFIELD enjoyed it; don't think I do. However, not got to bother my head about it. So perhaps shall have a quiet evening at home with HERBERT (who can tell me all about the Dynamiters he saw at Bow Street), Mr. J. L. TOOLE (with a song about the Speaker's Nose which I have not yet heard), Mr. PENNINGTON, who might recite—or—no, he might sing, and let J. L. T. recite—or—no—I'll sing and recite, and they shall listen. Foresee a pleasant evening. Grog.

Earl Granville. Yes—let me think—what did I say last year? Must avoid that little anecdote about myself as a Painter and some eminent hand rejecting the sketch. I made 'em laugh in a quiet sort of way, and took the wind out of LOWELL's sails. I've got something neat, I think—something to do with the Foreign Policy of the Academy, and graceful allusion to ALMA TADEMA, and—let me see—(To *Private Secretary*.)—kindly send round with my compliments to Burlington

House, and inquire what names there are that look foreign on the Academy list, and ask on what kind of understanding the Academy is with the *Paris Salon*. Shan't speak for more than a quarter of an hour—less, probably—short and very sweet. Must practise smile for the occasion. [Exit to dressing-room.]

Mr. R. B. Browning. They've got me instead of MATTHEW ARNOLD this year. He prosed, so I must poetise; not too much; light and semi-humorous vein, in the *Jocoseria* style. Shall explain the word "*jocoseria*" to the guests: good advertisement for self and book. Shall touch, of course, on the sister Arts, Poetry and Painting, and show how one inspired the other, and how Painting owes everything to Poetry,—or, if that isn't exactly polite, I'll put it t'other way, and wait till we have a Poetry Dinner, with myself in the Chair and the Painters as guests, to put the matter in its right and true light before the world. *Jocoseria* wants a little lift. Shall allude gracefully to the President. Ahem! Think they'll like my speech. President mayn't care about it (in spite of allusion)—rather too much in the same line. Knowing I'm there, he'll probably quote something from me. Excuse me leaving you, I must go and get inspired and shaved. Hairdresser's waiting.

Lord Mayor. Let me see—ah—yes—Discount—no—I mean Decant—no—discant or descendant (tell HARKER to look out word in Dictionary for me) on the Liberal Arts and the City. Must get a Latin quotation about Liberal Arts. City always Patron of Arts. LORENZO the Magnificent. Look him out, and see what he did. Fancy he was a big City Magnate. If HARCOURT's there, opportunity for me to "magnify my office." It wants magnifying. Might point to Lord Mayor's Show, the Coach, the costumes, &c., &c. The only thing like Venice in England. Never perform out of London. Got half my speech done. Forget if they always drink Lord Mayor's health, or not. Must go on asking the Artists to Mansion House.

Mr. Lecky. Shall give them something solid. People like listening to something solid. What will my name be proposed in connection with? Literature? Or will BROWNING answer for that? Must get up something—The Rise of Painting.

Mr. Huxley. Am getting up my speech. Idea that Painters were born, not made. Flattering, this. Shan't include Poets. Don't know whether TYNDALL won't have to reply. If he does, will keep this notion back for another time. Hope Sir GEORGE MINYART will be there. If he is, hope he won't be asked to speak—after me.

Sir John Lubbock. Yes. See my way. Artists, busy bees, Bank half-holiday. Can work 'em all in. Hope my turn won't come too late.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. I shall have to reply for the Law. I wish the Last of the Barons were to be there. But, anyhow, he'll read the report of my speech in the *Observer*. Might bring in a few subtle allusions to the Belt case. Of course, the Last of the Barons gave up all his chance of being asked to the Royal Academy Dinner on that celebrated—too celebrated—occasion. I can let in a few quiet hints about Experts. Do it very nicely, of course, as I wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings on any account. Might also comment upon the distinction between Free Thinking and Free Speaking.

Lord Chancellor. In the absence of the PREMIER, I can say a good deal, and mean very little. Speak about the Artistic Decorations of the Upper House, of which the Peers are the ornaments. Will just give a look round at the frescoes in the House of Lords; see how they are getting on, and ask who did them.

Our Merry-Go-Rounder was unable to interview any other celebrities, as they were all hard at work composing their speeches for the occasion, and could not be disturbed. He wishes to add that, should this meet the eyes of the distinguished persons named above, he is afraid that they will alter their subjects, or the treatment of them, and that some who are down on the President's list for a speech will be cut out in consequence of this anticipatory notice. Perhaps, too, at the last moment Mr. GLADSTONE's washerwoman may send home the collars extra-starched by mistake, and he'll be compelled to go. In case of any little *contretemps* of this sort, our Merry-Go-Rounder says, it is no fault of his, and the Public mustn't blame him.

Cheek and Colour.

Grumphy. No young Ladies now any longer blush. In my young days they did.

Goodchild. Yes, but wasn't that only because you used to say things that made them?

Grumphy. Hrumneck!

A VAUGHNING VOICE.—Miss KATE VAUGHAN on Thursday afternoon Benefit, May 3rd, is to essay the part of *Amy Robsart*. We hope that she is not yet going to give up her "poetry-of-motion" line of Art; otherwise, though by her *Amy Robsart* she may add to Art in one direction, she, unfortunately, robs Art of a burlesque Actress.



"I"

Mistress. "WELL, I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T QUITE SUIT; BUT I'LL PAY YOUR FARE. LET ME SEE—DID YOU COME BY OMNIBUS OR BY THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY?"

Cook. "OH NO, MA'AM, I DROVE UP IN A HANSON WITH MY YOUNG MAN, AS I'M ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO. THERE AND BACK IT WILL BE FIVE SHILLINGS, MA'AM!"

ODE TO SPRING.

(By Landeau.)

MISS SPRING, I will sing you a welcome in quite an original strain, Which I am sure you will find a relief, dear, because it is rather more sane Than the annual drivel that's written to herald the primrose and swallows, The hyacinth blue, and the snowdrop—the sure stock-in-trade of Apollos. In my way I'm as true an admirer of you as the poets who sing Of the flowers at a shilling a-piece, and the bees that most painfully sting. Sweet Spring, I admit I don't love you because "the wan Winter is dead," Or the violet and primrose and crocus are flaunting a flare in each bed,— Nor because every bird in the country is pairing and building its nest,— For when nightingales keep one from sleeping, I admit they are rather a pest, Nor because the black hawthorn as usual bursts forth into white bridal blossom, Nor because some poor moulting cock-robin gets a gaudy new crest on his bosom. But I love you, sweet time of the Roses, 'cause you bring back the *beau monde* to town, When each matron, each maid, and each widow will flaunt in diaphanous gown, When the Grosvenor is something to talk of, and the season of racing's commenced, When it's jolly to shave with cold water, and not even prudes are incensed If you hint they look cool as cucumbers as they sit in the Row 'neath the trees, All watching intently the walkers, the riders, the drivers, the "gees." Ere Eton and Harrow is over, and the Derby blue-ribbon is won, When Gardenias are common as daisies, and peaches are sold by the ton, When one lunces off strawberries and cream at GUNTER'S, and dines off an ice, And sups off a cut of pine-apple—my mouth waters now for a slice. When one tools down a coach to the Orleans, or purloins someone's sweetheart or glove, When my NORA comes back from the country to play at lawn-tennis and love, When one's mornings and evenings are spent in cob-riding, cab-driving, or walking, When invitations to dinner are rife, and it's even too sultry for talking;

When one's nights are some spent at the Opera, and lounging, and supping, and dances, Making love at Botanical night *fêtes*, or watching young lovers' romances. When on Saturdays Hurlingham's crowded, and Sundays are piously spent Up the River at Richmond or TAGG'S, or lying in hammock or tent, With an iced lemon-squash at one's elbow, and a handkerchief over one's face That's scented with *Eau de Cologne* that came from one's lady-love's case, Or puffing a cigarette punctured with "P. M. and Co." at one's ease, A Ouida-like hero, that nothing but midges and girls dare to tease. It's not that I bear any malice to flowers—I rather admire them, I believe that they grow in the country—I know that from WILLIS we hire them! But you see I'm not much in the country, except in the Winter for shooting, And London's the best place in Summer, beyond any kind of disputing.

I'm always unhappy in Winter, and Autumn's deplorably slow, But in Springtime and Summer, while sitting in my pretty green chair in the Row, I own I am happy, and therefore I love you, sweet mother of flowers, In spite of your Leonine March winds, and your treacherous April showers. And the cause of my loving—I know it is horribly weak when admitted; But Truth, like Murder, will out, and it's awfully nice to be pitied! Is simply and solely, sweet Spring-time—don't Lynch me, ye Poets, for treason— Not because fields are in flower—it may be bad taste—but the reason I love you, sweet Spring-time, is really 'cause you herald the London "Season."

A DUTY ON DOCTORS.

THE Council of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, dear *Mr. Punch*, has issued a circular, addressed to Fellows and Members, pointing out certain provisions of the Medical Amendment Bill of which they suggest that so many Amendments should be made. The clauses they denounce are four in number, Sir, and the fourth clause threatens those Fellows and those Members with a penalty so unmerited that the menace of it ought really to enlist on their behalf the sympathy of every other fellow endowed with any fellow-feeling. Vivacious friends will, therefore, excuse a quotation which is indeed no joke. The Council object, fourthly, to the Bill above named:—

"That power would be taken by Clause 38 of the Bill to levy on every Practitioner already registered a vexatious annual tax, the non-payment of which would involve the liability to removal of his name from the Register."

Consequently, *Mr. Punch*, disqualification to practise his profession. In effect, dispossession of his diploma. Professional ruin, Sir. Wouldn't that be rather too heavy a forfeiture for a Practitioner's failure to pay a fine on a practice whence the income may be all "in supposition"? Would it not be a truly vexatious superaddition to a poor Practitioner's income-tax? Can the Legislature possibly mean to saddle poor Pilgric with a Profession-tax as well, *Mr. Punch*?

The Medical Profession altogether, as you know, Sir, has long discarded the practice of bleeding, except in very exceptional cases. Have the "Leeches" no friends in the House of Commons who will preserve them from being themselves bled at such a rate and in such a way as that in which the framers of the new Medical Bill propose to stick it into them? Talk of barbarity, what's vivisection to such venesection as that?

Excuse, dear Sir, this too, too arid appeal for sympathy and succour in the name of

SAWBONES.



Pupil. "IS IT KNOWN, SIR, WHETHER EUCLID PERSONALLY BORE THE CHARACTER OF A TRUSTWORTHY MAN—CAREFUL OF HIS STATEMENTS?"

Coach. "WELL, I CANNOT SAY THAT HIS PRIVATE LIFE IS A MATTER OF HISTORY, BUT——"

Pupil. "BUT FROM HIS WRITINGS, SIR, WOULD YOU SAY HE WAS TO BE DEPENDED UPON?"

Coach. "AH—YES—CERTAINLY—I SHOULD—BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Pupil. "WELL, IN THAT CASE, SIR, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT ACCEPT THIS PROPOSITION WITHOUT FURTHER DISCUSSION?"

ANNEXATION MADE EASY.

(A Page from the Future Journal of the House of Lords.)

LORD C-RN-RV-N wished to know if there was any truth in the newspaper report that the whole interior of Equatorial Africa, including the Great Sahara and the sources of the Nile, the Niger, and the Congo, had just been annexed to the British Empire by the Deputy-Governor of Heligoland.

Lord D-RBY assured the Noble Lord that the Foreign Office was in its usual convenient state of utter official ignorance, and complete actual knowledge, of the circumstances alluded to by the Noble Lord. It was true that a telegram had been received from the Deputy-Governor of Heligoland, in which that official stated that, in the temporary absence of the Governor from his post, through toothache, it had been decided by the Executive Government of the island to annex all Africa, or as much of it as remained to annex. The Executive Government, consisting of himself and an Office Boy, had arrived—so the Deputy-Governor telegraphed—at the above resolution unanimously, and the Office Boy had consented to head an expedition to Africa for the purpose of taking formal possession of the regions which were now an integral portion of the British Empire. There was every reason to believe, the telegram added, that the expedition would be successful, as the Office Boy was provided with a tolerably seaworthy boat, some antique fire-arms, and twenty-five shillings and sixpence, being half the Heligoland revenue for the current year; but nothing (Lord D-RBY said) had yet been heard of his arrival in Africa. He (Lord D-RBY) was not prepared at once to state whether he approved or disapproved of the annexation. Africa, no doubt, was a large country, and Heligoland was a small one. He would wait and see exactly how much opposition the annexation occasioned, both at home and abroad, before deciding whether it was a grossly immoral or a highly patriotic step for the Heligoland Government to take. He was sure his noble friend would

not expect him to give a definite opinion one way or the other just at present. The House would agree with him that they must await the further development of events, and that until the arrival of the Office Boy in some part of the annexed dominions it would be premature to discuss the matter, and such discussion might even tend to embarrass the action of the Government. He believed that the calculation made by the noble Lord was tolerably accurate, and that it was true that the population of the annexed province might be put at somewhere about ten or twenty millions, while the population of Heligoland was under one thousand. The climate of Central Africa was not so bad as it had been represented. However, the House would of course understand that he was not attempting to defend the annexation at present, though he could not tell what view he might not adopt after the proper amount of Papers had been laid on the Table, and if it were really ascertained that no serious opposition would be made to the annexation. At present the Deputy-Governor had acted entirely on his own responsibility, as also had the Office-Boy, and both could be thrown over and dismissed if the thing turned out a failure. He might add that the Deputy-Governor had telegraphed that Despatches, explaining the whole occurrence, were on their way to England, but that—in order that the Foreign Office might not have an opportunity of meddling in its usual idiotic manner before the annexation was complete,—he had taken the precaution to send the Despatches round by the North Pole, so that they would not reach England for three months or so. This, Lord D-RBY said, was extremely thoughtful of the Deputy-Governor, as it saved the necessity of coming to any immediate decision, and three months was ample time for the Office Boy either to found a new Empire in Africa, or to get comfortably drowned on his way out there.

THE Bishop of MONACO—no, we mean GIBRALTAR—objects to his English co-religionists "serving tables." This is rather unprimitive, isn't it?

MISTAKEN IMPRESSIONS.



No. 53.—Impression in a Jockeylar Vein.



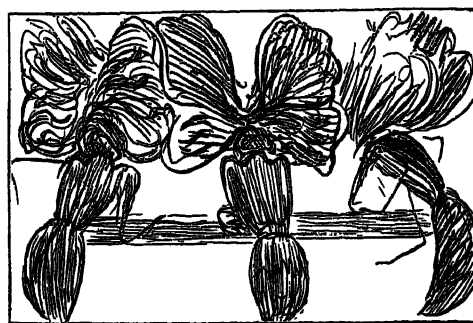
No. 56.—Depression.



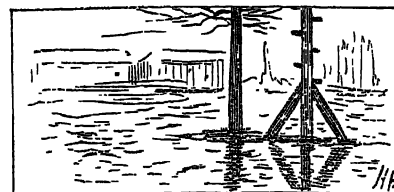
No. 14.—The Limpressionist, or a Plea for the Channel Tunnel.



No. 61.—“If you’re waking, call me early,” or the Bed Impressionist.



No. 59.—Fly-paper Impressions.



No. 45.—Pegwell Bay Impression.



No. 13.—Giving a Valse Impression.



No. 46.—Nihilists Trapped, or Imp-russianists in Frison.

I THINK I may fairly say that the generally-mistaken “Impressionists” have come to the right place at last. They ought to leave an indelible mark on New Bond Street—at least, for the rest of the season. I had been induced to look in at their Collection by an artistic friend who advised me to go and see it, because he was told it was “horrid funny.” So I looked in. I had been posted up in the principles of the School. “The idea is, the first impression the picture produces on you, you know. They don’t care how they get the effect as long as they get it,” I heard somebody say, as I was creeping along a narrow passage that gave me my first impression—that of having my head in the way in a rifle-gallery. Still, I was quite prepared to be further “impressed” when I got into the room. And I was. I was impressed by the impressive manner of the self-contained attendant, a melancholy young man, who seemed so anxious that the pictures should produce a favourable impression on intending purchasers, or, indeed, on anybody, that he moved about quite sadly, evidently much pained by the unsuppressed jeers they somehow provoked. Then I took a hurried look round, and received another impression. It was that I had wasted a shilling.

At first I thought I had got into the “Children’s” Gallery by mistake, and that they had been getting up a little Exhibition of their own for my amusement. However, I turned to the Catalogue to see what it was all about, and found I had really got among the Impressionists, and that it was all right, and that “the connoisseur would recognise in the wonderful effects of light, the complete command of colour, and the faculty of delineating the more fleeting aspects to which landscape and the human figure are susceptible, a very interesting and distinctive factor in the Art-work of modern times.”

Certainly, some of the effects of light were most wonderful. I never saw anything like them before—anywhere. And as to the “complete command of colour,” several of the Artists seem, unquestionably, to have had an unlimited run on “Reckitt’s Blue.” The “Art-work of modern times,” however, afforded me one pleasing impression—I noticed that there was not much of it.

But as everybody ought to see what there is, here are a few rough “impressions,” illustrated above by our extremely impressionable Artist, and jotted down “hot”—just as they were received—that will help out a reference to the Catalogue:—

No. 13. “*Femme au Piano*.” RENOIR. “Cottage” landscape. Distant view of flats. Woman playing a *Trip-to-the-Moonlight* Sonata.

No. 14. Another “*Femme*,” this time “*dans un jardin*.” Might be called “Folkestone to Boulogne.” Impression produced. She has got

the Artist to sketch the whole of her in three colours, because she has, very unwisely, eaten all the rest of his box—paints, palette, and all, before he began.

No. 45. “*Le Bac de l’Isle de La Loge*.” SISLEY. First impression produced. “If this is the back, perhaps it’s a trifle better in front.” Second impression. “Arrangement for drying clothes. Artist determined to be hung on his own line?” Precisely.

No. 46. “*Thirteen Bars’ Rest*,” or, “*Victims inside a Cage at Feeding-time*?” or what? Can’t make it out. Sole impression produced (by style of dress)—that it has been on the Artist’s hands about three-and-twenty years. Yet M. MANET only asks £400 for it! Won’t go off. *Manet*. Too bad of it, a great deal!

No. 58. “*Chapeaux*.” DEGAS. No mistake here. Impression, this time, clearly on the Hats—that have been sat upon. Poetry of the idea evident. Felt as soon as seen. Might have had a quotation in *Degas Metre*?

No. 53. “*French Polo*.” M. DEGAS. (A regular illumination of gas on this wall)—calls it “*Le Départ Jockey’s*.” Why? Because he has taken more than half a horse off his canvas? Why didn’t he content himself with cutting it off at the Mane?

No. 59. “*Femmes Appuyées sur une Rampe*.” Further supply of DEGAS! Better though if this DEGAS had been turned out. More like a symphony of backs. Or are they moths? Melancholy colouring. Only three of them.

No. 61. “*Femme dans une Loge*.” Final flare-up of DEGAS. But not much light here—should be called, “*Before Seven; or, an Order for One to the Upper Boxes*.”

With No. 65 the Catalogue ends, but if the “Connoisseur” is anxious to be still further impressed, and also a little puzzled, he can push on into a dark room at the back, and be requested to put his name down for an Artist’s proof of Mr. J. FORBES ROBERTSON’S Picture of the Church Scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*, “painted,” as the Catalogue informs him, “expressly for HENRY IRVING, Esq.” The point of this interesting work appears to be the subtle and ingenious art with which the identity of everybody concerned has been carefully concealed. No room for jealousy. Even the legs of all the Gentlemen are much alike. Why not call it either “*Who’s Who?*”—or “*A Prize Puzzle—Find the Manager?*”

’ARRY’S LATEST CONUNDRUM.—Why is a title-page like Charity?—Becos it always begins a tome. (Begins at ’ome, don’tcher see!)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 23.—Affirmation Bill on to-night for Second Reading. Everything dreadfully dull.

"Nothing like the old times, TOBY," Captain GOSSET said, mournfully regarding BRADLAUGH as he sat under the Gallery. "Once used to come up like a man, and have it out on the floor of the House, regardless of his stylographic pen. Now sits there like an ordinary Member, and I've got no work to do. Fancy I rather cowed him last time. Gave him enough for the duration of this Parliament. If I'd thought of it, would have dissembled a bit."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL made nice *Nisi Prius* speech. Sir R. CROSS chirruped round the question more than ever like a Magisterial sparrow. But couldn't get up excitement. Once, indeed, House burst into a roar of laughter when Grand Cross caught another smile. It was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL who was this time detected. G. C. was reading a long extract from paper. Right Hon. Gentlemen on the Treasury Bench relapsed from the condition of ostentatious good behaviour preserved when he fixes a small but glittering eye upon them. But old schoolmaster instincts not to be overcome. Lulled them into security for a few moments; then suddenly looked up, and caught Sir HENRY JAMES "*flagrante de smilo*," as Mr. BARRAN, who knows a little Latin, says.

"The ATTORNEY-GENERAL smiles!" Sir R. CROSS cried in severe warning tones; whereupon the House went off into fit of laughter that lasted for several seconds, Sir RICHARD angrily regarding Members, and wondering what he had said to amuse them.

Business done.—Second Reading Affirmation Bill moved.

Tuesday Night.—Mr. WIGGIN down early to-day, moving busily about House and Lobby.

"Look out for a storm, TOBY, my boy," said Mr. PULESTON. "WIGGIN's Last was not a great success. But he's not likely to make another mistake."

Storm sure enough. Question of the Blowholes on, and the House trembling with excitement. Dramatic meteorological effect arranged by the Wary WIGGIN. Wind turned on at the East blows down Embankment sending fumes into Palace Yard. Smells as if it were washing day in the City. Members hastily cross yard with handkerchief to nose, determined to vote early and vote often against Blowholes. Funny part of business is, that the Waggish WIGGIN turns out to have been engaged on other side. Speaks in favour of decision of Committee.

"What is the meaning of this?" Sir EDWARD WATKIN says, coming up with evident intention to give the Member for East Stafford a Wiggin. "What do you mean by turning on the storm so as it blows the smell right into the House. You've spoiled the whole case—ruined us."

"Very sorry," says the Worried WIGGIN. "Not my fault. As the Poet says—

I did think at least,
With the wind in the East,
The smell would not travel due West.

Nothing can be clearer than that; can it, Sir EDWARD? But there's no accounting for storms and winds, and I mean to go out of the business."

ARTHUR BALFOUR, who was on the Committee which sanctioned the Blowholes, very wrath at demonstration against them. Speaks scornfully of taste in the City, and heaps words of contumely on the Metropolitan Board of Works as represented by Sir JAMES HOGG.

Sir GEORGE ELLIOT, caressing his waistcoat with open palms as if he were cautiously searching for a pin, takes House into his confidence. Sir GEORGE so exceedingly confidential that there is great difficulty in hearing him at a distance of ten feet. Members near through round to catch his words. Right Honourable Gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench crane their necks. Excited Members out of hearing angrily cry, "Speak up!" But Sir GEORGE, still gently rubbing his waistcoat, with look of profound wisdom on his shining countenance, goes on in confidential whisper. Creep close up, and find Sir GEORGE relating how when Blowholes first projected he "told 'em they wouldn't do." Should put up "a tall chimbley," somewhere,—"an unobtrusive chimbley," Sir GEORGE adds, in lower whisper, and with a confidential nod to the SPEAKER. "A chimbley as tall as the Shot-tower, that would have made a draught and taken all the smell away." House doesn't seem to be enchanted with the chimbley idea. It is, moreover, plainly too late to build it this afternoon, so go to a Division, and the Blowholes clean blown out by a majority of 200 against 110.

Wednesday.—Fresh claimant for Leadership of Conservative Party turned up from an unexpected quarter. HENRY RICHARD brings in New Burial Bill. Grand Cross, having considered it and heard HARCOURT on behalf of Plaintiff, gives judgment for Second Reading. Mr. SALT put up to announce this. Faithful Con-

servatives accept instruction. Bill about to pass when BERESFORD HOPK appears on scene, and moves rejection of the Bill.

At first sign of revolt, the Party leaves Grand Cross, to whom Parliamentary life is growing increasingly puzzling. Did not the Party, only the other day, impatiently howl him down when he proposed to make a prosy patronising speech on Explosives Bill? Time was when all his thoughts were considered wise, and all his words beautiful. Getting a little frightened at turn events are taking. Wishes he hadn't interfered. Fortunately did not make a speech. Only put up SALT. Rises now; says Bill might pass Second Reading only for the 7th Clause. But, with the 7th Clause, wild horses shall not tear from him consent.

Implacable and inconvenient Lord RANDOLPH wants to know whether 7th Clause has been added within last twenty minutes? Wasn't it in the Bill when SALT, on part of Front Opposition Bench, assented to Second Reading?

Fine opportunity this for RANDOLPH, and he makes most of it, chaffing two Front Benches, making Sir RICHARD very Cross indeed, and quaintly commenting upon various absences. Maddens Grandiose Old Man, terrifies OSBORNE MORGAN, amuses the House, and has a high old time. Having pursued the joke for a quarter of an hour, gave time to GORST to see it, and presently "Old Six-and-Eight-penny," as JOSEPH GILLIS, with characteristic levity, calls the learned Member for Chatham, rises and goes through it all over again, with a "Where's this Member?" and "Where's that Minister?"

"Where are the Law Officers of the Crown? Can you produce a Law Officer of the Crown?" he says to HARCOURT, as if the HOME-SECRETARY were in the habit of keeping an assortment in his waistcoat-pocket.

Business done.—Cemetery Bill talked out, in spite of support of Front Opposition Bench. RANDOLPH showed once more who is the real Conservative Leader.

Thursday Night.—House crowded from floor to ceiling. GLADSTONE expected to speak on Affirmation Bill. General impulse when anyone else announced to speak on subject to get away as quickly as possible and remain away as long as convenient. Everyone sick to death of it. Only interesting portion of Debate at any time was that in which Sergeant-at-Arms took part. Cut out of the play now, and leaves it wearisome beyond description. Supposed to be Debate on question of Abolishing Parliamentary Oath. Really, Debate on BRADLAUGH.

"Like the Forest of Arden, in *Orlando's* time, had 'Rosalind' carved on every tree, so," says ARTHUR BALFOUR, "we've 'Brad-laugh' staring us in the face at every turn of the debate."

Still believed Grand Old Man equal to infusing the debate with fresh life and vigour. So he does.

"Magnificent!" Mr. GIBSON says, as the Old Man Eloquent sits down after a spin of an hour and a half. "Magnificent, but not votes. Every man has made up his mind how he'll vote. Might as well have divided on Monday."

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

"Ah! go away, now, TOBY," said GIBSON, in his mellifluous tones. "You're too young and too innocent altogether for this place. This is your first Parliament. I daresay you'll improve, if you live long enough. How're things down in Berks now? Got a Caucus your way?"

When the Grand Old Man sat down there was a pause. No one seemed quite to like to suggest comparisons by immediately following him. Presently pair of arms seen waving from below the Gangway on Conservative side, and a familiar voice heard.

"It's STANLEY LEIGHTON," murmured STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, feeling for his hat behind Lord JOHN MANNERS' legs. "Truly there's only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" and Sir STAFFORD, falling in with the stream of Members pouring out, left "The Man from Shropshire" gesticulating and bawling as if he'd discovered some fresh evidence about his property in Chancery, and believed the time had come when the LORD CHANCELLOR should hear him. *Business done.*—Customs and Inland Revenue Bill read a Second Time.

Friday.—Another open question closed to-night. Local Option Resolution adopted by Government and carried by large majority. Grand Old Man advanced by three courses. First (three years ago), voted against Resolution; Secondly, abstained from voting; Lastly, voted for it. Grand Cross wild and a little incoherent. Wants to read to House a few columns of PREMIER's speech on the subject. House politely but firmly declines.

"Everything an open question now," said STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with unwonted bitterness. "They'll leave us nothing to yield upon when we come in."

"GREAT fuss being made about this Prince CRACKPOTKIN," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. She had heard one of her Nephews on the Stock Exchange singing "*The Crackpot in the City*," and thought that this had something to do with it.



HOW FRIENDSHIPS ARE KEPT WARM!

Mrs. Jones. "OH, I'VE LEFT OUT THE BROWNS! MUST WE INVITE THEM?"

Jones. "HANG IT ALL, IT'S A BEASTLY BORE, BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST!"

Mrs. Brown. "AN INVITATION FROM THE JONESES, LOVE! MUST WE ACCEPT?"

Brown. "CONFOUND IT! IT'S A GHASTLY NUISANCE—BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST!"

"DOUBTFUL."

Chief of Council loquitor—

HUMPH! Exactly! Quite so!
Splendid composition!
Colour good, fine light! So!
But our Exhibition
Is so crowded really,
That so large a picture,
Treated so ideally—

Not that *that* means stricture—
Fogs us to find room for it;
Won't reject it wholly,
That were sorry doom for it.
Very melancholy

Is our present duty;
We its strength admiring,
Conscious of its beauty.
Ah! our task is tiring.
Space so straitly bounded,
Canvasses so many,
Getting quite confounded!
Every daubing zany
Anxious for a place.

WILFRID'S water-colour—
Harshness *plus* grimace—
Fills our souls with dolour.
STANFELD too. Ah me!

Not the great Sea-scaper!
C. D. painter, he,
Praised in shrieking paper.

BRAD!—grr! Ayaunt!
His coarse brush—confound it!
Hideously doth haunt
All our counsels; round it
Earthquake and eclipse
Ever seem to hover.
Duffers' farthing dips
So much wall-space cover
Which to Light and Sweetness
We would see assigned,
Vigour, taste, completeness
Crowded out we find.
It is this constricture—
Trust us nothing less would—
Makes us "shelve" this picture.
'Tis what "G. A. S." would,
In his lofty diction,
Call "most magisterial,"
'Tis no fudge, no fiction.
We are very weary, all.
We'd not write "*Hic jacet*"
An Art-work so fine on.
If we can we'll place it,
Yes, Sir, and the Line on!
'Twere a task most pleasant.
But, as we're about full,
It must, *for the present*,
Stand aside as "Doubtful."

RATHER IRREGULAR.

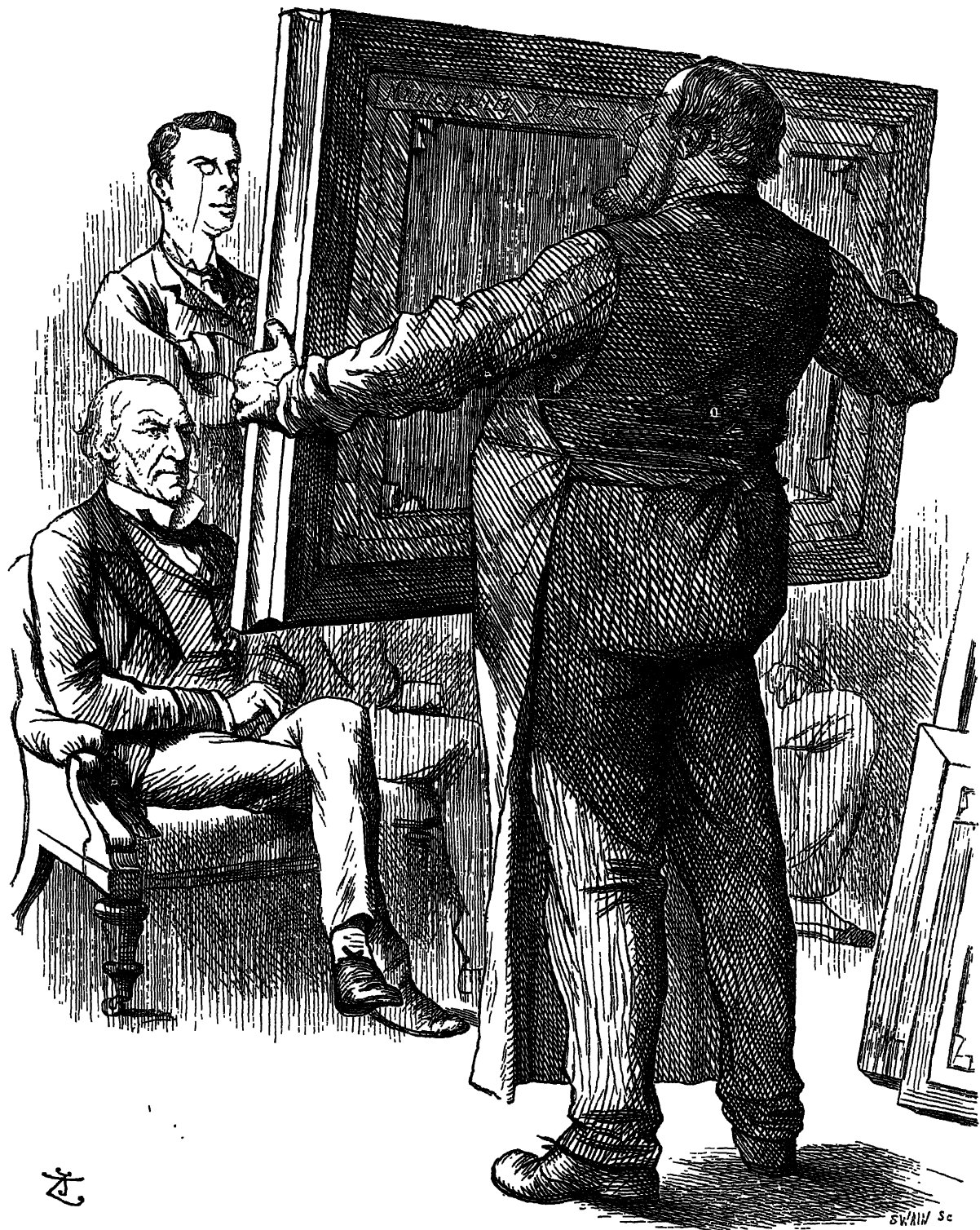
WITHOUT our *Morning Postal* "Arrangements for To-day" regularly every morning, we should be nowhere—not in it—or, to put it poetically, we should be all abroad—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world" and, certainly, not at home all day. But, apologising to the Editor in the most Lord-Chief-Justice style, we would humbly suggest, that for the sake of the fashionable but unintelligent foreigner who is not *au courant* with our times and seasons, the "arrangements" might be set in chronological order. Thus, why should the Catalogue be as we give it below, observing the order, but slightly altering the names:—

ARRANGEMENTS FOR TO-DAY.

Mrs. Bunnion's First Dance.
Races—Claremarket Spring; Currah.
Chuckingham Club—Collars and final ties, April Foolscap last day.
Scientific Societies, &c.—Royal Constitution, 2; Royal Society, Café Royal, Regent Street, 3; Mashers' Lecture, 6.
May Meetings or May not—Buddhist and Bloomsbury Missionary Meeting.
Companies' Meetings, Associations, &c.—Jo-Millerites Meeting at Asylum for Idiots, Earlwood, for discussing "Shall India have a comic song; or, who's going to hinder yer?"

The details are unimportant. But why commence the day with a dance? Of course, to a great many Belgravians the first thing to be thought of when they wake in the morning is, where are we going to-night? But the Foreigner above-mentioned would form, from these published arrangements, a curious idea of our English customs. He would write, "They begin the day with a dance, which, being regularly *affiché* in the papers, is, of course, open to all persons. So far more truly Republican are they here, under a Monarchy, than we in Paris under a Republic. Then after the dance they go to Races. Then back to town to see Athletic Sports, and in the afternoon they tranquillise themselves with some Science, some Church meetings, &c., &c. Such is life in London, without mentioning the theatres and public-houses." Mrs. BUNNION—who certainly deserves her "first dance"—poor thing!—might have it down for the usual time at night instead of making it the commencement of the Arrangements for the Day.

THE Blue Ribbon Army must, of course, be in favour of the Abolition of Capital Punishment (or Encouragement of Crime) Bill, as they probably consider that an Execution is a drop too much.



“DOUBTFUL.”

PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL. “‘MUNICIPALITY REFORM.’ AH!—GOOD SUBJECT! YES—WE’LL PLACE IT—*IF WE CAN FIND ROOM FOR IT!!!*”

A VERY PRIVATE VIEW OF THE GROSVENOR.

(By Ollendorff Junior.)

HAVE you seen the Pictures? I have not seen the Pictures. I have not seen the Pictures, but I have seen the People. I shall lunch. Shall you lunch? I will lunch with you (at your expense). Thank you! (*merci!*) Has the *Æsthete* cut his hair? The Hair-dresser has cut the *Æsthete's* hair (*i. e.*, the hair of the *Æsthete*). I like (*j'aime*) the Picture by (*par*) KEELEY HALSWELLE, but I will not purchase (*acheter*) the Nocturne by WHISTLER (*siffleur*). WHISTLER be blowed! (*siffle*). KEELEY HALSWELLE's Picture is called (*s'appelle*) "*Royal Windsor*." Is it true (*est-ce vrai que*) the Soap-man (*l'homme aux savons*), PEARLS, has purchased "*Royal Windsor*" for an advertisement (*affiche*)? VAL PRINSEP has painted something like an Artist, but (*mais*) Mr. HOLL has painted somebody who is something like an Artist. What is his name? His name is (*il s'appelle*) JOHN TENNIEL. It is very hot. It is crowded. When it is crowded it is hot. How many people are there here? I do not know: I will count them. I should like some lunch. You can lunch at the Restaurant below. Will you lunch there also (*aussi*)? With pleasure, if you will pay for both of us (*tous les deux*). I have a hat, a stick, an umbrella, a catalogue, a ticket of admission, and an appetite, but I have no money. I am afraid (*je crains*) that no one will give me luncheon. I will (*je vais*) go down (*descendre*) into the Restaurant.

Waiter! (*garçon*) have you some bread, some cutlets, some beef, some preserved strawberry jam-tart (*confiture aux fraises*), and some good wine (*du bon vin*)? Yes, Sir; here they are (*voilà*). Ah! my dear friend (*mon cher ami*), sit opposite (*vis-à-vis*) me. Call the Waiter, and tell him we lunch together (*ensemble*).

The wine is good, the bread is excellent, the beef is appetising. Excuse me one moment (*un moment*) I see Madame X—going up (*monter*) to the Gallery. I must (*il faut*) speak to her. She has asked me to show (*indiquer*) her Mrs. JOPLING's pictures and Miss MONTALBA's (*ceux de Mlle. MONTALBA*). You are coming back (*de retour*), are you not (*n'est-ce pas*)? Yes; I shall come back.

Waiter! the Gentleman who was with me will come back and pay for his own share. No, Sir (*Non, Monsieur*), you must pay for the two. It is too bad; I will speak to (*m'adresser*) Mr. COMYNS CARR, or to Sir COURTS. All that is nothing to me (*tout ça ne me regarde pas*); you have (*il faut absolument*) to pay for two soups, two fish, two beers, two vegetables (*legumes*), one bottle of the best (*le meilleur*) wine, two breads, two butters.

There is the money. I am angry. I will not give anything (*ne-rien*) to the waiter. The pictures are in the Gallery above, but his friend is no longer to be seen (*visible*). Where is that gentleman (*ce monsieur*)? He is gone (*il est parti*). Did he say when he would return? No; he did not say when he would return. He has taken my overcoat (*par-dessus*), my catalogue, and my new umbrella (*parapluie*). I will hasten (*me presser*) to seek (*chercher*) him. Another day I will look at the pictures.

LAW VERSUS HONEY.

How to make Things pleasant to the Defendant.

PLACE—The High Court of Justice. TIME—The Present Day.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, after an exhaustive history of caricature in all its branches, from the time of the Flood up to the Nineteenth Century, then addressed himself to the subject-matter of the case. He said—Mr. LEGG I am sure will forgive me if I misrepresent him, but I certainly understood him to observe, "Some of my work is admirably artistic, but the remainder is certainly crude, not to say coarse." This he has put forth in an extremely able manner, and what he says is well worthy of your attention. He adds, with much cleverness, that some of the caricaturists of the past century were equally severe and coarse. Now, I am sure he will forgive me if I say that I should not have made any difference between these caricaturists of the past century and himself. Had those caricaturists been brought before me (as I am heartily glad they were not) I should have sentenced them (I ask Mr. LEGG's pardon) as I may have to sentence him. Mr. LEGG says that many people pay a very large price for caricatures. I do not doubt it, and I cannot sufficiently compliment Mr. LEGG upon the great research he has shown in collecting the facts he has so exhaustively and clearly set before you. But I can only say that the Artists of these works will find that I will punish them, although the first to admit their talent and wit. Mr. LEGG must forgive me if I say that in the event of a verdict being found against him, he will find me the reverse of lenient. It will pain me excessively to have to cause inconvenience to Mr. LEGG, who is an admirable scholar and a most accomplished linguist, but business is business, and a misdemeanor (Mr. LEGG will pardon me) can only be atoned for by fine and imprisonment. Still, Mr. LEGG's arguments are deserving of every consideration,

and I assure him that should he, unfortunately, be compelled to retire for awhile into seclusion, that he should be able to add to their force by mature and astute and uninterrupted reconsideration. But Mr. LEGG must forgive me for saying that it is not an argument in his favour to urge that other caricaturists have escaped punishment. Supposing that a Duke were to steal a mantelpiece (Mr. LEGG will excuse the analogy), it will be no argument in the burglarious Duke's favour to declare that other Peers of equal rank have escaped discovery, and consequent punishment. In conclusion, the matter must be left to the Jury. They would decide wisely. The issue was a simple one. Mr. LEGG would either be permitted to continue his truly admirable work in peace and comfort, or he would be forced (Mr. LEGG would forgive him the suggestion) to spend all his leisure for many weeks in the cell of a prison.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, after bowing for several minutes to the Prisoner in the most courteous and respectful manner, then dismissed the Jury to consider their verdict.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Water-cure in Pall-Mall seems to be as popular and successful as heretofore. The bright, vigorous, healthy character of the productions of the inmates of this establishment is steadfastly maintained. Sir WILFRID LAWSON should certainly be elected an honorary Member, seeing the brilliant and extraordinary effects that water seems to be capable of producing. Sir JOHN GILBERT is as versatile and Rubenesque as ever, Mr. T. J. WATSON has some truthful landscapes, Mr. H. M. MARSHALL some wonderful transcripts of life in our London streets, "Our" Mr. DU MAURIER a piquante picture of Society, and Mr. BIRKETT FOSTER some pleasant country scenes. There is a charming drawing by Mr. JOHN RUSKIN, truthful studies by Mr. G. P. BOYCE, and delicately rendered figure-subjects by Mr. E. K. JOHNSON. There are also contributions by Mrs. ALLINGHAM and Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, with drawings by Messrs. S. P. JACKSON, E. BUCHANAN, A. P. NEWTON, H. S. MARKS, E. J. POYNTER, A. W. HUNT, CARL HAAG, A. D. FREPP, and others which call for especial attention. A capital collection in all of over three hundred pictures. So successful is this hydropathic establishment, that its Members might well sing an adaptation of an old Temperance Song, "O, water for me! Bright water for me! Give oil to the tremulous debauchee!"

On a Certain Debate.

TORNADOES of rancorous nothingness showered,
Midst which a great name—ah! irreverence—tosses!
Debate at St. Stephen's seems hopelessly lowered
To a game of "Noughts" and (Sir RICHARD) CROSSES!

SIR JOHN BENNETT lost his watch last week. He says that in future, for the benefit of those who would "take away the means by which he lives," he will keep a better watch over his pocket, and a worse one inside it. "J. B. is sly, Sir, devilish sly"—but the prigs got the better of him. Why, they'll be taking the *Clockmaker's Hat* next!

"CONVERSION OF RENTES."—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM has seen this heading every day for a fortnight past in all the papers. She wants to know who "Rentes" is, and to what, and from what, he is converted? Was the conversion effected by a Church Missionary Society, or is it a Salvation Army affair?

T'OTHER AND WHICH.

DID "Local Option" find *unfeigned* voice,
'Twould prove another name for "Hobson's Choice."

THE AFFIRMATION PRINCIPLES.—A Constable, ordered to search the cellars of the Houses of Parliament for explosive material, on being presented with a safety-lamp, refused to carry it, saying that he had a conscientious objection to taking his Davy—or anybody else's.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM's New Cookery Book is progressing. She says the best French soup in ordinary use is "a good *brouillon*."

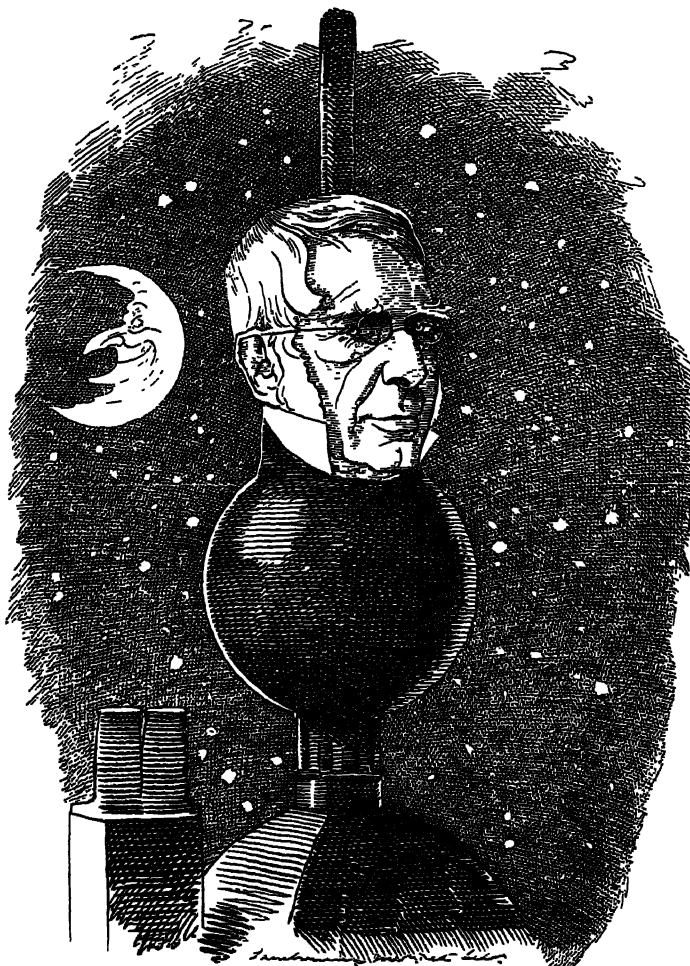
"ROUGH" PLACES.—Our Parks and pleasure-grounds—as at present managed.

FLORA'S PROTEST.

O DAYS of party-heat, Art-fads, gush, triplets,
All hollow artifice in heart and Art,
Pray leave my primroses, may-buds, and violets
To play their unsophisticated part.
As Nature's commoners, catholic of blessing,
Not badges of mere party, elique, or cult.
To pose my flowers as partisans, professing
Allegiance, save to me, is to insult
Impartial Beauty, freest of all dowers.
Æsthetic Noddledom has played its tricks
With lilies and the golden-rayed sunflowers,
Now Noddledom political would fix
Upon my blossom-world its foolish fingers,
Make *Perdita's* catalogue a party-list.
But whilst some love of Flora with you lingers,
Let gentle heart and fancy warm resist
The cold intrusion. Word-world is your own,
For badge and battle; leave my flowers alone!

"THE Origin of Figures" has hitherto been hidden in impenetrable obscurity, though the secret is known in many cases to Ladies'-maids and Corset-makers. The other day, however, it was stated that "The Mother of Number One" had been found and interviewed. Here is evidently the long-sought elucidation. The Lady in question must be of a very advanced age.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 134.



SIR GEORGE B. AIRY, K.C.B., F.R.S.,

THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL WHO DESERVES THE GRATITUDE OF HIS COUNTRY FOR HAVING "CORRECTED THE ATMOSPHERIC CHROMATIC DISPERSION."

"TWO TO ONE ON THE FIELD!"

WE wish more cases were ended as Mr. Justice FIELD polished off one Mr. HIND, in an appeal case, *Hind v. Brand*, a trouble of some ten years' standing. Mr. HIND commenced with an unfortunate remark, for which he was justly rebuked by the Judge, and then the case went along rapidly until—

"Mr. Justice FIELD said no cause for action was shown, and if, notwithstanding that statement, the plaintiff continued to waste the public time, he should exercise the power vested in him, and cause his removal from the court."

"Mr. HIND said he had not been heard, but he would submit to the application being dismissed without costs, and he could go to the Court of Appeal."

"Mr. Justice FIELD—We shall dismiss it with costs, and you can go where you like."

"Appeal dismissed, with costs."

Isn't that magnificent? "I shall go to the Court of Appeal," cries Mr. HIND. "You can go—" replies Mr. Justice FIELD, "where you like." Which suggests rather a court below than one of the courts above. But, anyhow, exit Mr. HIND, and a saving of public time is effected.

Song of the Youthful Rideist.

Trr tat toe,
My first go
With the Equestrians
All in "the Row."
Canter up,
Canter down,
That's the way we ride in town.

HALF-SEAS UNDER.

(Impression created by reading the Evidence given before the Channel Tunnel Committee.)

THAT the project is the one thing that can save England from invasion, starvation, and ruin.

That it is an idea that will, if carried out, destroy the British Empire.

That it will be a great financial success, having about eight hundred trains a day, with some couple of dozen million passengers.

That it will entail bankruptcy upon all who touch it, and will have not more than two trains *per diem*, with about twenty passengers.

That it will cost three millions. That it will also cost twenty-eight millions. That it will also cost nothing.

That it can be constructed in two months. That it will take twenty years in excavation. That with vigour it ought to be finished in a fortnight.

That it should belong to Sir E. WATKIN. That it should be bought by the Government. That it should be open to everybody. That nobody should use it.

That it could be easily defended by a fort built by Sir E. WATKIN, whose knowledge of Military Engineering would thus be put to the test for the first time. A Sergeant's guard would be an ample garrison for this earthwork.

That it would take the whole of the Fleet and the entire Army, Militia, and Volunteers to man a series of absolutely necessary fortifications for its defence, which would extend from Folkestone to Windsor.

That commerce would increase a hundredfold, as goods from the Continent would be brought at a third of the price to England from abroad.

That no goods could be sent by the submarine route, as the expense would be too great for such a means of transport. In fact, it would be cheaper to send a package two thousand miles by sea than one hundred yards by rail.

That all the world would go by it to escape the sea-passage.

That nobody would give up the steamers, preferring them to the dangers of a tunnel.

That the scheme is a triumph of civilisation, and should be carried out immediately.

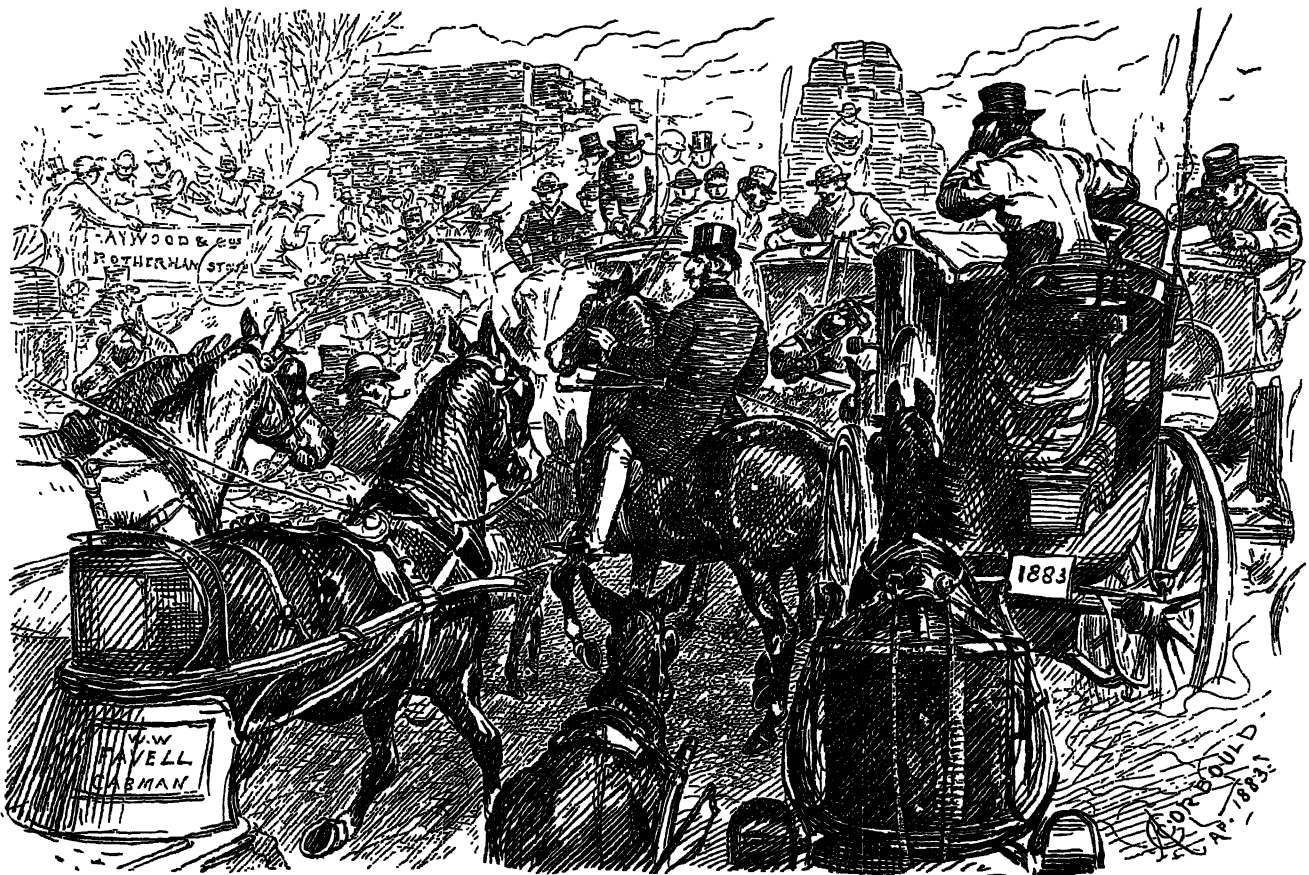
That the plan is as pernicious as it is idiotic, and should be knocked on the head once and for ever.

J. S. FORBES TO HIS "ÆSTHETIC BLOWHOLES."

"Blow, blow, thou sulphuretted wind!
Thou art not more pestiferous
Than Parliamentary ingratitude."

PULMONARY OBSTRUCTION.—Result of excessive Railway Extension and consequent inroad of Speculative Builder on Suburban Open Spaces, producing deposit of bricks-and-mortar, and congestion of the Lungs of London.

"THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE."—Awarded by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE (as a N-w-d-g-te Prize):—A Fool's Cap.



A BAD FIVE MINUTES.

AWKWARD POSITION OF AN EQUESTRIAN AT MID-DAY MAKING FOR THE MARBLE ARCH, WHEN THE POLICE HAVE TEMPORARILY DISAPPEARED, THE WOOD PAVEMENT BEEN RECENTLY WATERED, AND EVERYBODY IS IN A HURRY GENERALLY.

A NEW THEATRICAL REGULATION BILL.

If the Earl of ONSLOW wants to bring in a really useful Bill for regulating Theatrical matters, we beg to present him with a few suggestions:—

That it shall be made an offence at Common Law, or indictable for any person to continue practice as a Theatrical Amateur in any line after he or she *shall have passed the age of twenty-five*, without a special licence having been previously obtained from a Committee constituted, according to the terms of the present Act, of Dramatic Authors, Professional Actors, and one Common-Law Judge.

That the cost of obtaining such an aforesaid special licence shall be not less than £50 and not more than £300, according to the condition of the applicant, which sums shall go to such charitable purposes as the Committee may appoint.

That all Amateurs professing to play for any Charity shall only be permitted to do so on payment of ten guineas to the Treasurer of such Charity.

That the Dramatic Authors, or Authors and Composers whose pieces are represented by Amateurs shall be compelled by Law to demand exactly three times the amount of their ordinary fees for each representation, whether such representation be for charity or for no specified object.

That no licence be granted to any Lady Amateur over forty, nor to any Gentleman Amateur over forty-five.

That no licence be granted for more than a year.

That all such licences expire finally, for Ladies, at the age of forty, and for Gentlemen at forty-five.

And any Lady or Gentleman, over the above-mentioned ages, playing in any performance whatever, except as a properly engaged and salaried member of a regular Professional Company, shall be fined for the first offence £50, for the second £100, and for the third imprisonment for not more than two years.

That any Professional Actor bringing out a novice to play *Juliet*, or any leading part in any piece whatever, shall be fined £100 for the first offence, shall be imprisoned for the second, and banished the country for the third.

That any Amateur, Lady or Gentleman, whether acting under advice, as a pupil, or otherwise playing any leading part in any piece whatever at an evening performance, or at a *Matinée*, shall be indicted by the Director of Public Prosecutions for the murder of such Stage-character, and shall be proceeded against as the Act directs.

That designs for new Theatres be forthwith laid before a Council of Professional men, including the principal Metropolitan and Provincial Managers (but no architects or builders) under the presidency of Captain SHAW.

That all existing Theatres be gradually pulled down and rebuilt on the places agreed to by the Council above-named.

That every Theatre having existed under one and the same Management for over three years shall be taken to possess a *répertoire* of its own, from which it shall select two pieces to alternate with the nights of any new production, so that there shall be a variety of performances every week, the new piece being played for four nights and one *Matinée*, and the old pieces for two nights. This will keep the Actors in good working order, will induce a number of people to revisit the Theatre, and generally advance the interests of Dramatic Art.

Dramatic Authors' fees shall be fixed at a certain scale of percentage for all pieces whether new or old, and four tickets for the stalls, (and two dress-circle tickets or one box shall be at their disposal on the nights when these pieces are played.

That no Actor or Actress in receipt of a salary at the rate of £1000 per annum shall take a benefit.

That any Actor or Actress introducing any words, phrases, speeches, commonly called "gags," of their own into any piece whatsoever shall, on the case being clearly proved against them before the nearest sitting Magistrate, be fined two weeks' salary for the first offence, four for the second, and so on.

Should the Actor plead that he or she has the Author's permission for such "gag," the permission in question must be in writing, duly witnessed, stamped, and produced in Court.

That anybody proved to be a member of any Church-and-Stage Guild shall be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure in Hanwell, St. Luke's, or Colney Hatch.

"THE SILVER STREAK."

"It seemed to him that if we had no way into or out of the country except by sea, our position was a most dangerous one. We ought not to be content to go on living in this fools' paradise, dependent for everything on the sea."

Sir EDWARD WATKIN'S *Evidence on the Channel Tunnel.*

We have sung very oft Britons ne'er shall be slaves,
And boasted BRITANNIA rules o'er the waves,
But now, if we trust EDWARD WATKIN, it seems
We've all been indulging in dangerous dreams:
That Railway Colossus declares it to be
Quite shocking that England's surrounded by sea.
We had thought we were strong, but he swears we are weak,
And it's all on account of the Sea's Silver Streak.

We had fancied this tight little island of ours
Was better untouched by all neighbouring Powers,
That, as an observer could note at a glance,
The sea made us safer than Spain or than France;
That while on the Continent all flew to arms,
The Ocean preserved us from foreign alarms;
But it's quite a mistake, we are shockingly weak,
And it's all on account of that Sad Silver Streak.

'Tis of course just your game, good Sir EDWARD, we know,
To back up the Tunnel and fight for your Co.;
To vow that we shall be more prosperous far,
When close-linked to France, than as just as we are.
The Sea's not a danger, Sir EDWARD, that's flat,
And England can't swallow such twaddle as that;
'Tis the Tunnel will make us most probably weak,
And there's safety we'll swear in the Sea's Silver Streak!

GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW PICCADILLY WATERWORKS.

(Two First Visits, Thursday and Friday, April 26 and 27.)

Oh, didn't I hear of these jolly Young Watermen! and didn't I determine to be in my place and at theirs for the opening ceremony! Rather! The idea haunted me. I had restless nights, and thought at last that I should be prostrated with Water-colour on the brain.

But Thursday morning came at last. An uncertain day—a water-coloury sort of day, which—may the omen be propitious!—turned out remarkably fine. I was determined to be the first on the scene. My cabman, with a watery-coloury eye, but gin-and-watery voice, took advantage of my being deeply immersed in an article on the Impressionists by one of the *Morning Postmen* to drive me to Holborn, because he said he had understood me to say the "New Buildings," which he took to mean the First Avenue Hotel with the scaffolding up, and, on my explaining to him his mistake, he was for driving me to the Aquarium (a nearer approach to the Water-Colours), had I not risked my neck by putting my head out of the window—it was a fourwheeler—and shouting at him the exact direction, which at length brought him up at the entrance to the New Galleries of the Institute in Piccadilly.

Here everything showed me I was among the Painters. They were hard at work, brushes in their hands, and paint-pots by their side, at the doors. A warning with regard to "Wet Paint" was the first thing that caught my eye at the foot of the staircase, and made me at once distrustful and uncomfortable. Whatever it might be up above in the Galleries, below it was "Varnishing Day," and the Painters at work were all "Artists in oil,"—very much in oil. This was an odd beginning,—English work, and Italian oil.

The Galleries had a bright, fresh, and wholesome look, and were well open to the daylight. Pictures with loftiest aims did not appear to me to be "skied," but were all well placed, and the general appearance decidedly attractive. "The Press," at that early hour, was represented by two Gentlemen who were doubtful as to where to place their great-coats and umbrellas, and who apparently experienced some difficulty in keeping clear of the upholstering men engaged in laying down new carpets by the aid of a sort of miniature pitchfork, and a small edition of a Nasmyth hammer, and over whom the Critics, shading their eyes and making lognettes with their hands, as they backed to focus their "private views," were perpetually stumbling, and not distinctly apologising. It didn't take long, however, for the Busy Bees to select the flowers where the best honey was to be found, and which would prove most attractive to the general Public, with whom, during the Season, these saloons will be a favourite resort.

Aestheticism is but scantily represented. Here and there some unhealthy group of stiffly-outlined figures may, like JOHN LEECH'S "Gent a-blowin' of his baccy" on the drag, "spile the lot." But this is quite exceptional. Life and health are fully represented; and the visitor is not depressed by sickly tints and unwholesome effeminate beings, first cousins of ghouls, and closely connected with vampires and churchyards, nor by the effeminate creations of a spasmodic,

Colney-Hatchney sentimentality, where all is Mystery, Melancholy, and hopeless Muddle. Brightness, lightness, a pervading healthy tone and truth to Nature, and somehow a feeling of English Home-steadiness, seem to pervade the atmosphere of the New Galleries of the Institute of Waterworks in Piccadilly.

Then came the opening ceremony on Friday night. We were all in the Prince's Hall or Concert Room—a good place for sound, and fitted up with the most perfect taste, except the balcony at the back, which can only be admired by those with whom open jam-tart is a passion,—at the appointed time, and then punctually arrived Their Royal Highnesses The Prince and Princess of WALES, delighted to take part in anything tending to promote the cause of Art, with their distinguished party, whom all rose to receive as Mr. ARTHUR CHAPPELL ushered them to their seats, with musical honour (he hummed the accompaniment to the National Anthem in an undertone), performed by some respectable full-grown cherubs, of a serious turn, packed up aloft,—they were members of the London Vocal Union, and, this ceremony being over, the Harmonists in black and white commenced a melodious invitation to somebody to "Strike the Lyre," which challenge not being accepted by anybody in particular, the Respectable Warblers retired in excellent order, there being clearly no Lyre present to be struck.

Then Mr. FRED COWEN played an accompaniment for Miss SANTLEY, who sang a couple of songs charmingly and unaffectedly. Then Signor PIATTI played on his violoncello a Fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*, with Mr. COWEN still at the piano, who, however, had quite a little holiday of it when the Signor came to the inevitable variations. A simple tune has no chance with Signor PIATTI; he won't let it alone. He hunts it into corners: he moves up and down stairs over it, dances on it, but up it comes again fresh as ever, in spite of his attempts to crush it. Then he has a game of pursuing his bow with his left hand up and down the instrument, the bow only narrowly escaping being caught each time and getting off with a frightened squeak (like a mouse), when the left hand, evidently very nervous, rushes up to the top of the instrument, scuttling away like a spider from a stinging fly, and doesn't venture down again for at least another twenty seconds or so. Finally the Signor is led off exhausted by Mr. COWEN.

The absence of all water-colour from the programme was remarkable, considering the occasion. We ought to have had "*The Jolly Young Waterman*," in praise of the New Departure, "*The Battle of Trafalgar*," "*Hearts of Oak*" by Mr. SANTLEY, and a fountain or two might have been engaged to play. However, so it wasn't, and on we went.

Madame PATEY then sang SCHUBERT'S "*Ave Maria*," giving a version considerably at variance with the printed words in the programme, so that, after the first four lines, those who were following the book found it better to close it at once, and listen to the singer, which was a real treat. Then came a M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, who, in consequence of his long hair, and a bulkiness about his waist and coat-tails suggestive of concealed fish-bowls, to be presently produced from under a handkerchief, I at first set down as a Conjuror. He wasn't however, being a Pianist of considerable skill, with an overpowering propensity for getting the most out of every note, and listening in rapt admiration to its dying away in the distance, and then slowly raising his left hand as if pronouncing a blessing on the instrument as he went along, which I am bound to say was by no means so rapidly as some of us would have wished. However, he played himself out at last, didn't do the fish-bowls or the eggs and cannon-ball in somebody's hat, and retired to make way for Signor FOLI, who burst upon us with a *bravura*, in which he asserted that he "was a Roamer"—which though a musical name, is nowadays more associated with a Queen's Counsel than with "four-eight" in a bar.

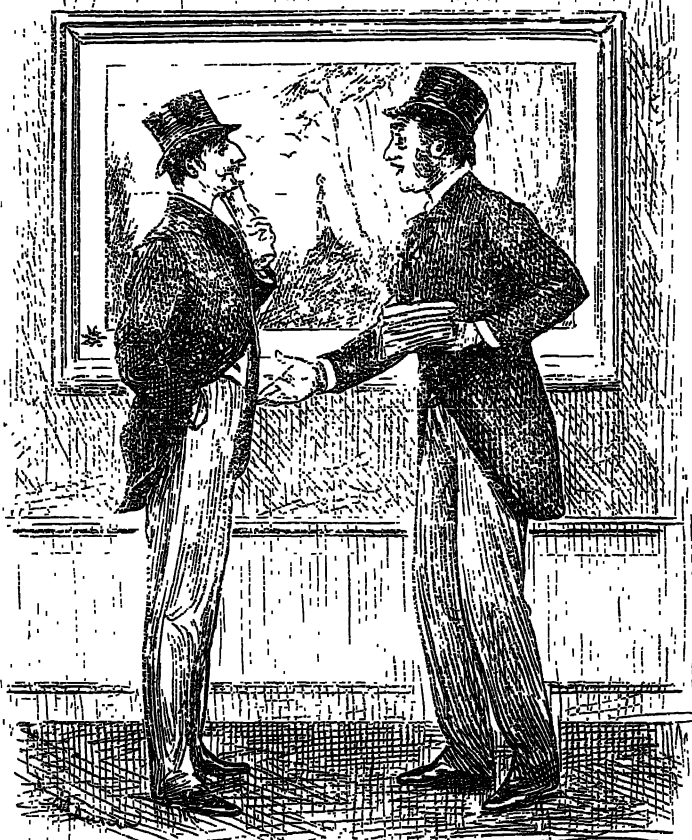
The Roamer having wandered away, the first part was brought to a conclusion, the Stewards, with red rosettes, disappeared, and presently the Chappell of Ease returned, and begged their Royal Highnesses to ascend to the Galleries, declare the New Building open, see the Pictures, take some refreshment, and enjoy themselves. With which request their Royal Highnesses complied, and then proceeded to inspect the Pictures. So did everybody else. Space will not permit of our giving extracts just now from the Catalogue, which, *à la mode Parisienne*, is illustrated, and is a most useful souvenir of the visit. Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., kindly looked in just to give a touch of Oil to the Waters, in case they should be troubled.

The opening of the New Piccadilly Waterworks was a brilliant success, on which the Council of Ten, including the President, Mr. LOUIS HAGHE, the indefatigable Secretary, the Curator EVERILL (may he be Always Well!), Mr. LINTON, and the Members who have stuck manfully to the work, are to be heartily congratulated.

N.B.—Look in at Nos. 825, 817, 771, 491, 500, 380, 352, 864, and Mr. J. D. LINTON'S 484—"The Admonition; or, a Regular Cuss." The Princess BEATRICE is an Honorary Member, and contributes 838 and 840. Catalogue later on. Admission on Opening Night was by illustrated cards as tickets. These are the Institute's *Water-Cartes de Visite*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH!

Old Friend (with unnecessary surprise and effusion). "WHAT! SOLD YOUR PICTURE!! NNO!!! You DON'T MEAN TO SAY SO!!!!"

AFTER THE PRIVATE VIEW

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY LAST FRIDAY.

First Lady. Oh, it was delightful! so amusing!

Second Lady. Such a crush! the heat something too awful; but everybody there.

Third Lady. I was in the Academy from eleven till six. We lunched there. Mr. X— pointed out all the celebrities to us.

First Lady. Yes. It was most interesting; and what wonderful costumes!

Second Lady. Weren't they! I saw Miss ELLEN TERRY and Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. HARE, and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. But I couldn't see Mr. IRVING. I was told he was there.

Third Lady. I just caught a glimpse of him as he was leaving.

Second Lady. No! did you? I wish I had. I've never seen him off the stage. JENNY pointed out Mr. TOOLE to us.

Fourth Lady. Yes, dear; but I found out afterwards that I had made a mistake. It wasn't TOOLE, it was Sir VERNON HARCOURT; but they're both so much alike.

Second Lady. And then the Artists, you know! Mr. FORLS HOOD was with us most of the time, and he pointed them all out to us. There was Mr. CALDERON, you know, who always paints *Châteaux d'Espagne*, looking anything but a Spaniard with his long curly flaxen hair and youthful face of true Saxon type.

Third Lady. Yes, and Mr. MILLAIS! Why, he looks quite a small boy.

Fourth Lady. But, Mr. STOREY, who was the architect of Story's Gate! He might be, as Mr. HOOD said, a Life-Guardsman.

First Lady. They were all there. We were badly off for lunch, but we made up for it with cake and lemonade.

Second Lady. Ah! there's nothing in the whole Season I like so much as a Private View Day at the Royal Academy.

Enter Gentleman.

Gentleman. Royal Academy! So, you've been to the Show. What did you think of the Pictures?

All (surprised). The Pictures! Oh, we hadn't time to see any Pictures.

(Curtain.)

AN AMATEUR PLAY-BILL.

(Turned from "the Conventional" into "the Plain Truth.")

ON such and such a date, to suit the convenience of the Chief Performers, who are usually lazy Clerks in disorganised Government Offices,

A GRAND EXHIBITION OF INCOMPETENCY

will be held, nominally for the Benefit of some obscure Charity, but really

IN GLORIFICATION OF THEIR OWN SELF-CONCEIT, admittedly by a band of "Amateur Actors" (Actors, save the mark!) calling themselves by a high-sounding title, but really

By a Body of Fraudulent Donkeys,

who, by announcing that they can "act" some popular piece, induce the Public to pay their money to come and see them. The performances will commence with

THE BUNGLING OF A FARCE,

in which some brainless idiot, brimming over with mistaken self-confidence will have the

UNBOUNDED IMPUDENCE,

displayed in get-up, business, and other details picked up with the assistance of a professional Coach, of

FEERLY IMITATING Mr. J. L. TOOLE!!

The Programme will end with a second attempt at damaging the Dramatic Authors' Society, by

MURDERING A MODERN COMEDY.

This dark deed will be accomplished by a number of numskulls of both sexes, with the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation abnormally developed. The whole will conclude (as it has commenced) with a grand display of

VANITY, FRIVOLITY, JEALOUSY, AND ALL SORTS OF UNCHARITABLENESS.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS has revived his *Youth*, which will now have its fling for some considerable time.



. An Artful Card.

We shall have a word or two to say later on about the new *Battle Scene*, which occurs—as battles will occasionally—in the middle of what still promises to be a lasting piece.

At Toole's Theatre, Mr. J. L. TOOLE tells a wonderful story—an 'orrible tale—about his being set upon by ruffians with gleaming teeth, wild eyes, and fearful weapons, on his way home one night—when his wife didn't know he was out—in Piccadilly. A Sly Dog was there to corroborate the tale; but the little dog laughed to see such fun, and Mr. J. L. TOOLE went off with the trombone.

The Merry Duchess, by Messrs. SIMS and CLAY, has, it seems—or it Sims—made a hit at the Royalty. All about this in our next after next. As to the tunes, somebody said that "the music of CLAY is werry putty."

Fedora, at the Haymarket last Saturday, was a success for the Management. Mrs. SARAH BERNHARDT-BEERE astonished everyone by her cleverly-managed line-upon-line tracing of the original portrait. Mr. COGHLIN, being unable to make a servile copy of PIERRE BERTON's *Loris*,—and Art forbid he should ever dream of trying it,—could only mechanically obey stage-directions and move with the other principal figure. Full notice deferred.

THE QUEEN's prohibition "as to lamb" having been removed, the following will be the new Royal motto—"Revenons à nos Moutons."



ROYAL ACADEMY MAY-POLE DANCE.

MUSICAL NOTE.

We regret having been unable to assist at Mr. SIMS REEVES's Concert, last week. Our Musical Man went, and reported that the Concert was a first-rate one, and that Mr. IRVING's song, accompanied by Mr. J. L. TOOLE on the trombone, was the gem of the entertainment. Mr. SANTLEY has never been in better voice than at the Concert—not SIMS's, but another's—and he was cheered to the echo, and by the Echo! (there is a very objectionable one in St. James's Hall, and the Police, assisted by Mr. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, ought to find her out, and bring her up with her sister at the Albert Hall before the nearest Magistrate, charged with disturbing the audience)—in his splendid rendering of

Oh, many have told
Of the Monks of old
What a glorious race they were;
But 'tis not true,
As told to you,
That I'm off to a Monastère.
That is a sort
Of false report,
At which when it I hear,
I laugh "ha! ha!"
'Tis chaff, "ha! ha!"
What I as a Monk! No fear!

Some folk would be shocked
To see me frocked
With girdle and shaven crown;
My tailor would sigh,
My shoemaker cry,
And my hairdresser go out of town.
I may, you know,
To CHAPPELL go
With TERRY of Gaieties.
We chaff and quaff,
He makes us laugh;
Never knew such a mon-as-TERRER.

After this musical and vocal explanation, the truthful person who took the trouble to set the *canard* flying about, may now at once beg pardon, and for ever afterwards hold his tongue.

THE CONSPIRATORS' CHORUS.



SING a song of Dynamite,
pack it up in bags,
Rattle it in railway
trains, drop it on the
flags;
Let it go in luggage vans
'mid all harmless loads;
Never mind the conse-
quences if the stuff ex-
plodes.

Here's to Nitro-glycerine! store it in a
cask.
Making it, says Chemistry, is an easy task;
Though it's reckoned dangerous, let it
flood the floors,
Startling the detective coves prying at the
doors.

Fulminating Mercury goes off with a noise,
Fit for little Fenians like a baby's toys;
Chlorate of Potassium's not exactly placid,
When it's mixed with sugar, Sir, and sul-
phuric acid.

This a merry business is, but your cruel
laws
Say we shan't use Dynamite to advance the
Cause;
Yet we'll mix our fulminates underneath
your eyes,
While the gay Conspirator blows you to the
skies.



'A SOFT ANSWER,' &C.

Stout Lady Passenger (winning—he had trod on her best corn). "PHEW!—CLUMSY——"
Polite Old Gent. "VERY SORRY, MY DEAR MADAM, BUT IF YOU HAD A FOOT LARGE
ENOUGH TO BE SEEN, SUCH AN ACCIDENT COULDN'T OCCUR!"

POCKET BOOKS.—*A propos* of Royal Academy subjects, the most useful little books and most appropriate presents just about this time are those forming the series of *The Great Artists*, published by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW—which always seems to suggest a gentle publisher's name, to be fitted to the air of "*Soft and Low*"—and, with this hint, he that hums may hum it, and if he hums it wrong, he can comfort himself with the reflection that—

"To err in humming is a gift divine."

But to return to our books: they are excellent for reference, usefully illustrated, and adapted to an ordinary pocket, being half-a-crown or three-and-sixpence a-piece.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLE.—But twelve months since to have suggested the possibility of causing a statue to feel emotion, would have been treated as the utterance of a lunatic who had seen *Don Giovanni*. And now—what has happened? The Duke of WELLINGTON's Statue has been both touched and moved!

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.



"No. 1." Up a tree: taken at last.



No. 28.—Catching a Mermaid; or, the Judicious Hooker.



No. 37.—Une Grande Dame; or, A Little Big-wig.



No. 58.—Gone Wrong.
(See description below.)



No. 163.—PRIVATE FRITH'S VIEW.—Members of the Salvation Army, led by General Oscar Wilde, joining in a hymn.

Of course the Academy Exhibition must begin with the celebrated "No. 1," as shown above.

No. 3. "*Baby on the Rock*." ARTHUR STOCKS. Buyers recommended to invest capital in the Stocks.

No. 5. "*The Double Entendre*." Evident situation: Old Gentleman has just said something which brings a blush to the cheek of "the Young Person." Fancy what the "cheek" of the old person must be! MARCUS STONE, A. Not, perhaps, quite the gem of the collection, but still a precious Stone.

No. 13. *Memories*. By ARTHUR HUGHES. Treated above, so no Hughes repeating it here.

No. 28. *The Judicious Hooker*. *Vide supra*.

No. 29. On entering Gallery No. I., the eye—anybody's eye—will be immediately caught by Mr. MILLAIS' *Hook*. It is without exception the finest picture in the entire Show. It is saying a great deal, but all will agree that this is the picture of the year, and that a finer portrait Mr. MILLAIS has never painted. There is just one disappointment in this picture: the nose is almost Grecian. Now, however exact the likeness in other respects, it must be clear to everyone that Mr. MILLAIS' brother Academician must have a Hook nose.

No. 30. *Apples*. By Mr. MACGREGOR. We regret to say we have to "crab" *Apples*.

No. 37. *Une Grande Dame*; or, *A Little Big-wig*. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. She can say "Pa," and "Ma," and should be labelled, "A guinea, dressed and complete."

No. 58. *Gone Wrong*; or, *A Mysterious Passage in the Life of Lady Jane Grey*. J. E. MILLAIS. The picture tells its own story. Lady GREY was staying at a hostelry, and returning late from an evening party she forgot the number of her room, couldn't find the candle, and lost her way in the corridor. The unfortunate Lady is represented at a critical moment, when, afraid of meeting a stranger's gaze, she shuts her eyes, so as not to confront the stairs.

No. 60. *A Real Centenarian*. E. ARMITAGE, R.A. Intended as a companion picture to a portrait of "Old Parr," to be called "Old Ma."

Nos. 91 and 97. EDWIN LONG, R.A. Twin Sisters. "Linked sweetness,—Long drawn out." Go on—can't stop Long.

No. 87. *Taking the Chair*. Nervous elderly Gentleman, evidently frightened at being in somebody else's seat, from which he will probably be ejected. C. GRENVILLE MANTON. Couldn't have made his mark more distinctly if he'd been a "Jo Manton."

We will return to Gallery No. I. another day. At present, on our first visit, we must just skim the cream of the Show, and so, on entering Gallery No. II., we walk straight up to—

No. 163. *Mr. Frith's Private View*. The Artist is, of course, as much entitled to his private view as is Mr. BRADLAUGH, or General BOOTH, or as we are ourselves. Like *Daniel* in the celebrated Newdigate poem—

And when we saw the picture on the wall,
At first we couldn't make it out at all.

But a few moments' reflection will help the spectator to the Artist's meaning. It is clearly this:—A number of celebrities have joined the Salvation Army, and, having hired a room in the Academy for a Sunday Camp Meeting, have brought their hymn books, and the majority of them are joining heart and soul in a hymn, which is being led by the æsthetic Mr. OSCAR WILDE, while Mr. SALA, having lost his place in the book, is giving echoes in the background. Mr. MILLAIS, only half converted, feels uneasy, and is rubbing himself sideways against the corner of a frame. Mr. MARKS is anxiously waiting for the hymn to be finished, in order to preach on his own conversion, and point to himself as a Frightful Example. Mr. HENRY IRVING looks pale and nervous; he is probably about to yield to inspiration, and to address them in the unknown tongues. The prominent members are of course Generals, Captains, and Lieutenants, while "Private" View himself is modestly at the back taking notes.

The distinctive mark of this Corps of the Salvation Army is the shape of their hats; they have all been compelled to observe uniformity in this respect, and have, no doubt, all dealt with the same hatter. The President's, Sir F. LEIGHTON's, clothes will give his tailor fits. May the tailor do the same for Sir FREDERICK!

On the old system adopted by the stage-managers of the Elizabethan era, who called a spade a spade, and wrote up "This is a House," "This is a Tree," and so forth, Mr. FRITH has most con-

siderately placed the names of the celebrities represented underneath, so that, after the first ten minutes, there is no possibility of mistaking Sir FREDERICK for Mr. IRVING, ELLEN TERRY for NELLY FARREN, Mr. GLADSTONE for Mr. TENNIEL, or Sir W. V. HARCOURT for Mr. W. AGNEW, M.P., and so on. It will be a most valuable picture long after the Salvation Army craze is forgotten, and most interesting when all photographs of the persons here represented shall have faded away, and their likenesses everywhere been destroyed,—excepting always those in *Mr. Punch's* unique collection, which will ever exist to answer doubts, decide bets, restore certainty, and correctly teach history.



An old Subject frequently "Treated."

After this we have not time or space for much. Just look at—No. 191. *Psyche*. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. "The property of the Corporation of Liverpool." A portrait, of course. Ahem! Naughty Corporation. Fie!

GOLDEN WORDS FROM A MAN OF METAL.

(From a MS. preserved in the Office of Works.)

THE Chief Commissioner and the Secretary stood still and looked at one another in wonder. It was just before daybreak and exactly opposite Apsley House.

"Thank you again, Gentlemen," repeated the sharp metallic voice. "Where does it come from?" asked the Chief Commissioner, in a frightened whisper.

"From me," was the immediate answer. "From F.M. the Duke of WELLINGTON."

"The strangest sight I have seen since I left the Legation in Japan," murmured the Secretary, regarding the statue with awe.

"A very good site, indeed," observed the Iron Duke, with a smile, as he glanced around him at the new roads. "I am sure I have to thank you both for the trouble you have taken in getting me down. When I make my acknowledgments, I must not forget Mr. R. J. CALLENDER, who, before he went to the Office of Works, did capital service at the Admiralty and in Ceylon in positions of the greatest responsibility."

"The Assistant Secretary is, and has been for many years simply invaluable," said the Chief Commissioner.

"Hear, hear!" heartily echoed MITFORD, C.B.

"Quite so. And now that I have come to land safely, the sooner I get to the Horse Guards the better."

"You will find the place rather changed, your Grace," observed the Chief Commissioner, who was now regaining his composure.

"No doubt," returned WELLINGTON. "I know perfectly well that GEORGE—the other Duke—was marched off to Pall-Mall with headquarters' staff. It was a forced march, and GEORGE liked it no better than he liked the anti-scarlet grey."

"Oh, you know about that controversy?" observed the Secretary.

"My good friend, I know everything. From my elevated position I have seen much, but, until you were kind enough to lower me, I had no opportunity of airing my opinions. A trifle too much air, perhaps; but anything I might have said would have been over the heads of the people. I was saying," continued the Iron Duke, unbending a little, "although I saw a great deal up there, I had no opportunity of getting at anybody until you let me down. However, my experience has been serviceable. I have had this advantage over other people in exalted positions—that I have been allowed to see matters for myself. My view has been perfectly clear (except in a London fog), and I am able to give you good advice now that I am standing beside you on a footing of equality."

"You are very kind," said the Chief Commissioner.

"I will address myself, if you please, more particularly to your colleague," replied the Duke. "To Mr. MITFORD—to whom is chiefly due the present alteration."

"No, no," interrupted the Companion of the Bath, modestly.

"But I say 'Yes, yes,'" replied the Great Commander; "and I am not accustomed to make a statement without due consideration. To you, Sir, then, I address myself, and ask—You have moved me, why don't you move to other one?"

"To other one?" echoed the Secretary.

"Yes, to other one. To other one who now is as great a nuisance as I was. Who hadn't the excuse that I had. Who can help being the cause of an eyesore when I couldn't. In short the Duke of—"

"MUDFORD!" cried the two officials, thrilling with horror.

"That is the person," said the Statue. "You have pulled me down, pull him up. You are making room on my site for hosts of flowers. Make room on his site for battalions of vegetables!"

"But surely, Duke, it would be slightly disrespectful," ventured the Chief Commissioner, timidly, "to take a sight—"

"No flippancy, Sir!" thundered the Iron Duke, who seemed to regard Mr. SHAW LEEFVEE as rather an interloper in the presence of Mr. MITFORD. "Why not go to Covent Garden and ask to other one to do something. Insist upon it, Sir; insist upon it. Make a clean sweep of it—orange-peel, cabbage-stalks, market garden baskets, slush, mud and all! Clear it out, Sir, clear it out! Nowadays sentiment goes for nothing, and there is not much sentiment in *that* neighbourhood. Pull down everything. Cause a market to be built on a site bounded on the North by Long Acre, and on the South by the Strand. Carry it East to Drury Lane, and leave the West alone—only on account of Sir CHRISTOPHER and his barn. Then, Sir, open the new building with an International Vegetable Exhibition. Splendid advertisement, which should give the improved market a grand start, and throw into the shade the fishy show at South Kensington! Come, Gentlemen, do your duty! Down with MUDFORD and his market! Up, Guards of London, and at them!"

The man of metal perfectly glowed with excitement.

"We will do our best," returned the Chief Commissioner. "And now, your Grace, is there anything more we can do for you?"

"Well, yes," replied the Duke, gazing at the coming dawn. "I must be brief with my remarks, as at daybreak I lose my voice. You can do for me an act of justice. But first shake hands."

The officials respectfully clasped in turn the iron palm.

"Again I thank you. And now for my act of justice. When I am placed in my final site opposite the Horse Guards—which I hope will be soon?"

"It shall be soon," assented the Chief Commissioner.

"I should like to have another statue to balance me, as a *vis-à-vis*. This should be a statue of one of the greatest Warriors of the age."

"To be sure," murmured Mr. SHAW LEEFVEE; "Lord WOLSELEY!"

"No, Sir, not Lord WOLSELEY. Not only is this hero a great Warrior, but a great Judge, a great Artist, an eloquent Advocate."

"He must mean Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON," whispered MITFORD, C.B. "You know the P.R.A. commands a battalion of Volunteers."

"I do not mean Sir FREDERICK, who has yet to learn what to do with a brush—with the enemy," replied the Iron Duke. "No,"



The Statue at Large.

Gentlemen, the illustrious individual to whom I allude is a personal friend of my own. It is to his exertions, extending over a long series of years, that I owe my present position. He insisted that I should be permitted to descend. He is the greatest man of this or any other century. He is the hero of not a hundred but a thousand fights."

The dawn began to break, and the voice of the great Commander grew faint.

"He is the grandest Roman of them all. Need I say that I mean—I mean—"

And then came daybreak, and the Duke was silent.

The two officials looked at one another, and repeated, "'The greatest man of this or any other century.' Why, the Duke must have meant"—And they whispered the name of the most renowned Sage the world has ever known. And they were right—the Duke *did* mean Mr. Punch!

In last Saturday's *P. M. Gazette* there is an account of how, years ago, Mr. DION BOUICAULT wrote and produced a Passion Play, himself playing Pontius Pilate, bedad, Sorr! This sounds as if the Irish Dramatist had out-heroded *Hérodiade*.



THE NEW CRAZE.

Provincial Manager (to Scion of Aristocracy, who has come to commence). "So, MY LORD, YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! WE'VE HAD THREE REHEARSALS WITHOUT YOU, AND IT'S PRODUCED TO-MORROW. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE!"

Lord Plantagenet (pleasantly). "OH—AH—NO, I'VE NOT BEGUN YET. THE FACT IS"—(still more pleasantly)—"I'D NO IDEA THAT PLUMBOROUGH WAS SUCH A JOLLY PLACE!"

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

A LAY OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

A little à la Ingoldsby.

"Look at the Clock!" quoth W. G.

(As the Two Thousand Liberals crushed in a block).

"I will give our good Tories a piece of advice,—

"You slowcoach Reactionists, look at the Clock!"

The Two Thousand Rads had been dining like one,
Pitching into the piles of cold victuals like fun,

The biggest of Babels,

With miles of long tables,

Stretching out in square acres of red, brown, and drab,
Till they looked like a Salisbury Plain of "dressed crab."

There were Rads from the North, there were Rads from the South,

All united and strong—in the matter of mouth.

There were Rads from the West, there were Rads from the East,

Who were all of one mind—as concerning the feast.

Northcountryman "jannock" from Tyne or from Humber,

Or Southron, as cool as fresh cut cucumber,

All one, all in war-paint, all "dead on" the dishes,

Most down on the bottles; the oddest of fishes

That e'er the Aquarium

Held, and to vary 'em,

Ladies, aloft, like the "Cherub" of DIBDIN,

Yet not in such cage as their sisters are cribb'd in

At stuck-up St. Stephen's.

But hold! "Odds" and "Evens,"

Deserting their tables, and leaving their grub,

Crowd, cluster, and clamber on chair, stool, and tub.

The exuberant collar, the sparse silver shock,

Are up! Cries the Orator, "LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

There are Clocks of all sorts and all sizes we know,
And some are too fast, and some are too slow,
And some go too quickly, and others *won't* go.
They licked CHARLES THE FIFTH, the great Monarch; but oh!
The Political Clocks are the wildest of all,
And to "synchronise" *them* is a task far too tall
For the Grandest Old Man or the Grandest New Club.
The Conservative Clock is too slow. But the rub
Is that Liberal Clocks will not go all together,
Two Thousand co-feeders may seem well in tether.
But just cast before them Contention's big bone,
And you'll find that each clock *keeps a time of its own*.

Ah, me! the Great Orator's self must now know
The Conservative Clock's not the *only* one slow.
There are others a bit "behind time"; on that night
They seemed going together, and all going right,
But *the next*, at 1:30, St. Stephen's chime
Marked what he had rightly called "accurate time,"
Yet the Liberal Clocks who struck steady and true,
Stood at Two Eighty-Nine against Two Ninety-Two!
And the Orator, manfully bearing the shock,
Must have found a new meaning in—"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

A FOREIGNER visiting London for the first time, thought he was doing the right thing in directing the Cabman to take him to Lincoln's Inn, as he meant to order a room at one of the "Inns of the Court," which he presumed were hosteleries patronised by Royalty.

EXTRACT from *Mrs. Ramsbotham's New Cookery Book*:—"I cannot too strongly recommend for household use the common *Potiphar*, without which, always on the fire, no French family exists."



EXIT CALIBAN

(After "The Tempest").

CALIBAN . . . MR. BR-DL-GH. AIRTEL . . . LORD E.-ND-LPH CH-ROH-LL.

[Act IV. Sc. 1.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—Think we know a man when we've had him with us daily through three Sessions. There's RANDOLPH, for example. Anyone asked what sort of a man he was, would probably answer, "Amusing, interesting, audacious, pert, but shallow." That shows danger of hasty judgment. To-night RANDOLPH presented himself in new character. Exceeded ATTORNEY-GENERAL in legal lore, Mr. GLADSTONE in philosophical research, and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE in ecclesiastical knowledge. Late Lord MACAULAY nothing to him for world-wide erudition. Showed himself intimately acquainted with all Fathers known to scholars, and one over. This was OXFORD.

"Thought I knew 'em all," the PREMIER murmured, fixing admiring gaze on youth opposite; "but who is this? Unearthed him from some ory-ginal source. Must look him up."

RANDOLPH's triumph eclipsed, later, by that of JOSEPH GILLIS, equally remarkable in its way. At midnight proposed to adjourn debate on Affirmation Bill. Conservatives objected. This makes refreshing change. Ordinary custom is to object to prolongation of Adjournment when Government want to go on for another hour or so. Now, under necessity of proceeding with Customs Bill, Ministers agree to adjourn early. J. B. asleep when fun commences. Generally gets an hour or two's snooze about this time. "The question is, that debate be now adjourned." The Conservatives, having had their little fling, desist from Opposition. Then JOSEPH comes to the front, and takes natural position of Leader. Shouts out, "No!" Friends and countrymen near him attempt to stop him. Shake him, punch him in the ribs, shout expostulation in his ear. But JOSEPH only the more loudly cries "No!"

Sir ARTHUR ORWAY thinks in circumstances he may declare Adjournment carried, and does so, simultaneously vanishing from Speaker's chair, where he has sat in the absence of Sir HENRY BRAND. Then storm bursts forth. Deputy-Speaker evidently made a mistake. JOSEPH GILLIS radiant, ARTHUR O'CONNOR argumentative, Mr. O'DONNELL sarcastic. Irishmen insist upon Sir ARTHUR ORWAY coming back, and doing penance. Either that or his head on a charger. After long wrangling, first alternative accepted. Deputy-Chairman explains mistake, expresses regret, and JOSEPH GILLIS soothed and triumphant, the more so as by this time it is too late to do any business.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—"I have been in this House, man and boy, for forty years, TOBY," Mr. NEVDEGATE said to me in the Library just now, where I found him looking up LUCRETIUS; "and, though I say it what shouldn't, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I've opposed most things that are now a part of the daily life of our constitutional system. One thing I have noticed is, that whenever a distinguished Member makes Latin quotations, there is for next fortnight or three weeks a run upon the Latin poets. Greek's different. There's only GLADSTONE, and was LOWE, who could manage *that*. But if it's a Latin tag, we're sure to have a shower of them. Fact is, I was just looking up one myself."

This prophecy from Our Own JEREMIAH abundantly verified. Young DAWNAY dawned upon the House this evening with quite a collection of Latin exercises, more or less well done. Mr. O'DONNELL inspired new feeling of respect in bosom of JOSEPH GILLIS by trotting out a couple of lines. But the great success of the evening was Dr. LYONS. This eminent person, who combines prescription for the State with advice to private patients, bestowed much care upon oration.

"You needn't mention it, TOBY," he said to me (and of course I won't), "but I've spent three hours among old prescriptions looking up a few lines suitable for occasion. Rather think I shall fetch the House."

Unfortunately, no House to fetch. Members properly horrified at suggestion of curtailing the debate, but they won't remain to hear it. Only five Members present when the LYONS' oration delivered. Fine effect. The extracts from the prescriptions judiciously dropped in here and there. But plum saved for the last, and sympathetic cheers came from the five Members as Dr. LYONS, with outstretched hands and voice tremulous with emotion, declaimed these magnificent lines—

"Magna est vis consuetudinis! Naturam expellas
Furca, tamen usque recurret. Labor omnia vincit,
Et litera scripta manet. In totidem verbis—
Lex loci; lex scripta; lex talionis; lex terræ!"

Pity GLADSTONE not present to hear this. Been away most part of night, like ordinary people. Towards midnight, having spent a cheerful evening, DRUMMOND WOLFF came in. Very angry to find Ministers absent.

"They ought," he says, in voice that made Deputy Chairman tremble, "to be in their places to hear the arguments of Honourable Members."

Feeble laugh from Radicals below Gangway. But probably no laughing matter. DRUMMOND means to look up precedents, and see if he can't impeach Ministers on this indictment.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday.—House of Commons continues to be model of business assembly. On Monday night debate on Affirmation Bill stopped at twelve o'clock in order to make progress with Customs Bill and other Orders. From twelve till two occupied in considering whether Bill should or should not be considered. At two o'clock thought it time to go home, and went. To-day, House should have met at twelve. Forty Members not forthcoming till ten minutes past one. Then Motion made that Committees sit to-morrow at two instead of twelve. Argument thereupon, and division, which took up an hour.

Shall get on nicely at this rate. Mr. BRIGHT says, in his pleasant way, it's all the Conservatives. "Set of men, TOBY," says he, "who profess to worship God, and desire to worry the Government."

Business done.—London Parochial Charities Bill read a Second Time, and referred to Select Committee on distinct understanding that there shall be no hurry about considering it.

Friday, 2 A.M.—Met Lord HENRY LENNOX crossing Lobby after Division, holding right hand out as if it didn't belong to him, and was carrying it off to drop it over the Terrace into the river, or in other safe place.

"What's the matter, my dear HENRY? Cut your finger?"

"No demmit," said Lord HENRY, looking at offending member with comical expression. "It's that fellow CALLAN, donecha. Happened to be standing near him at Bar when figures announced. Most extro'nary man. First of all jumped up into air as if dynamite had exploded in unintended quarter, then seized hold of me, and insisted upon shaking hands. Not pleasant, donecha, especially as didn't happen to have a glove on. Shall be more careful in future. Always wear gloves when any chance of Government being defeated with help of Irish vote. Never know what'll happen. Ta, Ta! Just going over to lavatory, donecha. Suppose it isn't closed yet?"

And Lord HENRY still holding out his hand as if he'd picked it up somewhere, and wasn't quite sure it wouldn't go off, ambled off.

Glad this Debate is finished on any terms. Been deadly dull, but flare-up in last moments made up for fortnight of depression. Biggest House in my time, and maddest. KENSINGTON in first. Been telling in Ministerial Lobby. Plain to see from his face that Government had lost.

"Whoever scores three hundred will win," RICHARD POWER said before dinner; and I find no man who takes sounder view of chances than RICHARD. Resigned office of Whip fortnight ago, but is himself again to-night in prospect of big Division.

Tellers from other lobby still tarried. Every minute should mean half-a-dozen votes, and for nearly three minutes Mr. MILMAN standing at the end of table with figures of the Opposition waiting for night or Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. The last arrived first, handed in his checks, and bore away slowly to the right. Then the Conservatives and the Irish knew they'd won. Fell on each other's necks; bellowed in each other's ears; waved hats and handkerchiefs; and seemed on the whole gone mad. It was then Mr. CALLAN leaped into the air, and coming safely down, insisted upon shaking hands with Lord HENRY LENNOX, whose responsive smile was something memorable.

Business done.—Affirmation Bill thrown out by 292 votes against 289.

Friday Night.—Never saw Sergeant-at-Arms in such low spirits. Generally the cheeriest of men. To-night, met him walking slowly off to dinner.

"Nice state of things this, TOBY, dear boy," he said, in hollow tones. "Here's BRADLAUGH comes up, stops at the Bar, delivers a speech, walks away quietly, no hands across, and up the middle to the Mace. No struggle on the floor of the House, no battering of hats, tearing of coats, and breakage of stylographic pens. No more good old times. Don't care how soon I go now, if things are to be sneaked through in this way;" and, with a profound sigh, that once Gay Old Warrior marched on.

Business done.—Mr. BRADLAUGH provided with splendid opportunity of advertising himself and his works.

POOR Brother BRUSH! His picture was hung right away up at the top. On Varnishing Day he thought it had varnished entirely. But, having mounted the loftiest ladder in the room, he found it, and began touching it up. He said that the "ile" he used on this occasion was the "ile of Skye."

THE AFFIRMATION DEBATE
IN A NUTSHELL.

First to rise is "Truthful JAMES,"
Stating Ministerial aims.
Next the House with dulness
drenches

One who speaks from the "Cross
benches."

Then emphatic Mr. ILLINGWORTH
Adds of reasoning a poor shilling-
worth.

And by jibes that scathe and burn
Shows that even a WORMS will
turn!

Soon the veteran G. O. M.
Tries the twaddle-tide to stem,
Quoting—to make matters wuss—
VOLTAIRE and LUCRETIVS.

Then the doughty Mr. GIBSON
Shows buffets BRADLAUGH's
ribs on;

And Lord R., without apology,
Joins bad law to worse theology;
Proving, by his modest merits,
That the "mantle" he inherits
Of the boys who, so to speak,
Gave the bald-head Prophet
"cheek."

Follows next the scranneling
Of Northampton's "second
string."

STANHOPE wiles an hour away
Saying, "Here's nothing left to
say."

CHAPLIN airs his erudition,
And O'BRIEN talks sedition.
NORTHCOTE fires his parting gun,
Answered by Lord HARTINGTON.
End is—Cabinet is beat,
BRADLAUGH cannot take his seat.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM understands
the Bradlaugh business perfectly.
She says that she herself has some
sympathy with him, as she always
finds a difficulty in saying the
Affirmation Creed in the Prayer
Book.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 135.



SIR JAMES T. INGHAM,

THE EAGLE BEAK OF BOW STREET.

DUTIES TO DUMB ANIMALS.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, in the House of Commons, once proclaimed that "Man's Duty to Man is greater than his duty to beasts." Certainly, says every carnivorous (if rational) human creature. If my duty towards my beast were equal to my duty towards my neighbour, I could eat no beef, or any other butcher's meat, or poulterer's meat, or fish-monger's meat either. I could not be a party to the slaughter of any kind of animal for my food. I should have a duty towards my pig, and be bound to do to him as I would be done by; but sometimes, in playful earnest, I give my neighbour "a regular roasting." So would I treat my pig.

LOCAL OPTION.

"LOCAL Option," yes, its meaning
Is indubitably clear;
If a man has any leaning
For a tankard of cool beer,
After any arduous labours,
He'll be rudely told to drop it
By his sour Teetotal neighbours:
Local Option's sure to stop it.

You may wish in moderation,
Claret, sherry, or champagne.
If the folks in your "location"
Choose it, why you must abstain.
With Teetotal "fads" we're
bitten,
This tyrannic law's adoption
Would make slaves of every
Briton,
That's what's meant by Local
Option.

NAME FOR THE LICENSED
VICTUALLERS' DEFENCE ASSOCIA-
TION.—The Tipple Alliance.

THE NIGHT OF WATERLOO (PLACE).

(Extract from "Childe Masher's Pilgrimage.")

* * * * *
THERE is a sound of devilry by night,
And England's capital has gathered then
Her weakness and her wantonness, and bright
The lamps shine o'er rouged women and pale men;
A thousand hearts beat feverishly, and when
There saunters by the slim stiff-collar'd "Swell,"
Hard eyes look venal love on him whose brain
Is dry and void as an old walnut-shell.
But hush! hark! a big boom sounds like a sudden knell.

Did you not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the swift Hansom rattling down the street.
On with the orgie! Late? Oh, never mind.
"We won't go home till morning." Life is fleet,
And happy rhymes with "Chappie." Ah, that's neat!
But hark! that booming sound breaks in once more,
And the colossal "chuckers-out" repeat
"All out! all out!" and point towards the door.
All out! Twelve-thirty. Yes. By Jove, a beastly bore!

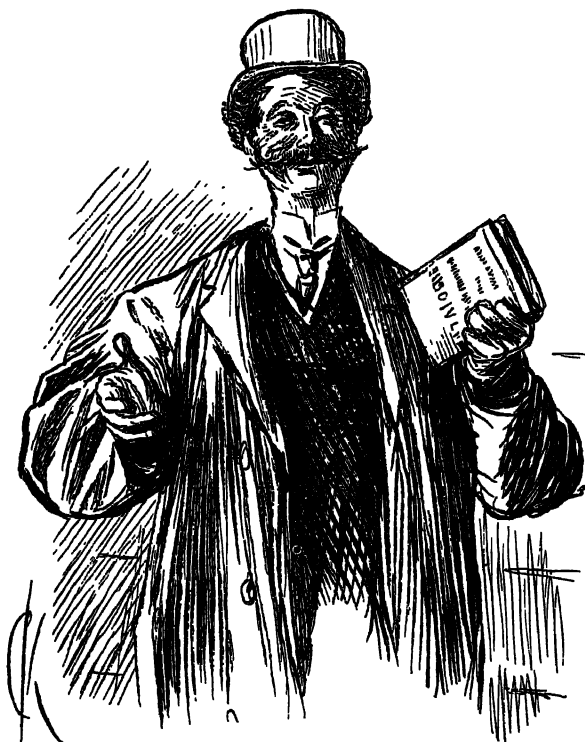
And there is aimless rambling to and fro,
And satyr laughter, harpy eagerness;
And cheeks are cool which one short year before
Had blushed at sight of loud lasciviousness.
And there are sudden whispers in the press,
Sinister signs, and laughing low replies
Which may not be repeated; all may guess
The evil meaning of those mutual eyes.
Upon so curst a night what hideous morn shall rise?

And there is mounting in hot haste, the steed,
The obsequious driver, and the "two-wheel-ar"
Go clattering westward with impetuous speed;
And cads half-drunken close in wordy war,
And the deep-throated "Peeler" sends afar
His "Pass along, please!" and the hiss and hum
Die slowly out, till the last Swell's cigar
Trails off, and home to den in square or slum.
Low cursing through red lips, slink Babylon's Rahab scum.

Authority looks on, and calmly leaves
The open orgie, the nocturnal mass
Of flaunted profligacy. VIVIEN weaves
Her spells right well or MERLIN is—an ass;
BULL the most patient ox that e'er munched grass.
Such shameless scenes what other cities show?
Would Dogberry and Verges have let pass
Such saturnalia of the social foe,
Whose breath so many hopes hath blasted and laid low?

SEÑOR SARASATE, the violinist, has been a brilliant success—thanks to his relations with his musical Cousins—the English Cousins, not Cousins German. At first great interest was aroused from the pronunciation of the name. People heard that SARA SARTY was going to play the violin, and got their ideas mixed up on the subject, confusing SARA BERNHARDT and CARLYLE's Sartor Resartus, which last, for aught most of them knew, might have been an oratorio, a fiddler, or the Latin for Hashed Venison.

WHEN does a Musician go in for a game of chance?—When he plays BACH.



VARNISHING DAY. ROYAL ACADEMY.

The First Man I met on the Stairs—

"How 'do? 'PON MY WORD IT'S THE BEST EXHIBITION I EVER
—YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED! OH—MINE ARE ALL ON THE LINE
IN THE FIRST ROOM!"

The Second Man I met on the Stairs—

"OF ALL THE COLLECTIONS OF MISERABLE (&C., &C.) DAUBS
THAT EVER—HUNG?—CONFOUND!—(&C., &C.)—THEY'VE SKYED
ME, SIR!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. X.—THE HAIRDRESSER.

Q. What is a Hairdresser?

A. A compendious proof of the imperfection of Nature and of the inadequacy of Art.

Q. Is not that answer more oracular than intelligible?

A. Possibly. A reply at once clear and concise cannot, in the nature of things, be given. The subject is one to be approached rather by description than by definition; to be dealt with, like a heavy dinner or a large army, rather in detail than *en bloc*.

Q. Why, then, do you consider Hairdressers to be evidence of the imperfection of Nature?

A. Were Nature, in the human sphere, perfect, our hair would not require cutting any more than the coat of a dog. On the other hand, were Art equal to supplying the deficiencies of Nature, it would long since have devised some means of divesting us of our superfluous hirsute growth other than that ordeal of hideously unpleasant processes suggested by the very name of Hairdresser.

Q. Is there not some exaggeration here?

A. The tortures of *tonsure* are incapable of exaggeration.

Q. Perhaps you will proceed to justify these sweeping assertions a little in detail.

A. The processes of the Hairdresser's art are, from beginning to end, necessarily destructive of those two things which alone render life endurable.

Q. What are these?

A. First, the feeling of Comfort; secondly, the sense of Dignity. The profoundly sensible ideal "*otium cum dignitate*" is absolutely incompatible with the actuality of being shaven or shorn—at least as men from time immemorial have submitted to be shorn or shaven.

Q. How is this?

A. The sense of dignity departs from the victim on the very threshold of the Hairdresser's entry. Human courage—nay, even that far stronger thing, human assurance in its highest flight—is not equal to the task of walking into a Hairdresser's "saloon" with the

calm and unfeigned confidence with which a man may—for example—approach a battery, or pass through a pest-house.

Q. Why should this be so?

A. The sense of impending humiliation is so strong upon him. It springs into birth at the first disquieting thought "My hair wants cutting!" It doubles in force when—after long delay—he is forced to the conviction, "I *must* have my hair cut!" It is at its crisis when, with furtive slink or self-betraying swagger, he enters the tonsorial torture-chamber. After crossing that Rubicon of ignominy, it continues, but it cannot increase. It is perhaps even lessened by the dull callousness that comes of self-surrender to shame.

Q. How is this sense of humiliation engendered?

A. By experience of two things:—

1. The character of the Hairdresser.

2. The nature of the professional "processes."

Q. What are the characteristics of the Hairdresser?

A. Those naturally produced in a man who has your personal comfort and dignity at his mercy, and your ear, as a channel to your pocket, absolutely at his command.

Q. Absolutely, did you say?

A. Practically so. You may leave a theatre, or even, in emergency a church. You may tear yourself away from a button-holding bore, or a nagging woman. But you cannot escape from a barber's chair. Once seated and swathed therein, once snipped by shears or scraped by blade, you are committed to endurance of all the personal indignities, and all the mental tortures that the most blandly impertinent, ignorantly loquacious, and intrusively "pushing" Hairdresser can inflict. And these are many and sore.

(To be continued.)

MORE Judges required. We don't want to hear so much of Chancery Division as of Chancery Multiplication.

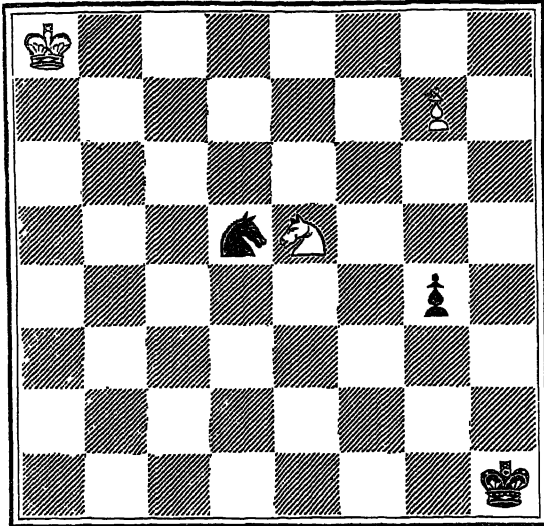
MOTTO FOR THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.—"*Pommery soit qui mal y pense.*"

"RIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL."—A tipsy Teetotaller.

CHESS; OR, ALL ON THE SQUARE.

"There's many a true word said in chess."—*The Merry Dutch-Chess.*

At this moment, when the Chess Tournament is tournamenting so many minds, we publish our Prize Problem, involving a Romance of Chess,—in fact "the same old game":—



BLACK TO MATE WHITE IN ONE MOVE, IF WHITE LETS HIM.

K's first move. K pawns (five pieces).
K with K T move from B. sq. (No. 29).
K with K T at Q.
K takes B and S.
K T with K to Castle. Forced-mate; White-mate; Black-mate.
K executes a Steinway Gambit with K T, to a Giuoco Piano.
K offers to mate K T.
K T takes K.
K T mated by White Bishop to K at oh, and K is kept in perpetual check ever afterwards.

RESEARCH WITH HUMANITY.

WHAT could the excellent Earl of SHAFTESBURY, speaking *ex cathedra* at the last Anti-Vivisection Meeting, have meant when he told his hearers that "they did not find in the Bible any authority whatever for that hideous curiosity which prevailed so widely in Germany, and, he believed, to a very great extent in this country"; and what did they understand the noble and venerable Earl to mean when they received that declaration with shouts of "hear! hear!"? They could hardly have wanted to be told that the Bible contains no authority for any curiosity at all, as such, to say nothing about curiosity of a hideous nature. What sort of curiosity is it that good Lord SHAFTESBURY detests so extremely that he calls it hideous? Is it the sort of curiosity which prompted JOHN HUNTER to make those experiments and observations that led to so many improvements and advances not only in Anatomy and Physiology but in practical Surgery; the curiosity which likewise moved Sir CHARLES BELL to investigate the nervous system, and, for example, to discover the distinct origins and connections of the sensory and motor nerves? Is the curiosity of wanting to know the secrets of animal life, with a view to the promotion of medical and surgical practice, "hideous" in the sight of a Nobleman who, celebrated as a friend of his species, may be presumed to be a friend of his own species first, and the lower creatures afterwards?

Somebody tell the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, as to Sir CHARLES BELL's great discovery respecting the nerves, that it "required an extensive series of experiments on living animals which long deterred him from carrying them into execution." This, however, he was at length enabled to do through having invented "humane methods of procedure," for the gratification of a curiosity which surely no one but someone with such a very fixed idea, or fad, as Vivisection on the Brain can possibly account hideous.

Given humane methods of procedure, and is scientific Vivisection any more cruel than Vivisection as practised in killing a pig? We do, as a nation, kill a good many pigs daily; but the Doctors may really say:—"We don't kill a guinea-pig every day; or, if we do, we kill him by a comparatively very humane method of procedure."

NEW BOOTPOLISH FOR MASHERS.—"Mashtic Varnish."

THE MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

(*Little Tragi-Comedy, now in Active Rehearsal.*)

"The Royal College, in developing the musical genius of the country, will do a great work; but its establishment at once directs public attention to a supplementary and scarcely less pressing need, and that is the foundation of a permanent Metropolitan home for National Opera."—*Daily Paper.*

ACT I.

A Public Street in the neighbourhood of the Royal College of Music. Enter Victorious Composition Scholarship Candidate, accompanied by Fond Parent and enthusiastic Friends.

Fond Parent (embracing him). Heaven be praised, my dear boy, for this successful issue! Strange that a Bathing-Machine Driver's child should suddenly have lighted on such a glorious future!

Victorious Candidate. It is, my good father, most strange. But, thanks to your discrimination, and to your noticing the peculiar fact that, even at the tender age of three, I could pick out one of BACH's fugues on the kitchen tumblers with a coal-hammer, I was despatched in good time to this glorious Institution, where now £150 per annum, board, lodging, a suit of clothes, and instruction, stimulate my genius, and make me worthy to bear the promising name of WAGNER DONIZETTI SMITH with which you, in my infancy, so judiciously and appropriately christened me.

Fond Parent. True, my clever modern Orpheus! However, now you may indeed, as you say, be worthy of your modest name. And I shall live to see not only your first but your twentieth Opera take this vast Metropolis literally by storm.

Enthusiastic Friends. And so shall we! Heaven bless you! Only send us plenty of paper for the Upper Boxes, and we will rally to support you, we promise you, right heartily. Three cheers for the College and for the triumphant genius it is about to foster. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!

[*They chair the Successful Candidate, making way for five-and-forty others, equally successful, who also emerge in triumph from the College as the Act-drop falls.*]

ACT II.

An interval of seventy-five years is supposed to have elapsed since Act I.

The Scene represents the Interior of a Police-Court. As the Act-drop rises, an Aged Offender is helped into the Dock.

Magistrate (angrily). What! here again! And on the old charge, I suppose, Mr.—what's your name?

Aged Offender (breaking down). SMITH, your Worship! WAGNER DONIZETTI SMITH.

Chief Clerk. The usual thing—begging. He has been up over and over again. And he's not the only one. We have had twenty-seven of them this last week.

Magistrate. Yes, I know the nuisance is getting intolerable; and I must make an example. Fortunately, the "Indigent Composers Act," passed last Session, enables me to do it with effect.

[*Refers to it.*]

Aged Offender (in tears). Have pity, Sir, on a poor, worn-out, deluded, disappointed, despairing old Musician. I didn't mean any harm—indeed, I didn't. I was only trying to sell a few of these about the streets, and singing some of my own *scenas* to help 'em off. (*Produces nineteen original English operas, with orchestra scores complete.*) But nobody will have 'em!

Magistrate (irritated). Certainly not, Sir. Who do you think is going to take an English opera when there's no house at which to produce it? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir, at your time of life, for writing them.

Aged Offender. At my time of life! Why, I'm only two-and-ninety. I may still have my chance!—still have my chance!

The Clerk. That's what they all say. The College turns out a lot of them, every blessed year, able to do nothing else—but music; and as there's nothing but the Chinese Opera House on the Embankment for them, they're no good; so they wander about in shoals and starve. Why, there were three hundred of 'em carted off by the Emigration Commissioners only last month.

Magistrate. Well. It is a very bad case. Really the College oughtn't to do this. However, Society must be protected. Six months.

Aged Offender. Thank your Worship. Thank you. But it isn't the fault of the College. And many years ago there was one praiseworthy effort, I know, to help us. But if the Government or somebody had only started a proper National Opera in the heart of London on a sound and permanent basis, an English dramatic composer need never have come to this. No, he never need.

Magistrate (more kindly). Very likely not. But, as I said just now, Society must be protected. And now, I'll take the next case.

[*Aged Offender is removed, to be brought up again on a similar charge that day six months as Curtain falls.*]



AN IMPRESSIONIST.

BINKS ALWAYS WEARS BLACK GLOVES FOR THE SAKE OF ECONOMY.

MRS. GAMP ON THE "ROYAL RED CROSS."

DEARY me, BETSY PRIG, times is altered; as alter times will, in a wale, Which sich "projiss" is too much for me, as am old though still 'arty and 'ale, As I says to my friend Mrs. HARRIS, *we* used, you and me, dear, to nuss Long afore that Miss NIGHTINGALE's days, but no Queens didn't decorage us.

The Royal Red Cross! Goodnidge gragious! it took all my breath away, slap. As is all very well for a sojer or 'igh milingtarial chap. But Nusses! Lor' bless us and save us, our buzzums I'm sure should expand To see our profegion so honoured along o' the fust in the land.

Wich I read it last night in the *Standard*, a paper to wich I am partial, A Cross, my dear soul, and a ribbing, as grand as some dook or field-marshal, Enamelled in gold and in crimsing, Her Majesty's portrick, you know, With cipher and crown all permiskus, and tied on the breast with a bow.

Ah, BETSY, it's plain we was born, you and me, arf a centry too soon; If we two 'ad bin nussing to-day we 'd 'a piped to a different toon. Wich the worrits of monthlying, BETSY, was wus than the wust that 's beknown To the 'orty young orspittle chits as 'll claim this 'ere cross as their own.

Wich "Faith, Hope, and Charity"'s writ on the arms, so they say. Ah, my dear, *W'e* needed the three on 'em constant, and suthing chucked in, in *our* speer. Wot with wile aggerawacious pashents and mississas given to soold, We two 'ad our crosses, ah, yes! though they wasn't in crimsing and gold.

Then Nusses *was* Nusses; not bragian, trim, tidied-up young bits o' things. We took to it nateral-like, as the young sparrers takes to their wings; We 'adn't no "training" nor "stifficates," BETSY; we knowed what we knowed, And the rest wasn't nothink to nobody. "Projiss," my dear? that be blowed!

It's drattedness, that 's wot it is. Wot with skience and sanitary stuff, Their soaps, Condr's flugees, Cloryform, 'orror of darknige and fluff,

There can't be no cumfort in nussing; sech ways I could never abear, So it's well we are out of it, BETSY; it's well we're clean out of it, dear.

Nussing Sisters, forsooth! Nussing fiddlesticks! Stuck-uppy, slim-waisted gals, As a coting umbrella would shock, with their natty print gownds and fal-lals. No snuff, and no snacks, and no snugness! Jest fancy, my dear, me or you With a chit o' that sort for a pardner! My sweet creetur, wot *should* we do?

And *they* 're to 'ave crosses, and ribbings, and bows, and good gragious knows wot, Wich *we* never get none of no sich, my BETSY, oh, suttigly *not*.

The profegion seems turned topsyturvey, and everythink 's going contrairy, As *may* be called "projiss," my dear, but seems all stuff and rubbidge to

SAREY.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

FOLLOWING the example set by some of our contemporaries last week, we hasten in their own style to give the interesting historical particulars of the latest Knights on record:—

MR. GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., was born at a place commonly known as Clapham. He constructed the Chester and Holyhead Railway with the assistance of Mr. STEPHENSON, directed the entertainments at the Crystal Palace, hence his degree of D.C.L.—"L." standing for Palace—and wrote a dictionary of Musicians from A to Z—while exploring Palestine and inventing the soup which still bears that name, during which time he occupied his leisure in editing *Macmillan's Magazine* and revising the Old Testament. He sings three songs in excellent style, and, in order to encourage him to add to their number, he has been made President of the Royal College of Music, where his various crotchets will come in useful, and is now Sir GEORGE GROVE the Good Knight.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN, chosen for the honour of Knighthood, selected London for the place of his birth, and was reared on Macfarrenacious food. He was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, has composed much excellent work. He may prefer to be a Knight Out.

DR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN (according to the *D. T.*) was not born at all to begin with, but returned to England about nineteen years after. He has written the oratorios of *Boz and Cox*, *Trial by Jury*, *Patience*, *Pinafore*, &c., but it is with compositions of a loftier character that his name will be linked. He played Poker with the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and was, in consequence, made D.C.L. His hymn to the Trustees of the Doughty Estates, commencing "*If Doughty Deeds*," was highly popular with the "Gentlemen of the long robe" who used to sing it as a catch, three in a (Chancery) Bar. He is still a Bachelor of Music, though wedded to his Art. Rise, Sir ARTHUR!

MAY-DAY.

(A Dirge for any Number of Voices.)

SPRING's delights are now reviving,
Hoar-frost hangs on each green spray;
Horrid fogs are late arriving,
Welcome fires, 'tis nip-nose May!
Out-door pastimes need opposing,
Hail is falling chill and drear,
Cricketers their woes disclosing,
"Maiden overs" view with fear.
Chorus—Cricketers, &c.

These delights that mark the season
Make a man of poets tire;
These chill hours, if spent with reason,
Should be spent beside the fire.
Come, then, watery "creases" leaving,
From the damp grass turn away;
For East winds our hopes deceiving,
Make us curse this beastly May!
Chorus—Come, then, &c.



MOST ASSURING.

Brown (who is nervous about sanitary matters, and detects something). "HUM"—(sniffs)—SURELY—THIS SYSTEM OF YOURS—THESE PIPES NOW—DO THEY COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR MAIN DRAIN?"
Hairdresser (with cheery gusto). "DIRECT, SIR!" [Tableau.

OPENING OF THE NEW FISH-MARKET.

I THOUGHT how much the old Corporation was in earnest in pretending to build a new Fish Market in Smithfield in opposition to blooming Billingsgate. As I said to JIM, the Whitechapel Coster, was it likely as they would go for to oppose their own old Tennants who was a-paying on 'em threepence a foot a week, in order to support a lot of new 'uns who was only to pay tuppence? Why, of course the thing was absurd, and I quite agrees with the LORD MAYOR that nobody but a stupid could believe it, so I spose as he saw through it from the beginning. But I did think as they'd have done a little summat more than they did, just to set the pot a-boiling, if they didn't mean to keep it going for long. But lor bless us, it was just a lark! About eleven o'clock in drives the LORD MAYOR in his Coach and 4 and the 2 Shereffs with him, and one Under Shereff, as a Policeman told me, tho' they all looked much alike, except as the Under-un had the biggest Coach, with 2 policemen and the City Field Marshall in front of him, and with the 2 swells in the Coach with him to carry his sword and his septer, and there he finds a lot of common counsellors all a-waiting for him to open the New Fish Market, which had been opened ever since 4 o'clock! And how many shops full of fish and how many stands full of fish did he find

there? Why, of course I hardly expects to be beleeved, but I'm gormed if there was more than six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

I think as I've heard that at dirty, scrowged, swearing and tearing, but yet jolly old Billingsgate, that we generally gets between four and five hundred tons of fish a day. Well, I think I can give about as good a guess at the weight of a lot of fish as many people, and if there was a nounce more than Five Tons, blowed if I wouldn't bind myself to live on fish for a whole week, tho' it's a article of food as I don't much patronise, preferring chops and steaks and such like.

The poor LORD MAYOR looked I thought rather ashamed of the whole affair. He didn't say much, how could he after he had called all the Committee a lot of stupid, and they all looked grumpy and down in the mouth, and all got away as quick as they could, not one of 'em as I believe even so much as buying a bit of fish just to give the new Market a bit of a start. There was several of our jolly old Billingsgate boys a grinning away like mad to see what a reglar Sham the whole thing was. Old JACK BENNETT, as we calls him, was there of course, he's always everywhere I'm told wherever two or three hundred people are gathered together. My friend the Policeman told me as he lost a beautiful gold watch last week at some meeting, while he was chatting with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and that he has offered 20 Guineas reward for it, and Bobby added with a grin as it would be about the best advertisement as he had ever sent out. Of course I don't know what he means.

Well, presently the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs and the Under Sheriff and the Common Councillors they all stands in a row and Sir JOHN BENNETT he goes and puts himself right in front of 'em all, and sure enough they was all photographed and then away they all went.

But lor to think of the difference of what it was when they opened blooming Billingsgate after rebuilding it some few years ago! There wasn't even a flag or a band of music or a blue silk Common Counsellor there on Thursday, and if it hadn't been for jolly Sir JOHN who was all over the place, there wouldn't have been a single bit of fun in the whole dreary business.

Ah! I always said as they'd find our Billingsgate boys rather a hard nut to crack. "They've got the Men, they've got the Fish, they've got the Money too!" Our only fear is that the public are not quite such fools as some people think they are; and if once they find that they can come to this nice, clean, tidy-looking Market, without getting all their clothes spoilt, and without hearing any of our very powerful, but rather fishy language, and without being shoved about all over the place, and can buy their fish pretty reasonable, praps things won't be quite so comfortable like as they have been for many years past for the Billingsgate Salesmen, the Billingsgate Bummaree, or for such as me and my palls.

JOE MUGGINS.

SIGNORINA TUA, a charming and most graceful violinist, has made a successful debut this Season. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN at once pronounced his opinion that SIGNORINA TUA was a winner; but Madame NORMAN NEUTRA seemed inclined to compare the young Lady's style with her own, and observed that there was "all the difference between Mea and TUA."



OUR ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES COMBINATION CARTOON.

H.R.H. ARION PLAYING THE SCALES TO THE FISHES.

FEDORA ON THE "TAPPY."

A BERNHARDT-BEERE OR HALF-AND-HALF CHRONICLE.

M. SARDOU's *Fedora*, carefully transferred from French to English by Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE, has been produced, as all the London Theatre-going world knows, at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, having confidence in the Victorious SARDOU, purchased the acting-right of *Fedora*, and had then to discover an English equivalent for SARA BERNHARDT, *Fedora*'s original representative, for whom, and for whose eccentric idiosyncrasies the part was written.

The Haymarket Management pitched on Mrs. BERNARD BEERE for their *Fedora*, and we are bound to say that, judging from her first night's performance, this Lady has thoroughly justified the confidence placed in her by the Bancrofts, who in the first instance may have selected her on account of a certain vague facial resemblance to SARA, mainly due to the touzled fashion of hair, so that they may be said to have been taken by that refreshing mug of Beere.



Beere drawn with a Head.

Fedora is a translatable, but unadaptable play, for *Fedora* adapted would cease to be the *Fedora* created by SARDOU, and vivified by SARA BERNHARDT, in whose hands SARDOU's creation became a living, moving—very moving—creature, endowed with all the Sara-Bernhardtian gifts, graces, tricks, and manners. Whether *Fedora* had to be transferred to the American, English, Dutch, or German Stage, it was absolutely necessary, in order to insure the same success already achieved at Paris, to procure an Actress who was willing to

allow herself to be prepared, as is the photographer's plate, to receive an exact impression, and reproduce a true portrait of the great original. An Actress so constituted was found in Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, henceforward to be known as Mrs. SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE, who, as SARA cannot learn sufficient English to play *Fedora* herself in London, becomes her substitute at the Haymarket, where we had the pleasure of applauding every pint of Beere, and "chalaking" it up to her account.

Those who have never seen SARA will probably be quite satisfied with the excellent imitation which Mrs. SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE, by close study, thorough appreciation, and earnest work has been able to give. Appearance, to a certain extent, is in her favour: voice, style, and want of experience are against her. Had we ourselves never seen SARA's performance in this or in anything at all, we fancy we should have recognised in Mrs. S. B. BEERE's rendering of *Fedora* a struggle between Nature and Art, which had resulted in a temporary compromise. A deep-toned masculine voice is not "an excellent thing in woman," and inability to modulate it or to infuse into it the true tone of pathos, must produce a monotonous effect on the ear; while perpetual restlessness, unreasonable and inexplicable changes of attitude (for which no one has been prepared by any previous description of the *Princess Fedora*'s characteristics given in the play) weary the spectator, and distract his attention from whatever the real serious interest of the situation may be at the

moment. SARA can do all this perfectly: like the dogs that "delight to bark and bite," it is "her nature to." But though Beer is associated with hops, Mrs. BEERE is not at home in skips and jumps which seem mechanical and are more or less awkward.



Beere rather Flat.

Were we seeing Mrs. SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE for the first time in our lives when she was playing *Fedora*, we should have said this Lady is fashioned by Nature to be an exceptionally powerful *Lady Macbeth*: she is masculine, commanding, deep-toned, tall, hard; she has not any of the tenderness occasionally evinced in the purring manner of the feline *Fedora*, but she has all the characteristics of the Thane of Cawdor's wife.

Revenge is the key-note of the play, which is unrelieved by any display of passionate love, or strong motive of generous self-sacrifice. There is in it no honest, wholesome love-interest; for though *Loris* and *Fedora* become lovers, yet, as presented by Mrs. SARA BERNHARDT-BEERE, and Mr. COGHLAN, we may well exclaim, sure such a pair were never seen so totally unfit to meet by Nature, except they come together for a jolly good row.

Loris, as played, or walked through, by Mr. COGHLAN on the first night—(we hear he has "not been the same man since," but has considerably improved the performance)—appeared to be rather bored, and, we own, very naturally so, by the gushing Russian

Lady who so flops, and falls, and bumps, and bounces, and clings, and pulls, and hauls; and who, regardless of the proper uses of



Army Evolutions (Mrs. B. B.) and Reserved Force (Mr. C. Coghlan).

belle, SARA, and it doesn't suit you, you know—it really doesn't!" Though Mr. COGHLAN is worth two of PIERRE BERTON, yet, as *Fedora*'s lover, who has to make it, as Mr. JOHN CLAYTON would say, "All for her," a copy of PIERRE BERTON was really required as a companion picture to the copy of SARA BERNHARDT.

Now, take Mrs. BANCROFT as *Countess Olga*. Was it possible for this inimitable Actress to be anything but original? Her originality is herself; and she would have refused point blank to copy the French Actress who was the lively original of *Countess Olga*. Mrs.

BANCROFT would have said, "No; I am going to play this my own way, and I fearlessly challenge comparison." We admit, of course, that the character of the Countess is not bound and fettered by Bernhardt tradition, but we fail to see how any servile copy of any great original can advance the true interests of histrionic Art. Would ELLEN TERRY imitate? No; if she chose to play a part in which some other Actress had already achieved success, she would give her own reading



Countess Olga (Mrs. Bancroft), a most engaging person.



Sir I. X. imitating Mr. Bancroft.

of it, and fearlessly challenge comparison. So, when Mrs. BANCROFT played a part founded on a character that Madame CHAUMONT had made her own, she played it distinctly in her own style, and there was not a trace of any imitation in it of Madame CHAUMONT, whom, we believe, Mrs. BANCROFT had never seen in that part.

Again, Mr. BANCROFT did not think it necessary to reproduce the individualities of the French Actor who played *Jean de Sireix*, *Fedora*'s confidential friend and chorus, but, quite unrecognisable in his wonderful "make-up," he seemed to be somebody else giving a clever imitation of Mr. BANCROFT.

Miss JULIA GWYNNE, late of the Electric Savoy Light-headed Corps, shone as *Dmitri*, the picturesque Page-boy, or Russian Buttons. Mr. BROOKFIELD seemed to be speaking excellent Russian as the Chief Policeman *Gretch*, probably some relative to the Russian Executioner Jack Gretch. Mr. FITZPATRICK—dead, sorr—was quite at home as a guest, and Mr. SMEDLEY as *M. Rouvel* appeared as a Haymarket old-stager, playing with ease and elegance. The piece altogether is placed on the stage in such a style as leaves the Parisian *mise-en-scène* nowhere. It has been a plucky venture on the part of JEAN DE SIREIX BANCROFT to invest in Russians; but no expense, trouble, or pains has been spared; and as a great curiosity has been aroused by its Parisian reputation, all London will go and see it; and that will be a good enough result for some time to come.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAPERS.

SCENE—Interior of a First-Class Railway Carriage on a Suburban Line. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—BROWN and JONES, who have hurriedly glanced through their respective journals.

Brown. Not very much to interest one in to-day's papers, Sir!

Jones. No, Sir, you are right; but one or two items seemed to strike me. I see that in the *World* case they have obtained a decree nisi.

Brown. So I saw. And CHARLES RUSSELL showed cause why it should not be made absolute. Now what effect will that have?

Jones. Well, that is a difficult question to answer: and I may mention, as a matter of fact, that they report these law cases in such an extraordinary manner, that it always puzzles me to know which side has gained the day. Now, what is a decree nisi?

Brown. Wasn't it a rule nisi?

Jones. A decree and a rule are the same, I think. Are they not?

Brown. I do not know. But it doesn't matter. A rule or decree nisi is a rule or decree nisi until it is made a rule or decree absolute.

Jones. Exactly. Then a rule or decree absolute is a rule or decree absolute after it has been a rule or decree nisi.

Brown. Precisely so.

[Silence.]

Brown. Bad business this about the Beuanhas.

Jones. Shocking. But what can one do?

Brown. The very question I have asked myself. Does the question lie in a nutshell?

Jones. Of course not, my dear Sir, or you and I would not be puzzling ourselves over its solution.

Brown. Admirably argued. What will the Government say?

Jones. BISMARCK.

Brown. Ah, if he puts his foot down it is all right, but will he?

Jones. There it is. If he does, there is peace in Egypt.

Brown. Egypt? I had an idea that the Beuanhas were the natives of Madagascar.

Jones. I won't be certain.

Brown. More will I. At any rate, we must wait and hope.

Jones. That is my motto too.

[Silence.]

Jones. Good speeches those at the Royal College of Music.

Brown. First-rate. MILLAIS and LEIGHTON and FRITH in great form.

Jones. One moment. Those were the speeches at the Private View of the Academy.

Brown. Of course, of course. But I was confused between the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Surgeons—

Jones. Music.

Brown. Ah yes, of Music. How carefully you do study your papers, and what a memory you have! I am no use at all.

Jones. Don't run yourself down. I certainly try and master the contents of my daily, but I gather from your conversation you do the same.

Brown. But unsuccessfully. What do you, now, consider the aims of this Musical School?

Jones. To encourage Music.

Brown. And a very good object too! How will it be worked out?

Jones. The details are hardly to hand, but the general idea is good.

Brown. None could be better. I was very much struck with it, speaking for myself.

Jones. I too was highly pleased at its originality.

[Silence.]

Brown. Are you much of a theatre-goer?

Jones. Not very much. Are you?

Brown. Moderately so. Is there anything else worth seeing?

Jones. I believe that that fellow—what's his name, I always forget it—is extremely good.

Brown. So I have been told. And I hear that the piece at the—tut, tut, I shall not remember my own address next—is very funny.

Jones. So I read.

[Silence.]

Jones. So they have got another of these Irishmen.

Brown. So I am glad to read. It serves the scoundrel—see, it is TIMOTHY, isn't it?

Jones. I think so. No; isn't it JOE?

Brown. 'Pon my soul, I think you are right; but these Irish names are very troublesome, being all so much alike.

Jones. They are; and the trials are so very long. Anyhow, I am glad to know that justice has been done.

Brown. So am I, heartily.

[Silence.]

Jones. There has been horse-racing at Newmarket this week.

Brown. Yes. It is astonishing how these meetings spring up. Were you there?

Jones. No. I only care for the great races of the year.

Brown. That reminds me the "Derby" is at hand. Next week, is it not?

Jones. Or the one after. Ah! a grand race! I must have my five pounds on my fancy!

Brown. Well, once a year I do the same. Do you think any horse is certain to win?

Jones. It is hard to say. And you?

Brown. I haven't quite made up my mind. Hullo! here's town! Good morning!

[They separate.]

Brown. A remarkably well-read man! I shall cultivate him!

Jones. An admirably-informed and close-thinking person! I shall try and travel with him always in future!

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER ON THE NILE.

MY DEAR TEWEIK,

I HAVE now the pleasure of forwarding you my General Report on the present condition and future prospects of Egypt. I might have communicated it to you, accompanied simply by one of those Official Despatches, of which I fancy you have received a good many since my arrival in the country. Our friendly intimacy, however, enables me to address you through the medium of a private letter, which has the great advantage of not actually binding Her Majesty's Government to the views expressed in it, while if everything turns out satisfactorily, they can then claim the full credit of the policy which I am about to expound.

I cannot, of course, expect that your Highness will endorse every sentiment in my Report; but as I have no desire to be held personally responsible for all the recommendations which it contains, I am anxious that people should think that the projected reforms mentioned in it are exclusively the outcome of your own generous and enlightened nature, although I dare say that many of them will occasion you and CHERIF PASHA just a little surprise!

It is, of course, a source of deep regret to me that I should be obliged to run off to Constantinople, and spend a week or so in London *en route*, instead of remaining to witness the intense gratitude of the Egyptian "Fellaheen" for the unexampled blessings which they now enjoy, which include the payment of the Bondholders and of an indemnity of somewhere about a million sterling. I confidently anticipate that in a short time your Highness will be enabled to drive through the streets without much fear of instant assassination.

Already I have to congratulate you on the progress which has been made. It is true that gross official corruption, the misuse of arbitrary power, and a thousand injustices prevail. What of that? Your Highness must have noticed before now, the cheering fact that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that everything is for the best in it. The material tranquillity of the country is absolute from one end to the other, if we except the rather dangerous tumults which have recently occurred at Port Said, the consequent excitement at Cairo, and the open rebellion of the False Prophet in the Soudan. This tranquillity is entirely due to your Highness's beneficent measures, and not in the smallest degree to the presence of a British garrison capable of crushing a revolt at its very outset.

As for those Fellaheen, who are still inconsiderate enough to complain of oppression, the knowledge that the use of the "kourbash" has been declared illegal, should surely console them for any actual floggings they may have undergone. Should they still have the bad taste to continue complaining, then I feel convinced that the announcement that in a few weeks the elaboration of a *New Civil and Criminal Code* will be completed, ought to draw tears of heartfelt joy and penitence from their eyes.

Your Highness's generous bestowal of free and Representative Institutions is just what I should have expected, considering the very strong hints I have frequently dropped upon the subject, and the fact that it will be perfectly easy for your Highness to disregard any recommendations which your Representative Assembly may take upon themselves to make. The solution of most of the other problems in Egyptian reorganisation will rest with the distinguished Europeans, whom you have so kindly—again at my suggestion—attached to the various Departments of State. It is impossible to suppose that with such *powerful coadjutors*, your Highness should ever for a moment feel a doubt as to the perfectly independent position that you so ably fill.

Finally, I do not hesitate to assure your Highness—but, as I remarked before, quite in an unofficial sort of way—that the present arrangements are intended by Her Majesty's Government both to succeed, and, what is still more important, to endure, an intimation which I am sure your Highness is quite acute enough to comprehend in all its significance.

D-FF-R-N.

THE LIVING CHESS TOURNAMENT AT HENGLEY'S.

TURN about and walk about, a rare fine Show,
Make your figures stalk about and play Chess so!

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.—The three new Musical Knights are quite equal to a Score.



A FELT WANT.

Eligible Young Aspirant. "AND DO YOU REALLY APPROVE OF GYMNASIUMS FOR YOUNG LADIES, MRS. PRENDERGAST?"

Proud Mother. "I DO, INDEED, MR. MILDMAY, AND ALWAYS HAVE. I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THERE IS NOT ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS THAT COULDN'T KNOCK DOWN HER OWN FATHER!"

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA;

Or, Father Neptune's Sermon to the Fish-eaters.

NEPTUNE *loq.*

WHEN worthy Saint Anthony preached to the fishes
(Of course I was present to hear the discourse),
They listened intent to his words and his wishes,
Expressed with such unctious, applied with such force.
But alas! as we're told by his poet-reporter,
Although so impressed, so delighted were they,
The fish did not follow their saintly exhorter,
Because, after all, "they preferred the old way!"

And men are like fishes. *Verb. sap.* 'Twere irrational
Much to expect from a sermon alone.
But there is a text in your great International
Fisheries Show that a Sea-god must own.
A Show so colossal, so grand, so complete, is
Quite worthy a visit or two, I'll be bound;
I should very well like to step over with Thetis,
And one or two Tritons, and take a look round.

But I am not a shore-going fellow; my function
Is wholesale purveyor. I leave it to you
To fetch and distribute. I see with compunction
You make a poor job of it—save for a few.
Great hopes are aroused by your great Exhibition,
They'll utterance find on the opening day;
But some thrive on things in their present condition,
And they, like the fishes, "prefer the old way."

It's a very bad way, marked by greed and stupidity,
Wicked monopoly, prodigal waste.
You want common-sense to contend with cupidity.—
Isn't it time that you gave 'em a taste?

I've bounty for all, but your Rings intercept it
Before it can reach those who need it the most.
They've the rule of the sea, when *you* ought to have kept it.
A thought that should check my BRITANNIA's proud boast.

Here's largess! Just look at it! Ocean is teeming
With quite inexhaustible harvest of fish,
In number past counting, in worth beyond dreaming,
And free to the world; such at least is my wish.
But the harpies of Commerce are ever beforehand
With poverty helpless, with dulness inert.
They take triple tithes e'er the wealth reaches *your* hand.
You've now a fresh start. Shall it be a mere spurt?

The poor, ah! poor souls, how I pity them, standing,
To chaffer for refuse; the dregs of my wealth,
When the pick of my hoard they might all be commanding,
Snatched from them by Capital's sinister stealth.
The harvest is bountiful, opulent, stintless,
And none need be gleaners—there's plenty for all;
Miraculous draughts from my sea wide and printless
Are yours,—if you'll only respond to my call.

St. Anthony's eloquent sermon was bootless;
Will men be as dull as the stock-fish or cod?
Shall Neptune's well-meaning remonstrance be fruitless?
Will Sense shut its ears to the ancient Sea-god?
Remember, when shouting in mighty applause of
Your big Exhibition just opened this May,
You have one other task—'tis to shut the huge jaws of
Trade's big greedy sharks who "prefer the old way."

"THE DAVEY CASE," recently brought before the sitting Magistrate at Bow Street, has nothing to do with Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Oaths Bill.



THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

FATHER NEPTUNE. "THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY!—HUMPH!—IF YOU COULD ONLY *GATHER IT!*"

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.



No. 170.—Fiddle-de-dee. We are a Merry Family. Private Parties attended.



No. 342.—Guy Fawkes' Day in the Mountains. "Holloa, Boys, here's another Guy!"



No. 341.—School of Dramatic Art. Pupils rehearsing. Note Chief Pupil on Stage right.



No. 842.—Singing Tiger at a Monster Concert.



No. 13.—A Booty-ful Person. Probably a Waukenphast Advertisement.



No. 267.—Mlle. Ennea practising a Leap-Frog Ballet.

No. 156. An Election subject, which might be called "*A Blank Canvas.*"

. It may have been intended by the Artist as a hint to one of the Academicians, whose work is in the same line, suggesting how much better it would have been had he left the canvas on his easel as he first found it.

No. 240. Lord WOLSELEY regretting that he had not been cast for a good part in Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's *Youth* at Drury Lane.

No. 249. *Performing out of St. James's Hall; or, Half Hours with the best Lunatics.*

No. 250. *A Stout "Red Line"; or, The Last of the Uniforms.*

No. 299. *A Collapsible Imitation.* Portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE on the morning after the rejection of the Affirmation Bill. He looks Affirmationally Billious.

No. 302. "*The Haunt of the Moor-Hen.*" Suggests that the Artist, Mr. W. W. CAFFYN, should paint a companion-picture to this, and call it "*The Huncle of the Spring Chicken.*"

No. 324. The use of the rod to spoiled children.

No. 330. *Early Days.* Child after her first glass of wine regards the kitten, and determining to be a member of the Blue Ribbon Army, whose decoration is round Kitty's neck.

No. 334. Eminent Amateur rehearsing *Hamlet*, with property-skull.

No. 344. Feeble old party in his second childhood has been permitted to play battledore and shuttlecock by the hour. Having exceeded his time, he is putting grandfather's clock back.

No. 370. *Nymphs and Fauns.*

No. 390. "*Jol sor o' chap. Shall take pledge 'morrow; join blue rib—all ri'.*"

No. 391. *A Beater.*

No. 436. *My First Toothache.*

No. 476. Reverend Gentleman preparing for extempore preaching. Closes the book and says, "How can I recollect that *verbatim*?" Dedicated to *Stokes on Memory.*

No. 484. *What's the least I can give without being considered stingy?*

No. 748. *Disturbing a pic-nic.*

No. 883. *An Awful Bore!*

NO BALL!

LORD HARRIS, the most energetic of men,
Desires the enforcement of Rule Number Ten

In Cricket;

Insisting—a thing our Obstructives might stare at—
That they who bowl straight and bowl swift shall bowl fair at
The wicket!

Oh, pride of the emerald swards of green Kent,
Could you bring the "fair play" of the field and the tent

To St. Stephen's,

Perhaps it might lead to a pleasant revival,
And parties might battle as fairly as rival
Elevens!

The difference *there* betwixt "bowling" and "throwing"
Appears clean forgotten, the mischief is growing
Appalling.

Of manly fair-play there is scarcely a tittle.
It's oh for a Rule Number Ten, and a little
No-Balling!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is astonished to hear that the Count de CHAM-BORD is suffering from Fleabites. Her Nephew showed her the paragraph in the paper, but she only told him that "Phlebitis" was the French way of spelling it.

Fancy at the Great Fish Show.

THAT fish increases our supply of brain

We've oft been told by Sages. Well, we wish
The Sages' schemes may show the converse gain,—
That brain increases our supply of fish.

MEM. AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—A picture may be "capitally executed" without of necessity being "well hung." And *vice versa*.

THE NEW BARONET.

THERE are those who win
their laurels victors in the
deadly fray,
Those whom all the people
welcome with the peans of
to-day;
There are those too who win
triumphs in the piping
times of peace,
As law-givers, or as scholars
in the lore of Rome and
Greece;
But who now has gained the
Red Hand, what may be
his style, and claim
To a place upon the roll of
Honour, whence can come
his fame?

Not upon the field of battle,
nor amid our human strife,
Did this man gain fame and
honour, though his right
hand bears the knife;
Yet 'tis his to dare a combat
while spectators hold their
breath,
His a never-ending warfare
with the forces of King
Death;
His the Surgeon's wondrous
science which that grisly
tyrant quells;
Fitting is it that we hail him
henceforth as Sir SPENCER
WELLS!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says that
the first time they play Gov-
ernor's March of the Marie An-
toinettes at the Monday Pops,
she will be there. She says
she has only heard it once,
but it struck her that the
style was so exactly suited to
the subject.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 136.



SIR SPENCER WELLS, BART.;

OR, SIR DISPENSED WELLS.

VENUS AND MARS.

"The planets Venus and Mars
are now very near each other."—
*Astronomical Notes in the "Athe-
næum."*

You're right, my most sage
Athenæum,

For surely to every man it's
Quite plain that whenever we
see 'em,

They always *are* near, those
two planets.

When soldiers come home from
campaigning,

With spoils from Egyptian
bazaars,

Old sweethearts with ease
they're regaining,
For Venus is true to her Mars.

No matter though loves Ori-
ental

Have beckon'd the warrior
to rest,

He sails back to England, con-
tent all

His faith to repose in one
breast.

No other can e'er come between
us,

He cries, as he wins in the
wars,

For Mars is still constant to
Venus,

And Venus is true to her
Mars.

As to the right of persons
to hold public meetings on
the open common of Peckham
Rye, it has been decided that
no Peckham Rye-oting can be
permitted.

UNPOPULAR GAME AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.—"High-
sky-high!"

ATTRACTIVE BAIT AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES.

LAST Saturday saw—though not very clearly—the Official Opening
of the International Fisheries Exhibition. It poured till nearly ten,
and then the streets were filthy. But inside the building the
arrangements were as perfect as possible. Uniforms—the naval pre-
dominating, of course—stars and garters, ribbons—very few blue
ones—and decorations everywhere.

The leading points of the ceremony were a well-delivered speech
by the Prince of WHALES—(Ten Thousandth and last appearance of
this absolutely necessary joke this week.)—with a hearty finish
about an English welcome, which elicited some real English cheers.
The æsthetic Archbishop, looking as if his long locks were still damp
after coming out of his own See of Canterbury, then read a prayer con-
taining some appropriate Scriptural allusions—not a very difficult
matter on such an occasion, though his Quite Too-Too Grace forgot to
make mention of JONAH and the Whale. The orisons being ended, the
choir struck up the Ancient Hundredth, "All people that on earth
do dwell," which isn't at first sight suggestive of anything to do
with the sea, specially as most people who on earth do dwell are
probably indifferent sailors, and would rather remain where they are.
They should have sung "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea," which
would have been a fine Free-trading Canticle, and as for the religious
part of the ceremony, they should have engaged a few Ser-deans to
do it. However, his Too-Too Grace is to be congratulated on not
having seized the opportunity for a punning discourse on the value
of Soles, Shellfishness, and so forth.

Then the Prince declared the building open; then more music;
and then the Procession returned as it came; and the spectators
returned, gradually, not as they came, thank goodness, which was
with a good deal of scrooging and pushing, but quietly wandering
about in the different Courts, inspecting the Chinese models in what
seemed to be one of the most complete and interesting of all the depart-
ments, and being, in another place, much exercised as to whether a
black sailor standing with an oar in his hand was a model, or real
flesh and blood. Personally, it struck me that he was both, as, in

spite of a crowd round him, half afraid to touch him or to ask
questions, he never moved a muscle, and even when it occurred to
me to test him with a silver coin, which I held up at some little
distance from him, but distinctly visible, he did not budge an inch;
though this might have been accounted for by the thought having
flashed across his mind that if he moved to take the coin, and so
spoil the illusion, I should have moved, too, at a rapid pace, and in
an opposite direction. I will not affirm that I should not have done
so; but I can testify that he remained statueque to the last, and
that I left him the centre of attraction to an admiring crowd.

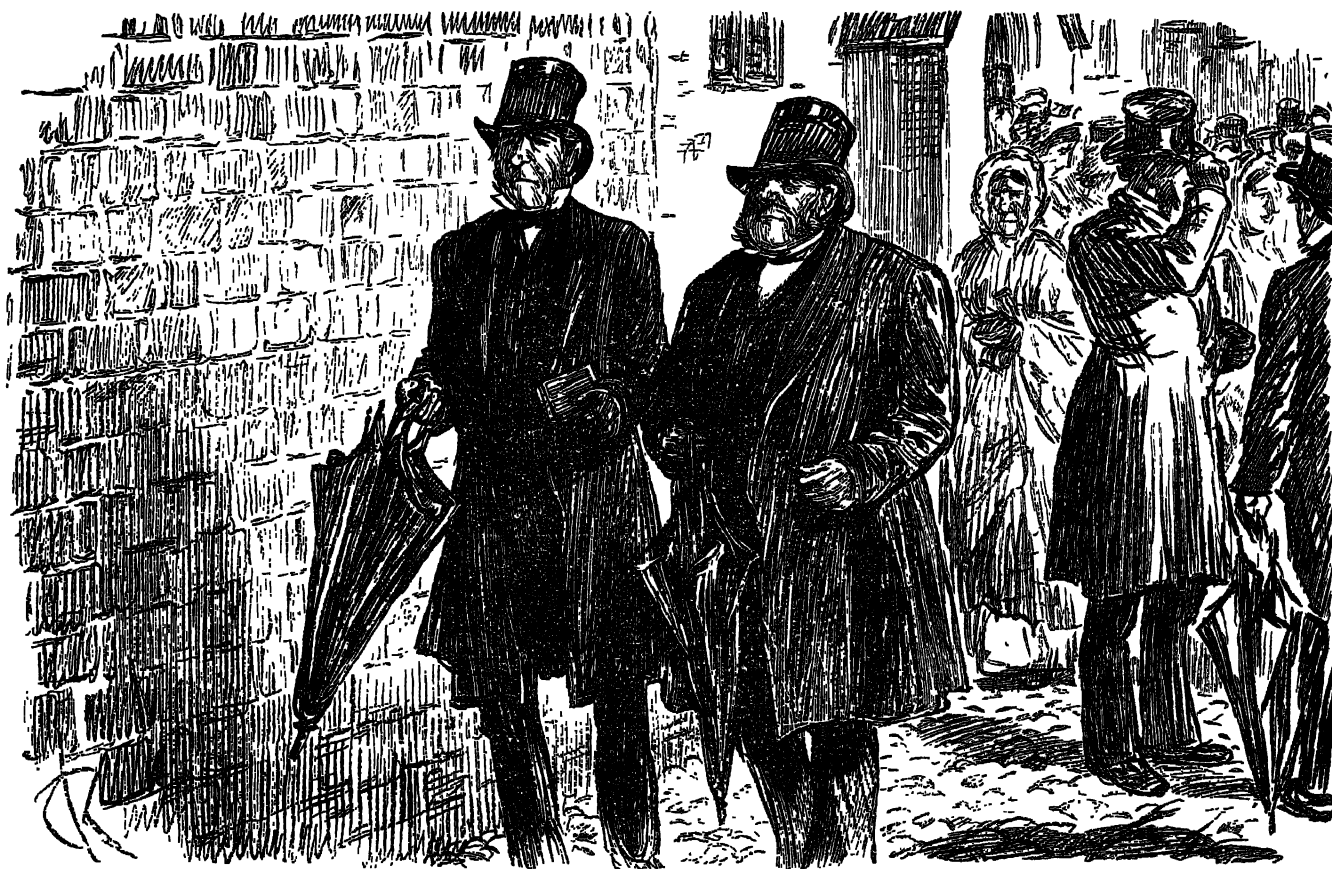
Visitors being hungry and thirsty, thronged the fish dinner, at
sixpence a head, which I could smell at a distance (there is a good
deal of flavour about the Fisheries), but into which I could not
squeeze, as it was "full up." The refreshment-rooms and the bars
were crowded.

The Fish-Market was an object of interest to many, who thought
they were going to take home the best fish a bargain, but who found
that as a rule they were selling at West-end prices, and only offered
an inferior article at a less figure. This was a great disappoint-
ment to all who had anticipated pointing a moral from a fish's tail.

When in working order, the place ought to be a big success, and
if Greenwich dinners can be done for a shilling a head, the Trafalgar
and the other hotels may shut up for the season.

The Scotch Fisher-girls were in great form, and doing a good
trade in photographs. There were Norwegian Fisher-girls, and a
dummy fisher-girl from Boulogne, watching over a dummy fisher-
man lying helplessly on his back. Plenty of amusement, including
picture gallery, aquarium, culinary apparatus, and working machi-
nery. In the Picture Gallery the portrait of the celebrated ANN
CROFT in oil is well worth seeing. Further detail on the earliest
opportunity.

WITH two Cartoons about the Fisheries, with Verses on the
subject, and an account of the Opening of the Exhibition, this is a
Fishy number of *Punch*. Quite an exception, of course.



CONSCIENCE.

U. P. Elder. "THE MEENISTER NEEDNA 'BEEN THAT HAUSD EN HES DISCOORSE. THEER 'PLANTY O' LEEARS I' PEEBLES FORBYE ME!"

TRYING IT ON.

"If Lord BRACONSFIELD'S spirit could for a moment animate his Statue!"—
Lord R. Churchill, in his Article, "Elijah's Mantle," in *Fortnightly Review*.

SCENE—A Public Place. TIME—The small hours after the House's rising.
Present—A Bronze Statue and a Small Personage in a big Cloak.

Small Personage. Ha! There's nobody looking! No! House dark! G. O. M. just turned the corner of Downing Street. Give him a corner he won't be able to turn one of these days, or my name's not— But no matter. Peeler's footstep dies away in the distance. Nothing about but shadows and sleepy Cabmen. I will! (*Carefully arranges cloak around him, and strikes an attitude at foot of Statue.*) Ah! Judging by my shadow on the ground, it's like—very like. A little long, perhaps, but that's only a question of draping, after all. If only this Statue were like the Vocal Memnon, now, and could— What's that? Sounded like a metallic chuckle, or as if one of LANDSEER'S lions were trying to roar, and couldn't quite manage it.

Voice. A thing that sometimes happens to other—lions.

Small Personage (aside). By Jove, it is! Well, I mustn't be taken aback. Shall one who stands the braying of so many live donkeys be shaken by the voice even of the biggest of dead lions? No; brass against bronze. Here goes! (*Aloud.*) My Lord, as I have said elsewhere, "Your phrases will bear any amount of microscopic examination"; the meaning of this particular one—

Voice. Apply the microscope at your leisure. What is that you are—may I say smothered up in?

Small Personage. Ahem!—it is—a—well, in point of fact, a cloak.

Voice. Your own?

Small Personage. Well—a—yes.

Voice. Then I should—change my tailor.

Small Personage. Thanks. But I—ah—like the cut, and—I may grow to it in time.

Voice. Provident, very! Second-hand, perhaps, and bought cheap?

Small Personage. No; had it made for me, after a favourite pattern.

Voice. It is one which, like Charity, would cover a multitude of—but you're hardly a sin, perhaps. More of a peccadillo, eh?

Small Personage (swelling). Anyhow, some of 'em hate me as though I were sin.

Voice (softly). Not original sin, at any rate!

Small Personage (aside). Confound him! Can't cheek him—like CROSS, or sit upon him—as though he were STAFFY. (*Aloud.*) Well, my Lord—if that is your title in your—ahem!—present sphere,—you know imitation is the sincerest form of—

Voice. Impudence. DAUBITON, R.A., imitates Nature—at least, he says so—as *Hamlet's* players imitated humanity. I need not quote; you are doubtless as well versed in poetic as in patristic lore, and know your SHAKESPEARE as thoroughly as your—how do you put it,—ORIGEN?

Small Personage. Ah! my Lord, your life inspires even whilst your lips deride.

Voice (genially). Better! That life you say—elsewhere—"may be painted in a sentence."

Small Personage. Ah! you have read my article in the *Bi-Monthly Review*?

Voice. I will not say read. But there is a sentence therein which paints you.

Small Personage. Which?

Voice. "Whenever, by an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances, an Opposition is compelled to support the Government, the support should be given with a kick, and not with a caress."

Small Personage. And what do you say to that?

Voice. Only that borrowed garments seldom fit well, and that curriishness is not courage.

Small Personage. Will you explain?

Voice. No. You are not dull, and explanations are.

Small Personage. Since your departure, the party—election affairs, organisation, everything—has been going to the dogs.

Voice. Will that be remedied by relegating it to the puppies?

Small Personage. But you yourself were vigilant, bellicose, tenacious, unsparing!

Voice. I fought with lions. But not by snapping and snarling at their heels. To imitate *Launce's* ill-conditioned Crab, is not to imitate me. In politics there is a wide difference between young Ishmael and a *gamin* of the gutter, between the sling-and-stone and mud-flinging. The Mantle of ELIJAH is too big for you—at present, but youthful cleverness may fight a good fight under the "Mantle of Fidelity." You know your *Percy's Reliques*? *Verb. sap.* [*Silence.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 7.—Had a chat with STAVELY HILL to-night about the Far West. Hon. and learned Gentleman one time thought might be made SOLICITOR-GENERAL. But a grateful Government stopped short at making him Judge-Advocate of the Fleet.

"If it had been Lord High Admiral," he says, "I wouldn't have minded. But other thing a little obscure. So turned my attention to ranching, and now own flocks and herds innumerable. Rough lot of men out there; hard to deal with. Threatened outbreak sometimes. Always quelled it in one way. Put on my wig and gown, carry in right hand patent as Judge-Advocate of the Fleet, and go among them. Effect instantaneous. Roughest among them quelled. No more trouble for weeks."

What I want to know from the learned Ranchman is as to prospects out there of useful Dog not afraid of work. Early riser; washing put out, and children not objected to. Seems to me the sooner we're out of this country the better. Did believe our Fleet was pretty well, considering. Learn to-night this is quite a mistake.

Lord HENRY LENNOX ambling round the subject for an hour, "like Mr. Mantalini in the bonnet-shop," Sir THOMAS BRASSEY growls, in that sea-dog voice learned on board the *Sunbeam*. Couldn't make much out of Lord HENRY, except "how very kind—nothing could be kinder—than everybody had been to him." This, coupled with little reminiscences of the time, nearly two years ago told, when he was Secretary to the Admiralty, together with what he said to his noble friend on a particular occasion, and what the Right Hon. Gentleman said to him at some other time, made up an agreeable hour and a half.

Quite at sea with Lord HENRY. But afterwards a chorus of dismal foreboding from Sir JOHN HAY, Sir EDWARD REED, Mr. W. H. SMITH, and other great sea Captains. All pointed to one conclusion. We have no ships worth speaking of. Too fast, or too slow, armour too heavy, too light, or in the wrong place. Guns burst. Coal won't burn. Steam won't "get up" in the morning. Dockyards inadequate. In short, we shall be knocked into a cocked hat, if Switzerland, Portugal, or any other Naval Power declared war against us.

Before that day dawns I mean to be settled down on my own rancho. *Business done.*—None.

Tuesday.—House of Lords debating question of Opening Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays. Lord DUNRAVEN pleaded cause of intelligent working-man in moderate and lively speech. But majority of House shocked at notion, and Motion rejected by three to two. The Bishops turned out in great force, making a fine show of lawn on the Benches below Ministers.

"Looks as if it was washing-day, and they had got the clothes out early," RANDOLPH says, gazing upon the scene from the Gallery. New Archbishop present. Looks Æsthetic. Got his speech ready. Intended when he came down to deliver it, but so nervous couldn't get it off.

"Pity your Grace should have had all this trouble," I say (always like to be polite to an Archbishop); "sure great loss to the world so much eloquence, argument, and common sense."

"Don't think it will be lost," said his Grace, sweetly. "Preaching shortly on the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; shall be able to use up a good many of the passages." His Grace ought to carry a lily or a sunflower. Notice his Grace wears his hair parted down the middle, like his predecessor. Suppose this is part of Archiepiscopal full-dress. Ask Lord ROSEBURY.

"Yes," he says; "you see it would not do to have in the Primate a man of strong ideas and masterful ways. When you find a man who has reached middle life and has never been able to decide on which side he shall part his hair, he is in the running for the Primacy. '*Au juste milieu*' is the motto for CANTERBURY."

Lord CAIRNS much pleased at result of Division.

"It's not, Toby," says he, "as if I asked working-man to do what I wouldn't do myself. Never go into my own picture gallery on a Sunday. Lock it up on Saturday night. Also, after midnight every Saturday, turn round pictures on dining-room walls, in passages, library, drawing-room, or wherever they might catch the eye on the Sabbath." *Business done in the Commons.*—None.

Wednesday.—"I knew what would happen, when I let PLAYFAIR bring in those pots of Oleo-Margarine," the SPEAKER said this evening, as Lady BRAND gave us a cup of tea. "'They're only little ones,' PLAYFAIR urged. 'Yes,' I said, 'that's true enough. If they were the size of a sponge-bath, of course you wouldn't bring them in.' But I weakly yielded; and now here's BROADHURST brought in a nail-making machine, which he calls an Oliver, and works away, to illustrate the Motion for the Second Reading of a Bill to amend the Workshops' Act."

"Couldn't you have got WINN to have given him a Rowland for his Oliver?" I said, seeing the SPEAKER was really distressed.

"No," he answered, sadly, "that Winn-a do. The thing must be met by an Order of the House. It'll grow, till place becomes sort of workshop, and we'll have to build a shed on the site of the old Law Courts to keep the materials for illustrating speeches. We shall have LABOUCHERE next bringing in a cobbler's stall, and showing how they make boots in Northampton, whilst he pleads the right of the constituency to have two representatives."

House a little startled when BROADHURST first produced his machinery. Thought it might have something to do with explosions. But only made nails. Most interesting process. You put a piece of iron-piping in at one end, turn a handle, and tenpenny nails flow in abundance from other end.

"Dear me!" said BOBBY SPENCER, who over the ring-fence of his collar watched process with childish delight. (Subsequently, in cloak-room, tried his hand with the machine, and made a few nails for private circulation only.) "Really charming: but should have thought it would have brought down the price of nails. Tenpence apiece seems a good deal, don't you know?"

Thing sure to spread. Daresay, in moving Agricultural Holdings Bill to-morrow night, DODSON will have a collection of spades, mowing-machines, steam-ploughs, and a few drain-pipes. Interesting in its way. Makes the House a sort of superior Polytechnic; but likely to become inconvenient as custom grows. SPEAKER's quite right. He ought to have put down his foot on PLAYFAIR's pots.

Business done.—Miscellaneous. Threw out BROADHURST's Bill, Oliver and all, by swingeing majority.

Thursday Night.—Grand Old Man in grand old passion to-night. Came upon him after Division on Clause 13 in Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, thrown out by a majority of seven. Tried to get out of his way. Thought it would be pleasanter to have a chat with him some other time. But he "was not to be denied," as they say in prize-ring literature when one Gentleman succeeds in planting his fist in particularly uncomfortable relation to the other one's face.

"I want to know, Toby," says he, his shirt-collars flapping in the emotion of subdued rage like the mainsail of a yacht when you're luffing, or tacking, or doing something that makes the sail wobble, "what I want to know is, who is to conduct the business of this country? Is it me and my colleagues, or is it a few Gentlemen below the Gangway, who are what they call Independent. Here's a case affecting detail of administration in Tax-gathering Department. CHILDERS, on his responsibility, says it will work well, and save £30,000 a year. Objection taken on score of vested interests. Objection fully met by modification of scheme. The Conservative Opposition looking on, prick up their ears. They can't defeat us out of their own ranks, but count on Land-Leaguers, and if they can get a dozen or so of our men, they're safe to run us close, or even defeat us. That's all very well for them, but not for us, or for me. I can't carry on Government on those terms, and, what's more, I won't;" and the Grand Old Man, with his head very high in the air, and a red spot on either pale cheek, strode off before I could explain that it wasn't my fault. Glad to be safe out of it on any terms.

Business done.—Another Government defeat. Early to-morrow morning, DODSON, looming dimly out of the Fog, explained details of Agricultural Holdings Bill.

Friday.—Spent afternoon more or less agreeably in foreign parts. Grand Cross on first about Cuban Refugees; then WILFRED LAWSON on Egypt. Finally, and appropriately, ASHMEAD BARTLETT on India. ASHMEAD would have undertaken either of the other parts with equal readiness, but the others getting in first, took what was left. Grand Cross got on pretty well, no one daring to smile. In fact, scarcely anyone present either to smile or weep. General impression House might as well have adjourned yesterday. But let us go now.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday, 21s. Derby Day the 23rd. So what's the use of meeting, except at Epsom, till the 24th?

A BRACING ATMOSPHERE.

SPEAKING of Mr. GLADSTONE at the dinner of the National Liberal Club, the London Correspondent of the *Sussex Daily News*, says—

"A storm of cheering swept through the hall, and then the pale face and the leonine front, which have been seen in the van of Liberal progress for so many years, were hailed with thunderous acclamation. The tossing sea of table napkins visibly braced Mr. GLADSTONE's spirits."

Why all this praise of the "leonine front," and no word about the leonine collars? The "leonine front" in the van, savours, too, a little of the menagerie. We have heard of the bracing effects of sea-air, but possibly a "tossing sea of table-napkins" may brace even more tightly.

The cheers, the shouts, the hearty rapkins,
The tossing sea of table-napkins!

But where was the Poet Laureate?

THE TURF GUY'D.

RACY SKETCHES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Summer Meeting.



Ar-rivals and Latest Scratchings.



Taken and Off.



Wait for Age.



Maiden Plait.



Juvenile Selling Stakes.



A Gallop on the Downs.



Cannon went off with a Burst.



A Waiting Race.



Archer called upon his Horse.



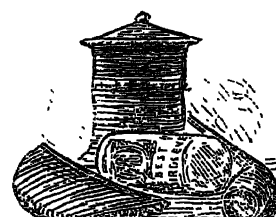
Pulling up at the Bend.



Beaten at the Distance.



A Sweep's Takes.



Backers.

SO MUCH IMPROVED!

Little Vehicular Farce now being performed with immense success every afternoon not a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. BURLINGTON BROWN, who have taken a four-wheeled cab near the Marble Arch, in order to be in plenty of time to attend a *Conversazione* in Grosvenor Place, discovered, enjoying the freshness of Park Lane as they proceed leisurely towards Piccadilly. TIME—A little before 4 P.M. at the height of the Season.

Mr. Burlington Brown (continuing discursive and enthusiastic panegyric on the local improvements). The change is positively wonderful. You wouldn't know the place; and coming up from Knightsbridge, I'll really defy you to tell where you are. (*Warming with the subject.*) You seem to be entering a lovely well-wooded garden, winding deliciously away right to Westminster Abbey. And then if you're going West, BLOGGAM—and he knows a lot of Artists and fellows of that sort, you know—says there's not a finer bit of architectural landscape in Europe than the corner there. You have the Hospital facing you, and those blocks, scaling—or whatever they call it—right away down to the left. You should see it, as I do, coming home from the Club at night! Why, BLOGGAM says it beats the Piazza della Signoria at Bologna, or Venice, or somewhere, all to shivers. And he's right.

Mrs. Burlington Brown (*pleasantly impressed*). Dear me, how very clever of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to have managed it so nicely! (*Noticing a sudden alteration in the pace of the cab.*) But what a great number of carriages there seem to be out this afternoon! I hope we shan't be late for the GURGOYLES?

Mr. B. B. Oh, no! lots of time. (*Looks at his Watch.*) Why, we've seven minutes yet. You're thinking of the old state of things, you know, when there always used to be that beastly jam at the corner of Grosvenor Place, that made you late for everything. All changed now. That's the point of all this improvement: carting off the Old Duke and all the rest of it. (*Again warming with his subject.*) Oh, it's capitally managed! You'll see presently. They've cut one road somehow clean across, you know; taken a piece off the Corner, with a nice slope, and a curve right down to the top of Thingummy Street that goes into Belgrave Square, don't you know? and then they've made another that curls the other way, to take all the back traffic; and then there's one to relieve the Park entrance,—awfully well dodged, that! And so you see it doesn't matter where you're coming from or where you're going, there's

no waiting, and jamming, and letting you through a turnstile, and all the rest of it, as there used to be; but there's lots of room for everybody, and you just fall into your proper stream, and there's no more hitch than there is if you were on the Embankment. (*Cab comes to a dead halt.*) Hum! I don't ever remember to have seen it so crowded.

[*Looks out, and watches seven-and-thirty omnibuses, carriages, coal-waggons, cabs, drays, and tradesmen's carts pass from somewhere to somewhere else at right angles, while a Policeman, who is superintending the procession with a sense of proprietorship, puts the back of a white Berlin glove at intervals deprecatingly into the cab-horse's eye.*]

Mrs. B. B. (*after three minutes and a half of it*). My dear, I'm sure we shall be late. Why, it seems as bad as ever it was. (*Coming to the point.*) Worse, I think.

Mr. B. B. Oh no,—it isn't worse. It's all right. It's only temporary, whatever it is. There must be some Volunteers, or something. (*Nettled; with suppressed anger to Cabman.*) Confound it, why can't you get on?

Cabman (*not unreasonably*). Get on? I should like to see anyone get on in this here jam.

[*Advances his horse by way of experiment into neck of Proprietary Policeman.*]

Proprietary Policeman. Now then. Back, will yer! What are you up to? Where are you a drivin' to?

[*Was about to let him move on, but, on rapid reflection, again places the back of a white Berlin glove at intervals deprecatingly into cab-horse's eye, and allows another procession of thirty-seven more omnibuses, carriages, cabs, coal-waggons, carts and drays to pass on from somewhere to somewhere else at right angles in obstructive ease.*]

Mr. B. B. (*after another six minutes of it, in which he has taken with more or less inaccuracy the numbers of three separate Proprietary Policemen, an Omnibus Conductor, a couple of Cabmen, together with the addresses of the owners of seven private carriages and of a butcher boy,—recanting with warmth*). It's scandalous, infamous! D—d bad management, that's what it is! [*Glares at a landau.*]

Mrs. B. B. Well, it's no use exciting yourself now, whatever it is—for we're late for the *Conversazione*,—as I said we should be!

(*And she's right, for spite the descent of the Iron Duke, the disappearance of his familiar arch, a perennial smell of pitch, and the wonderful relief of the traffic at the "Corner," there's something not wrong at Hamilton Place, and the sooner it is set right—the better.*)



SOPHISTICAL.

Reveller. "T'ISHELL'T TH' WHISKY S'MUSH—ISSH TH' ILLABILITY T' CALLY IT
MAKESH A MAHL' PPEAR—"

[Sits down!]

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART I.—PRELIMINARY AND ARTISTIC.

FIRST catch your Catalogue, which, containing, as it does, only about eight hundred pages of printed matter, is admirably adapted for the pocket of any waistcoat large enough to admit it. Having secured your Catalogue, remember that you are in search of fish. Produce the excellent plan you will find at the commencement of the tiny little volume, and, if with a companion inclined to punning, beg him to let off all his side-splitters about the names of fish, such as "sole ideas," "getting a comfortable plaice," "taking to his eels," "herring and straying," at once, and have done with them.

On your road to the land which was once known as Brompton, but which now boasts an infinitely "genteeler" title, you will discover that the local colouring is unquestionably nautical. You will meet boatmen by the score; and whenever you get to a cab-stand, there you will find an attentive waterman. On the pavement you will notice that a fair proportion of the passengers are "half-seas over," and further observe that the houses have all their blinds down, no doubt to keep out the gaze of the public, "gaze" being used here as an alternative word to avoid a tautological repetition of the noun substantive "see." Finally, to generally suggest ships, there is not a single shop on the line of route without its sales. So much for side-splitters, and now to business.

You pass the turnstile, and find yourself in the department devoted to "Fine Arts." For a moment you are lost in wonder. On both hands you see the most beautiful designs in fresco, which you are told, in bold gold letters, are all painted on "Willesden paper." Here is a charming view of the Sewage Works of the Native Guano Company, in which two contented cows are introduced with perfectly startling effect. Close by this specimen of Fine Art are some exquisitely gilded roasting-jacks, or hooks. They are so cleverly painted, and so very much like screws, that you come to the conclusion that they would have been more appropriate in a horse-show than where they are—a hall devoted to Pisciculture in all its branches. Next to this great painting is an announcement

about somebody's Marmalade (a quaint sort of fish found in Spain and Scotland), which faces a spirited drawing of a Lady in a long cloak dancing a friendly jig with a Bear. But there are not only frescoes in this department, but framed paintings. Strange to say, these are not water-colours. However, as some of the exhibits come from a long distance, no doubt the Artists elected to preserve their works in oil. Amongst the best are several specimens from the Fishmongers' Company. But private individuals have also been generous in their contributions. Amongst the rest is a Mr. TARGET, who rather lays himself open as a mark for a joke by dubbing himself, in large letters, a "Piscatorial Artist." He has sent a picture of a fish, which is infinitely better than some of the rougher chalk drawings so frequently discovered on the London pavements. As he modestly asks £52 10s. for this specimen of "piscatorial" art, no doubt there will be a rush of bank-note holders to the office. By the way, it is amusing to note how some of the pictures have been valued by their owners. Two productions by Mr. DANDY SADLER, of nearly the same size, are valued respectively at £800 and £120. The contrast in price is very marked, as the two paintings hang close together. However, as in the higher-valued design a number of monks are represented fishing, possibly the price of this work of Art may be connected with a call.

At present the pictures are not very well numbered. A label attached to the frame gives the only information, and in some cases the label is wanting, so that you have to fish for the subject, which, by the way, in such a place, is a very appropriate occupation. This omission is noticeable in a very fine work on the wall facing the British Sea Department. Fortunately, the subject explains itself. The Artist has commemorated an occasion of no small historical interest which, hitherto, has altogether escaped the attention of our modern chroniclers. After a hard and not very successful day's angling, three fishers have come to take their rest in their Inn, and to while away the time with some strange game of cards before the appearance of dinner. The three companions are no lesser persons than the late CHARLES DICKENS, CANON OAKLEY, and Mr. BRADLAUGH—all admirable likenesses. The Canon and the junior Member for Northampton have been drinking some compound, to the character of which a glass, containing the shreds of a lemon and some melted sugar, humorously furnishes the clue. All three are smoking long clay pipes, but Mr. CHARLES DICKENS has been taking snuff instead of whiskey. The Artist has seized the moment when the Maid of the Inn waggishly produces some bread, cheese, beer, and a lettuce with which to frugally regale her three hungry visitors. Mr. BRADLAUGH denounces this outrage with much animation, while the celebrated Novelist regards the author of the *mauvaise plaisanterie* with vigorous indignation. Even the white-headed Canon seems annoyed at the unseasonable drollery. Altogether this is one of the most interesting pictures in the Exhibition, and should be purchased for presentation to the National Portrait Gallery, which is conveniently situated next door.

Another little work, also unlabelled, in this department is assuredly a perfect gem in its way. The Artist has depicted, on a small canvas, a glass nearly full of wine, which has been sipped and left hurriedly, some shell-fish of a weird character, and a dyspeptic-looking lemon. In a few vigorous touches he has thus suggested a tragedy. Need it be said after this that the missing title must be, "*A Bad Oyster?*"

And now, having cast a first glance at the wonders of Art in the Exhibition, a pause can be appropriately made before considering, on a future occasion, the beauties of Nature.

A Bold Roman Hand.

(From the Pope, who has shown himself "the noblest Roman of them all," to the Archbishop of Cashel.)

DR. CROKE, upon reflection,
Make no Parnellite collection.

What you've done you've not done well,
Robbing PETER to pay PARNELL.

Said LEO THE THIRTEENTH, "I am inclined to adopt a hopeful tone about Ireland, as at all events there is no necessity for a CROKE."



THE NEW CRAZE.

Her Grace (to the Heiress, with pardonable pride). "YOU MUST LET ME PRE-SENT MY SON, LORD ALGERNON, TO YOU, MISS GOLD-MORE. HE CARRIES THE BANNER IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE KING AND THE COCKCHAFER, AT THE PARTHENON, YOU KNOW!"
[Defeat of the Army, the Church, the Bar, Diplomacy, Literature, Science, and Art—even young Gorgius Midas will have to hide his diminished head.]

BOUND FOR MOSCOW.

(From a Nervous Special.)

SENT for by the Editor of the *Boomerang*. Not always a delectable experience to be sent for by the Editor of the *B*. The reason is generally that you omitted two epigrams of Lord RANDOLPH's in your Parliamentary Report, or wasn't quite up in the subject of herrings (having put them all down as red) in that Leader on the Fisheries Exhibition. This time, however, I wasn't conscious of a comma left out, and so faced the Chief without a tremor.

There was no doubt about the honour conferred. Our Own Special at a Czar's Coronation is a somebody in journalism. You can't come down to describing living Chess Tournaments after that; and the chances are that Printing-House Square may receive you when you are somewhere about sixty, and are an authority on statistics connected with the Dutch doll-trade.

The Chief is amiable, too amiable, for there is a certain tender tone of commiseration in his explanations that is not encouraging. It is Moscow—it is the Coronation; my foot is in the stirrup, and the Fourth Estate is my own. There is a certain diffidence though, about the Chief, which is rather disquieting. I am not used to the Chief being diffident with me. As a rule he is rather the contrary. He asked after my wife and family in a way that, while it touched me, was a little disturbing. And I couldn't quite see why he emphasised the fact that the Life Insurance Company, the Phoenix, was a safe and accommodating one, and had advertised in the newspapers for the last fifteen years. Still, I am to have the place nearest the CZAR; and the Chief wants to know if I shall be satisfied with Half a Million.

I am satisfied; but I didn't know that the preparations were so costly. I find that it costs ten thousand pounds to insure my life for a hundred; I must make my will; my wife insists upon two years' income in advance (in case of Siberia); there is a regular procession of friends to bid me good-bye in a disgustingly affectionate manner; and my bomb-proof breastplate has just come home with a

bill for three thousand pounds. When it comes to the steel gaiters and boots, I don't think there will be much left of the Half a Million.

Almost wish I hadn't accepted the Half Million. I have just discovered that all the staff of the *Boomerang* declined the post, except an office-boy, who is too consistently beaten by a brother addicted to rum hot; he was tired of his life, he said. The Railway Companies want to know whether I will indulge in an iron-clad carriage. I will. It appears to be the thing, but ironclad railway carriages aren't cheap; and the Half Million is going down rapidly.

The Half Million is gone. The last protection, a body-guard of Detectives and Prize-fighters finally exhausted the subsidy; and now if anybody will give me a nice quiet County Court reporter's place, Muscovy knows me not, and the *Boomerang* may send its office-boy.

"O Tempora!"

To malign the Equator was held a bold action,
 St. Stephen's can show a more mischievous crime;
 He, surely, has fathomed the depths of detraction
 Who's ready to talk against Time!

CHECKMATE!—The gigantic Plaids that Ladies are now wearing for dresses are said to last for a long while. Let us hope the extravagance of the check may prove a check upon extravagance.

ROE, BROTHERS, ROE!—The Fishermen who are up for the Exhibition, seem to be having a jovial time of it. They have been all day and every day driving about town in vans like a jolly set of Van Trumps. The thirteen vehicles pulled up in line at the entrance of the Ride, and the Fishermen gave three hearty cheers when they saw our Kotten Row. Odd thing for Fishermen to be pleased with. They might as well have hurrah'd on seeing a bit of bad fish.

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.



No. 440.—The Enthusiastic Chiroprapist in the East. Lady, whose bare foot is about to be operated upon, is nervously turning away and looking out of the window. Walter C. Horsley.



No. 232.—A Plea for the Channel Tunnel. After a severe crossing, Maidens arrived at Dover, have missed the Boat-Express. F. Dicksee, A.



No. 13. This Shoe's By Arthur Hughes.



No. 523.—Portrait of Sir R. Cross. Losing his head. Hubert Herkomer, A.

No. 238. *Selling her Chickens.* By J. CLAYTON ADAMS. The Artist has not carried out the idea suggested by his title. The Henwife should have called her chickens to her, and then not given them anything to eat. This would really have been "selling her chickens."

No. 296. *The Way to the Temple.* L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. A work of pure imagination. Where's the Griffin? Where are the New Law Courts? Of course some excuse may be made for a foreigner strange to London, but there can be none for the Hanging Committee, who permitted the picture to bear this title.

No. 460. *A Fleet Marriage.* CHARLES GREEN. "A marriage made in haste and repented at leisure was called a Fleet Marriage."—WALKER.

Here we pause to recommend to all who keep their Catalogues a new game, which might be called the Romance of the Pictures. Take the titles and connect them by two or three verbal links. Here is a specimen:—Take p. 6, No. 20 and following numbers; out of these may be constructed Stories of the Academy, thus:—

Don Quixote and Sancho at the Castle of the Duke break The Studio Mirror, and, with the Tide on the Turn, they board The Vessels leaving Harbour, and reach a spot On the Thames below Medmenham. Again, begin with No. 44, &c. Coast Scene, Brittany, Penelope at A Lobster Supper is having A Row on the East Coast with A Spanish Duellist, after which they went to her Father's Dinner at The Entrance to a Villa near Carrara, Italy, where Storm and Flood swamped A Queen's Scholar, Westminster, who, after catching A Turtle Dove was taking a little Rest with An Old Fatalist, painting the Portrait of a Lady.

Again, starting with No. 58. The Grey Lady was thinking of Crossing the Desert with a A Real Centenarian, When the Summer Leaves are flown, while Our Eldest, Tired Out, was Going Home to St. Sebastian, Bruges, to pay a Morning Visit and play A Quiet Pool with Bebelie.

Begin again with No. 86. Once, on A Quiet Noon, John Collins, Esq., Senior Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Butchers, got into The Merry-go-round with Mrs. Rodolph Hankey, Far from the busy Hum of Man.

Taking No. 205, &c. An Arab Girl asked What of the War? of someone in A French Kitchen Garden, which she left to carry on a Flirtation with Topsham-on-Exe, at A Spanish Mill, In the Strictest Confidence.

Here, in Gallery No. III., is a simple story in six numbers, from No. 229 to No. 234. Joey was in the Woodland with A Trumpeter, Too Late After Sundown for Wild-Duck Shooting.



No. 271.—Meeting of Magistrates; or, Dinner of the Beaks. STORY.—The Comic Bird of the party has volunteered a recitation, and the indifference of his brother Beaks angers him. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.



No. 392.—The Dainty Dog; or, Where shall I take a little bit out of him first, just to begin with? Briton Rivière, R.A.

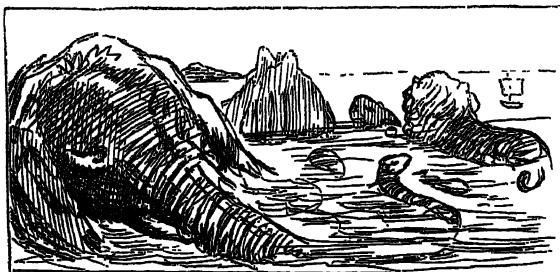
Same Gallery. Story in Nos. from 250 to 258. H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge, with his Companions, sat Under the Greenwood Tree, waiting for Jim, Grandson of Sir James Anderson, who was staying in one of the Roadside Cottages near Jedburgh Abbey, where the Still Waters run Deep, during the Evening on the Hills in North Devon.

Nos. 270 to 280. The Marquis of Salisbury and Voltaire were Watching the Stalkers in a Lonely Country at Low Tide, while Richard T. Pickersgill in the Fading Light of a Sunbeam was asking The Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., to assist him in Gathering the Flock.

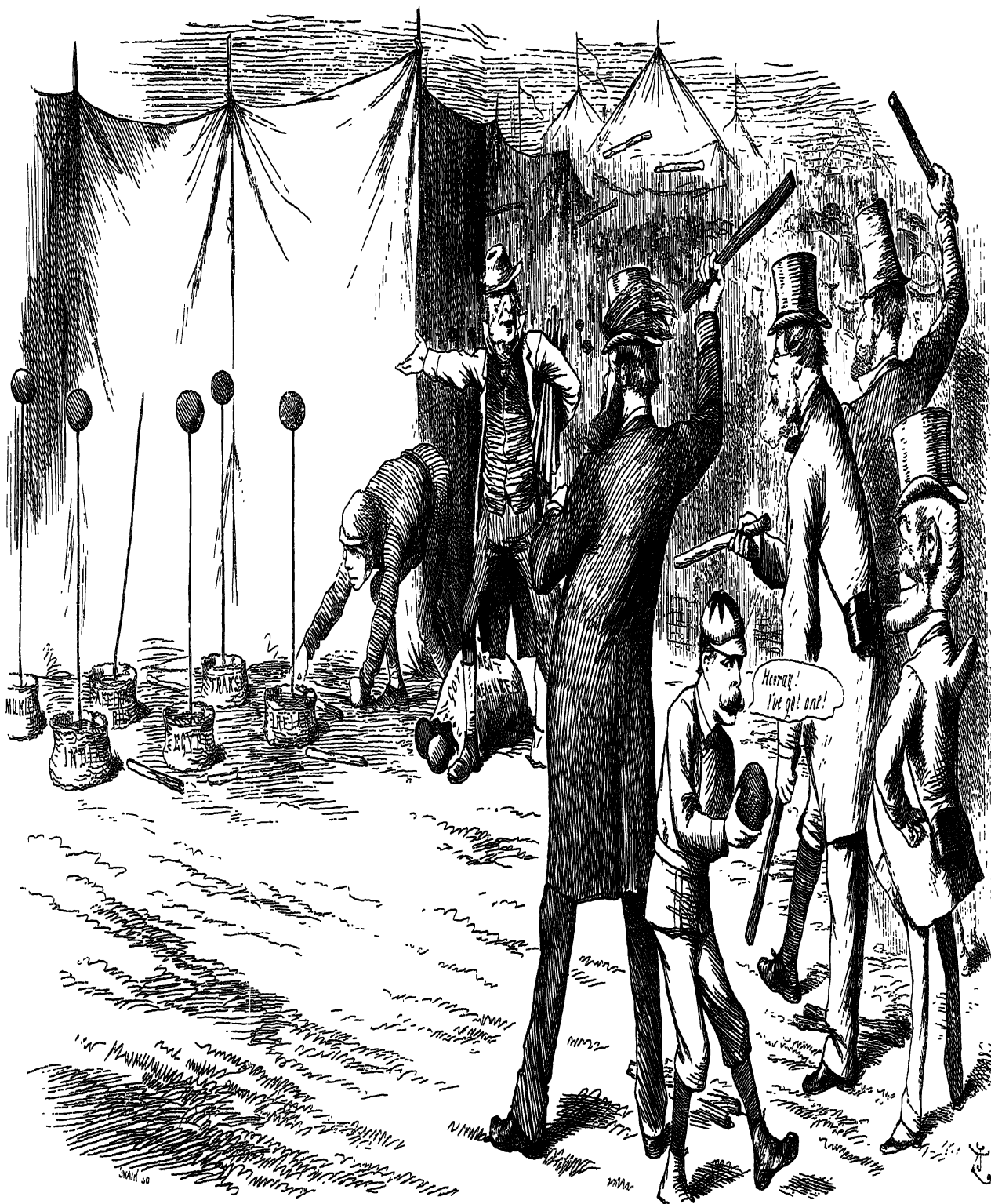
No. 294, and sequence. It was Moonrise on a Teesdale Moor when two Sisters on their Way to the Temple at Windsor on Returning from the Pasture presented the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., with a Winter Bouquet culled from The Gull Rock, Cornwall, which is The Haunt of the Moor-Hen, when they had parted with The Hon. and Rev. E. CARR GLYN and some Daughters of EVE in a Brook in the Meadows, from which they could clearly see The Vega of Granada, The Alhambra in the Distance, and the Countess of DALHOUSIE.

Nos. 311 to 319. A Stranger in the Monastery saw Count FERDINAND DE LESSEPS eating Muffins, which suggested Tender Thoughts to a Mortally-Wounded Bandit Chief exhorting his Comrades to return to an honest living in the Morning, when they could take a Love-Token and go in for Measuring Hops in a Kentish Garden with My Great Grandmother.

Of course this New Game of Catalogues is endless, and can be played by any number. The best story to win the prize.



No. 809. The Menagerie afloat. John Brett, A.



A SHY AT THE STICKS.

PROPRIETOR. "FIRE AWAY, GENTLEMEN—FIRE AWAY!!!"



GRIGSBY GIVES UP LAW AND BECOMES A WINE-MERCHANT.

SCENE—His West End Office.

Grigsby. "WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT, POMPEY?"

Pompey Bedell Junior. "WITH THE GOVERNOR."

Grigsby. "DON'T TOUCH HIS CHAMPAGNE, OLD MAN! I WARN YOU!"

Pompey Bedell Junior. "HOW ABOUT THE CLARET?"

Grigsby. "CAN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HIS CLARET. DOESN'T GET IT HERE, YOU KNOW!"

A SHY AT THE STICKS;

OR, POLITICAL KNOCK'EMDOWNS.

Proprietor (ironically). Play up, Gents! Play up, Gents!

Small Boy (cockily). Oh, never you fear!

We mean having the lot.

Assistant (aside). You may find 'em come dear.

Proprietor. All serene, noble Sportsmen, lots more in the sack!

First Noble Sportsman (to Second ditto). STAFF, you do not play hard enough. Look at me! Whack!!!

[Shies big stick furiously, and misses.

Second Noble Sportsman (blindly). Ah! you see those hot shots

are so likely to miss;

Just a delicate tip in my style. Look at this!

[Sends in a gentle underhand, and misses.

First Noble Sportsman (sardonically). Your curly ones don't always pay, my dear chap.

Small Boy (scornfully). What a pair of old crones! Ah! I'll show 'em. Ker-slap!

[Shies smartly, and knocks over a cocoa-nut.

Hooray! That's your style! Had their eye on that one

For no end of a time, and I've copped it. What fun!

Other Small Boys in Chorus. Brayvo, little RANDY! You've got one at last.

Second Noble Sportsman (tartly). I say, my dear CREIL, that youngster's too fast.

THREE FISHMONGERS.

THREE Fishmongers looked for a sale down West,
In the heart of the West, when the world's in town,
Each thought of the neighbourhood paying him best
Where the prices go up but never come down;
For fools will pay when they can't buy cheap,
So back to the sea every day goes a heap,
While the Public look on groaning.

Three Stores were set up some miles from the Tower,
And the fish got West all over the town,
And the Middlemen cried, "We're in for a shower,
If this goes on! Why, the price will come down!
For men will dine, and—if they can—cheap,
And the Public seems waking at last from its sleep—
It's so precious tired of groaning!"

Three Bankrupts are showing their empty hands,
And all that they get for their pains is a frown,
And a "Serve you right—why, 'twas your demands
That for years have plundered and starved the town!"
But fools grow wise, and fish can get cheap,
Three halfpence a pound anywhere in the heap,
And the Public has done with its groaning!

POETRY AND PATHOLOGY.—MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL says, "There is no such tonic as DANTE." This opens up a new field for Art-hobbyists. "The Poetic Treatment of Disease" would be a taking title for a paper in the "Transactions of the Omnivagant Society." "DANTE as a tonic" is sweetly suggestive. Equally so would be "TUPPER as a sedative," "BROWNING as an irritant," "TENNYSON as a demulcent," or "OSCAR WILDE as an em—" Well, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM might use the word by mistake for æsthetic.

EPSOM EPIGRAMS.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

"HERE's the straight tip," he cried, and raised his head,
"The Winner could be spotted by a baby.
I never lose." "Why then, my friend," I said,
"Do you look so unconscionably shabby?"

THE LOSER.

He's sick, so he says, of the Season,
And longs to be off, that is queer:
I think I could tell him the reason—
He's not backed a winner this year!

NEXT MORNING.

Oh, my poor head feels a load a
Man can't carry! Bring the soda!
If result is this dyspep—some
Other chap may go to Epsom.

First Noble Sportsman (smilingly). Ah! think so? (Shies again vigorously.) Oh, hang it! It's dropped in the bag.

Assistant (replacing nut). Aha! my fine swell. Won't add that to your swag.

Lor! what duffers they are. Only toilers and spinners
Have strength and sure sight at this game to be winners,
That is,—in the long run.

Proprietor (coolly). Play up, Gents! Play up!

They are all sound and milky ones! (Aside.) Shies like a Krupp,

That black-a-vised fellow. I know him of old.
Not much of an eye though he's dashing and bold.

That tittuppy chap with the pantaloons beard,
Straighter aims, but falls short. Oh, play up! Who's afeard?

Small Boy (vociferously). Play up! Have 'em down!! Shy at everything!!!

First Noble Sportsman. Yes.

If we pelt long enough we shall break him, I guess.

Assistant (aside). Humph! The Gav'nor is taking it easy! All right!

Only,—well, we should show a good balance at night,
Or the game may be crabbed.

Proprietor (confidently). Don't you kick up a fuss,
The more they shy—wildly—the better for us!

SONG FOR THE STABLE.—Horse Chaunting. Would equally apply to a Vocalist with a cold.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

In the Spring the Sporting Prophet once again begins to smile,
 In the Spring the Junior Clerk procures himself another "tile,"
 In the Spring the Willow-wielder thinks again of GRACE and SHAW,
 In the Spring the Spouter's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of "jaw,"
 In the Spring the pail domestic haunts the hall and blocks the stair,
 In the Spring the scrubbing-brush is worn down to its latest hair.
 In the Spring the chivied Briton finds his house a damp Gehenna,
 In the Spring the mind maternal dwells on thoughts of salts and senna.
 In the Spring the blushful maiden sits in sentimental dreams,
 In the Spring the impecunious is aware of shiny seams.
 In the Spring the callow poet tempts again the soft iambic,
 In the Spring e'en the "Times" leader drops into the dithyrambic!

Sensible Advice.

"BUT I am anxious to have a Stake in the country," said a pompous young Politician. "Then go down to the Red Lion at Henley, and order it at once, with broiled Mushrooms and Pommery Sec," said Mr. Punch, "and let me know when it's ready!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 137.



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY,

AS BACKED BY OUR SPORTING ARTIST.

SORTES DERBYANÆ.

PROCURE a Correct Card or list of the horses. Write the name of each horse on a paper billet. Fold the billets up singly, and put them into a hat, as for an ordinary sweep. Shake the hat, shut your eyes, and take out two billets at random with your left hand. Open your peepers; write "heads" on one of the billets and "tails" on the other. Now sky a copper, and if it comes down heads, back the horse named in the billet marked "tails"; but should the coin turn up tails, then put your money on the quadruped indicated by the lot with "heads" inscribed on it.

Before extracting the billets from the hat (some advise you to) throw three pinches of salt over the left shoulder.

The foregoing formula for infallibly spotting the right steed is said to have been derived by tradition from the betting-ring of the Isthmian Games.

WE are sorry to hear our old friend Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM has been suffering from a bad sore throat. But it is to be hoped that the "contingent gargyle to be taken frequently, and the imprecation to be rubbed well in night and morning," as prescribed by her Medical Attendant, will have a beneficial effect.

MODERN TRAVEL EPIGRAMMED.—Hurry, Worry, and Murray.

HOLIDAY PLOTS.

Lord R-and-lph Ch-rch-ll. Think I see my way to inflicting another crushing defeat on Government after Whitsuntide. That decision of House with regard to Income Tax Collectors was a regular knock-down blow for GLADSTONE. Quite wonder he's able to be so cheerful at Hawarden after it. Speaking personally, I should call it not merely a defeat, but a disaster. Strange that CHILDEBS doesn't see it in that light and resign at once. However, the next blow of this sort must finish the Ministry. Have arranged with GORST that he is to move *artful amendment* to Tenants' Compensation Bill—"House considers that Law of Distraint, if treated at all, should be dealt with in a separate measure." This will gain votes of Radicals, who are wild with Government for not abolishing Distress altogether; Whigs, who are glad of any decent excuse for shelving the subject; and Home-Rulers, of course. Don't quite like mixing with latter. Haven't yet subscribed to Parnell Testimonial Fund. Still, they are useful sometimes, and I can chuck 'em over easily when our Party in power. With help of ordinary Opposition, led by their very ordinary leader, STAFFEY, who'll follow me into Lobby like a lamb, as he always does after little speech to show my motion not in the least necessary, believe I can easily beat GLADSTONE! However, if that dodge fails, WOLFE's got another. In Supply, when few Members present, means to move to reduce Deputy-Doorkeeper's salary by ten shillings yearly. Below-Gangway Radicals will be with him to a Professor. Fancy I can finesse a triumph, and then a glorious future opens before me! Impossible for any Ministry to carry on government of a country when defeated on question of salary for a Deputy-Doorkeeper.

Mr. Boanerges Tymoleon Cobden Smith, M.P. Don't care what GLADSTONE thinks of me. Principle before Party, I say. If WOLFE does really propose reduction of Deputy-Doorkeeper's salary, shall certainly vote with him. "Fiat Economy, Ruat GLADSTONE!" Don't relish voting against Government, but what on earth is the good of having principles, if one doesn't assert 'em at most inconve-

nient time? Then there's GORST proposing to deal with Law of Distress in separate Bill. Cordially approve of the idea, though not of GORST. Let's abolish Distress altogether! Distressing, of course, to vote with Fourth Party, but can't be helped.

The Parnellite Member. Down with the Tyrants of the Treasury Bench! CHURCHILL is really quite polite to us, occasionally. Can't we get up debate on recent executions? Don't approve of murder—oh dear, no! Still, should like to worry old MARWOOD a little. HARCOURT bound to defend him. There's WOLFE's Motion about Deputy-Doorkeeper. Rather a nice fellow, I fancy. Found him quite tender when he's been conducting me out of the House on the frequent occasions of my suspension for insulting language. Sorry to do anything to injure Deputy-Doorkeeper's feelings, but principle first, of course! If we can only defeat Government on this *vital point*, perhaps the hated Saxon will give us a Parliament of our own, and come and spend his money among us, too.

The Hon. Trevor Fitzreor. Told to-day by CHARLIE at our Club (the "Exclusive") that GLADSTONE was really intriguing to surrender Egypt to Transvaal Boers! This is dreadful, if true. Always thought GLADSTONE—but no, must really try and remember that I was returned as a good Liberal, or at all events as a good Whig. CHARLIE says Government is going to dish all great estates, by abolishing Law of Distress. Don't know what Law of Distress means. Suppose some of my Constituents do. Wonder what they think about Law of Distress? All I know is that some of 'em are awfully angry at my vote against Affirmation Bill. Wonder if CHARLIE's right when he says Birmingham fellows will have all our estates if I don't vote "the straight ticket"—meaning, for GORST's Amendment. Why not stay away from Division? CHARLIE's just arranged an awfully jolly week—Epsom, yacht to Cherbourg, three days at Paris, and back. Whips will be at me like anything if I go away. Hang the Whips! Hang GLADSTONE too! No, on second thoughts, must try and recollect how good a Liberal I really am. But just one vote can't matter much to Government, can it? No, shall go with CHARLIE, and explain things to my Constituents if Government is defeated. [And, if this sort of thing goes on, it possibly may be.



EXACERBATION.

She (they had quarrelled, and were exchanging back their Love-letters). "I SUPPOSE I NEEDN'T TROUBLE TO RETURN THE LOCKS OF HAIR YOU'VE SENT ME!"

[But he'd no "sense of humour" !]

THE PRINCES AMONG THE FISHMONGERS.

THE dream of my early youth, the one fond ope of my blooming manhood, and the principle hobbeet of my full blown wigerous egzistence is accomplisht, and I have had the crowning glory of waiting upon all the Royal Princes of the British Crown at one time !

Ah ! that was a Bankwet that was ! I have often and often had the question put to me by elustreous forreners and strangers of distinkshun, which was the principle Guild in the hole City of London ? and I have declined to anser the question for fear of giving a fence, but after last Saterdag's show up in the way of Princes and Dooks and Markisses and Embassadors and setterer, I hessitates no longer but at wunce gives the Parm Tree to the honest Fishmongers.

The Prince of WHALES is sumbody I suppose, speshally among Fishmongers, and his three Royal Brothers is somebody I suppose, let alone his Uncle and his Nevvy and his Cousin, and they was all there. And then comes the pint as fills me with wonder and admirashun. Who was it as presided over the whole Royal and distingwished compny, a Royal Prince, a nobel Dook, a honerary Markis ? no, but plane Mr. HAMDEN. And who is plane Mr. HAMDEN ? Why, a meer umbel Citizen, like myself, who has to get his own living, like myself, and

who is proud of the fac, like myself. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN can't say, with his Brummagem sneer, that he toils not neither does he spin, for he does both, if not aeshally yet allegollically. And yet he has to play the host to such a lot of Royal Princes as 'ud make a lot of hungry raddikles go down on their knees even to look at. And then to hear the honest pride with which the Prince of WALES and his Royal Brethren boasted of being Fishmongers. And I declare it amost drew tears to my eyes when the poor Dook of CAMBRIDGE asked so perthetically why he had been left like a fish out of water, and not honoured like his Royal Cuzzens. I think I may ventur to prosefy that his Royal lghness won't have to wait long.

I don't suppose as nobody never thought as the Fishy Exhebishun could possibly fail, but when H.R.H. drunk success to it in a glass of 1820 Sherry, of course that success was insured. I took care to have a glass out of H.R.H.'s bottle after he left, and it suttently was as fine a glass of Sherry as even I ever tasted, though it was growed before ever H.R.H. or me was borne.

I have often noticed as Revrend Gentlemen injoys a good dinner and likes a bit of fun as well as a Common Councilman himself. Why even a Bishop has his little joke sum-times on these intresting ocashuns. But I couldn't help thinking as Mr. LOWELL was rather a drawing the broad arrow wen he said as how he wunce caught a fish in Ameriky as cost three dollars a inch ! I should like to be a patient angler in that River myself.

H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBORO would of course as a Royal Prince scorn to say nothink as wasn't strickly true, but he suttently took the breath away from a good many of us Waiters, as well as from a good many other of the principle guests, when he told us that in Horsetria, insted of the farmers having the same rowtation of crops as they has here, they aeshally grows one year Oats, and the nex year Tummets, and the nex year Fish. Ah that must be summut like a Crop that must ; speshally as sum of the Fish is 6 foot long. I think of the two this rayther beat the Story of the Revrend Minister from Ameriky. H.R.H. the Duke of CONNOUGHT gave the toast of the evening namely the LORD MARE and Copperashun, and the LORD MARE made the German Ambassider quite start on his chair, tho he is 6 foot 3 high, by telling em all as he and the Copperashun together had spent three millions of golden suvereigns in building Markets, and yet people wasn't satisfied.

BROWN said as his hart was in his mouth for fear as any of the Royal Princes should drop a nintabout the rayther scrowged condishun of triumfant Billingsgate, but I had no such fear. If our Princes ain't Gentlemen, I should like to know who is, and if a Waiter don't know a gentleman when he sees him, I should like to know who does, and one trew Gentleman never makes another trew gentleman uncomfetable.

For pictureesk effect and hartistic merit, I never seed anythink like the gorgeous row of Royal Gentlemen behind the Princes' cheers. It was reelly sumthink amost sublime. I don't mind confessing that for wunce I was jest a little bit envious, but it was only for a moment. Who nose what awful resposnibility rests on their broad eppauletted shoulders ! ROBERT.

THE SULTAN has not got a bet this year on the Derby, as the only information he can get is from the False Prophet, who has Soudanly turned up again for the Racing Season.

HEARD ON THE HILL.

Dick. What'll win? Why, it is all hover, bar the shouting.

'Arry. Lor, now! and how do you know that?

Dick. 'Ow do I know that?—why, from reliable information; that's 'ow I knows that. A cove wot's in the swim, and ought to know his way about, seeing he has been fined at Bow Street for assaulting the Police, 'e 'eard Lord FALMOUTH say to HARCHER, "I'll stand you the best dinner that money can procure, if you gets his 'ead in front." So 'ere goes my money on *Gallihard*."

'Arry. And mine. Lor, what a lot you know! You weren't born yesterday!

First Sporting Prophet. What have you gone for, old man?

Second Sporting Prophet. *Beau Brummel* and *Ladislás*. And you?

First Sporting Prophet. *Galliard* and *The Prince*.

Second Sporting Prophet. Ah! And backed them?

First Sporting Prophet. Me! No; I have got a pile on *Splendor*. What do you fancy yourself?

Second Sporting Prophet. *Hamako* carries my money.

Our Cheerful Punter. What have you done, CHARLIE?

Charles his Friend. Backed every beast in the race.

Our Cheerful Punter. What will do you most good?

Charles his Friend. Nothing will do me any good. Whatever horse wins, I must lose.

Green. Here is my ticket. I want £7 10s.

Brown of Sheffield. You want £7 10s. Vell, I 'opes as 'ow you'll git it. But you have no chance 'ere; so out.

Green. But I made the bet with you.

Brown of Sheffield. I loathes a thief, but I 'ate a liar. Let's see your ticket. There it is, in nice small pieces. Now, you 'ook, before I send for the Police. Look 'ere, this hinnocent cove has been trying a ramp on!

Crowd. Welshe! Kill him! Welshe!

Green. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, you are pulling me to pieces! I must really protest. Please do not knock my hat over my head like that. I do wish you would not tear my clothes to ribands. They are the best suit I have. Oh! who has been ungentelemanly enough to break my nose and front teeth? Help! Murder! Police!

Confidential Friend. Is it all right?

Upright and Honest Jockey. We ain't trying a yard to-day.

Sportsman. How did you come down, old Chappie?

Masher. Don't know, don't care!

Sportsman. But you must know whether you came down by the road or rail.

Masher. But I don't. Awful jolly. Heapsh of Boy, cap'al party. 'Ave drink? Where are we? Letsh go and see horshe come out of stage-door!

Introduced. Oh, I say, you know that capital fellow you introduced me to. I have backed *The Prince* with him.

Introducer. I don't think you were wise to do that.

Introduced. But you said he was all right.

Introducer. Well, as all right as anybody is nowadays.

Introduced. How do you mean?

Introducer. Well, he'll worry you like mad for the money if you lose, and he is certain not to settle if you win.

First Unknown. What, you here?

Second Unknown. Hush! I am in London, on business connected with the parish.

First Unknown. Ah, I am at a May meeting. But what's the matter?

Second Unknown. I thought I saw my Curate over there.

First Gilded Youth. What are you standing?

Second Gilded Youth. *Ladislás*.

First Gilded Youth. What price?

Second Gilded Youth. Don't know.

First Gilded Youth. What, didn't you go in the Ring yourself?

Second Gilded Youth. I go in the Ring! Do you think I would go in the Ring? Why, I took the knock last Houghton.

Simple-minded Individual. There, you fellows, while you've been gadding about, I have arranged the sweep beautifully. You've got a blank, JONES; so you have, BROWN; you've got *Prince Maurice*, SMITH; you've got *Hamako*, ROBINSON; you've got *Tyndrum*, JACKSON; you've got *Newfield*, THOMPSON. I have drawn *The Prince*, *Ladislás*, *Galliard*, and the Field. Hadn't we better have lunch?

Disconsolate Plunger. Hang the horses! Well, it's got to come out of somebody's pocket, if a church has got to be robbed. I don't care.

"THE BELLS."

A Reminiscence of the Revival of May 12, 1883.

ACT I.

THE snow lies on the hill-side, and the travellers are few. "This very night, long years ago," quoth *Hans*, "the Polish Jew Was murdered." So the gossips talk, and *Mathias* sits there—What is it stops the hand that lifts the glass? What makes him glare? It is because he hears the sound, his endless horror tells, Unheard by other ears than his, the jangling of the Bells!

ACT II.

Annette shall marry *Christian*, a brave and gallant lad; We'll count the girl her dowry out—i'faith it's not so bad; Here's one old coin among the rest—my eyes are glazed and dim—No! No! There's blood upon that piece—the gold that came from him!

Then comes the gay betrothal feast, but mid the music swells, Unheard by other ears than his, the jangling of the Bells!

ACT III.

Sleep soundly, *Mathias*, to-night, in that thou sleep'st alone, And not a soul can hear thy cry, or agonising groan; But oh! the horror of that dream!—the Judges sit for doom, And thou must act in broad daylight the murder done in gloom. They burst the door! What fearsome fate the dying man compels To hear, unheard by other ears, the jangling of the Bells!

And when the Curtain has rung down, and all the play is o'er, The memory of that night, methinks, will live for evermore; We see the Actor's earnest face, his agony supreme, That thrills us through and through, and holds us breathless in the dream.

While in our ears for many a day thereafter certes dwells The tintinnabulation of those well-remembered Bells!

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

THE DERBY.

J. J. retired from business? Nothing of the sort! Laid up in lavender all the Winter—turns out in lavender kids in the Spring. Here he is—slim and trim—light and bright—down to any move you please—up to any time of day you like! Wonderful sight—crowds of people—superb horses—fine carriages—gipsy singers—nigger minstrels—blue veils—false noses—Dutch dolls and knock'emdowns! Shrieking bookmakers—steam roundabouts—three-card trick—thimble-rig—swings—shows—rifle-galleries—free fights and photographers! J. J. all here—all there—all everywhere! Betting in the Ring—lounging in the Paddock—laughing on the Lawn—lunching on the Hill! Lay against the Favourite—back the Favourite—put the pot on outsiders—stand crackers on insiders—lay on the field—roll on the field—dance on the field—bar everything! Lounging and lunching—musing and munching—state of the odds—exhausting, very! What's the odds as long as you're lunching? *Luncheon!* Cold salmon—cold lamb—superb salad—plover's eggs—mayonnaise—champagne! State of the odds unsatisfactory—odds not behaving well—odds pretending to be evens—don't know whether they're odd evens or even odds—can't tell till the numbers are up—can't see numbers when they are up—someone lend me a glass—nonsense, can't drink champagne out of a race-glass—can't focus a tumbler—hooray! Told you so—won in a decanter! Send postage-stamps for "Jingle's Finals," and your fortune's made!

FROM OUR RESERVED-FORCE-STALLER AT THE HAYMARKET.—An enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. BERNHARDT-BEERE says, that the original SARA who played the part was so thin she ought to have been styled *Ill-Fedora*. Certainly our English Artiste has the advantage over SARA in this respect, though of course being always Beere she can never be Stout.

NOA is the name of one of the Chess Champions. He is a lineal descendant from the great Patriot—no, we mean Patriark who invented Chess to wile away the diluvian evenings in the Noa Lightship. He taught his family to play on the square, and to be above-board in all their moves.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she takes a Pint of Stout every day to keep up her Stammerer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

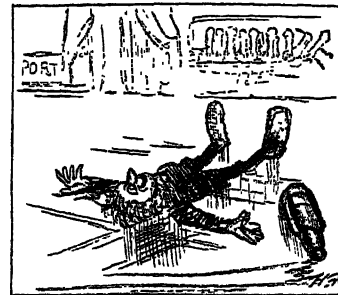
GROSVENOR GALLERY GEMS.



No. 140. The Undecided Bather.
 "Shall I undress and go in?"
 David Carr. D-carrative Art.



No. 156. Stung by Wasps: all of them, except the young Lady who kept her head covered. Mrs. K. G. Hastings. Artist's Name evidently suggested the subject:—"Has stings."



No. 179. "Drunk again!" By Haynes
Williams.



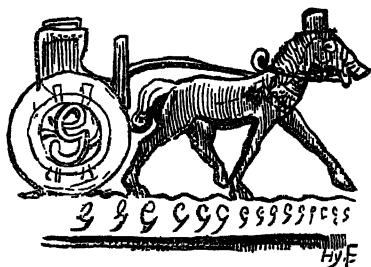
No. 14. Enjoying a Quiet Pipe.
E. Burne-Jones—or She Burn
Tobacco.



No. 42. Deception; or, Trying the Effect of a Moving Wax-work Figure out of Doors. Tread on his toes, and the old Gentleman will move his arm and head. E. F. Brewtnall.



No. 143. Either the jealous Artist going to cut out his rival's work, or the fierce Critic about to cut up somebody's picture. Mrs. John Collier.



No. A. 1. "Carr and Gee Gee"—our own contribution to the collection, dedicated to Mr. Comyns Carr, of the Grosvenor Gallery.

When first we had twelve pennies,
 'Twas on a holiday,
 We went to see the Grosvenor Gr.,
 Intending for to pay.
 But when we had a blooming pass,
 We walked with lightsome spring,
 We said we'll raise
 A hymn of praise—
 To Comyns Carr we'll sing.
 When we asked where's our broad-backed
 Carr,
 The Man at the turnstile bar
 Said, "The Boss of the G.
 Is our Mister C. C."—
 So we bowed to our broad-backed Carr.

is it now? NATHAN late MAY? Ask the Artist, Mrs. JOSE COILLIER.
No. 67. Puzzle Picture by Mr. E. BURNE-JONES. Giantess and melancholy, small, corpse-like people at a wheel. Apparently sym-
metrical of "*Weal and Woe*."

No. 89. *Congestion.* Probably intended as a companion to Sir JOSHUA'S *Resignation.* The Artist has evidently "done a bit of

No. 9. *Youth and Age.*
C. E. HALLÉ. Needn't
stop long at this. *Hallé*
vous en to—

No. 22. *The Postprandial Venus; or, Fair, Fat, and decidedly Forté.*

No. 35. Young Lady in her Velveteens. W. B. RICHMOND. Handsome, but slightly bilious: yet

“ I'd crowns resign
To call her mine
This Lass of RICHMOND ill.”

No. 39. *Portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Portia.*
We compliment Mrs.

LOUISE JOPLING on a capital likeness. But did Miss E. TERRY dress it in scarlet? In black, if we remember aright: so we apostrophise this picture with—

"O ruddier than the TERRY!"

No. 52. "*Late May.*" We were not aware the well-known theatrical costumier of Bow Street had changed his name. What

Artist, Mrs. JOHN COLLIER.
IRNE-JONES. Giantess and
a wheel. Apparently sym-



No. 184. Female Christys rehearsing in the daytime. Corner Women rather sulky. E. Burne-Jones.

stiff." We can't help being Frank with HOLL, when we say it's Holl wrong. "When Holl (O Art!) shall wear a mask, It breaks our own to see"—this by FRANK HOLL. R.A.

No. 139. "*Spring in Brittany.*" We see the river. Where's the spring? H. H. LATHAM.

No. 151. Dressed for an Egyptian Burlesque. Waiting for the Lord Chamberlain's approval. JOHN COLLIER.

No. 154. Old Salt teaching the young idea how to smoke.
J. B. BEIR.

No. 174. *George Henry Lewis, Esq.* Done brown for the first time in his life. By W. B. RICHMOND.

No. 180. *Ernest Hart, Esq.* Painted by Subscription, and Subscription has done it very well. The subscribers won't feel inclined

SCULPTURE.—No. 365. A Portrait Bust! Did it? Pick up the pieces. This is our advice to W. B. RICHMOND.



THE WISH TO PLEASE!

"OH! HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL! BY THE WAY, HOW LOVELY YOU LOOKED AT MY DANCE LAST WEDNESDAY! EVERYBODY WAS ASKING WHO YOU WERE, I ASSURE YOU!"

"I? I—I—I WASN'T THERE! I HAD A BAD COLD AND SORE THROAT, YOU KNOW!"

NOTES BY PLEASMAN X. AT CUMBERLAND GATE.

GLAD to come here on dooty, 'cos, bein' a pote, I can pass the dreemy ours away cumposn songs to MARY HANNE. T'other Constabel come later. 'Ad chat with him, but he ain't no sole for potry, an' as 'is hone MARY HANNE to look out for. 'Is comes from Oxfoot Street: mine I xper from Kumban Plaice. Lots of omnibuses, carts, and cabs. Most of the female sex in a 'urry 'ere, and wants to go on by 'bus. Lots of elderlies as gets frightened and loses themselves, but that ain't nuthin' to me. Nuthin' to do, and t'other Constabel bein' some distance off, can't get no emusin conversation. No nuts worth speakin' of at this time o' year. Keep a look out for MARY HANNE. If you've a hey for the pickchereak, Oxfoot Street's a pretty sight, and Bayswater's another, while the Edgware Road and Kumban Plaice and the Marbel Arch is things of booty as is a joy for ever, but I'd rather see MARY HANNE.

Hallo! while I've been jottin' down these reflekhuns there's a difficulty. A cart's been run into by a 'bus, somebody's been knocked down, there's a ram-jam block in the middle of the road, kored I xper by some carelessness on the part of those as is all comin' out o' five differin' thurroughfares at once. What's a Pleasman to do? Run somebody in, or take somebody's number? Don't know—if they get themselves in a scrape they'd best get out of it. I can't 'elp 'em. Evins 'elps them as 'elps themselves, and you can't 'ave better 'elp than that.

Just as I 'ad got the fust line of a werse to MARY HANNE, sumwun hintrups my hinsperashun, cuss 'im. It's a Inkwestrine on 'Orseback got stuck up and just bein' run into by a Ansom o' one side, a cart o' t'other, a 'bus at his back, and a barrow in front. "Pleasman!" he cries; "ere, why don't you keep the rode clear when you

THE RATIONAL DRESS SHOW.

(By Our Fair Correspondent.)

In the Hall of the Prince is a Show—stuffs and chintzes—
(O Maidens of England, pray list to my song!)
For all there displayed is a warning that Ladies,
In matters of dressing, are terribly wrong!
I thought my new bonnet, with roses upon it,
And tasteful costume, was complete, I confess;
But now I'm reminded my eyes have been blinded
To all the requirements of Rational Dress!

We look at the models—they puzzle our noddles—
Regarding them all with alarm and surprise!
Each artful costumer revives Mrs. BLOOMER,
And often produces an army of guys.
The costume elastic, the dresses gymnastic,
The wonderful suits for the tricycle-ess—
Though skirts be divided, I'm clearly decided,
It isn't my notion of Rational Dress!

See gowns hygienic, and frocks calisthenic,
And dresses quite worthy a modern burlesque;
With garments for walking, and tennis, and talking,
All terribly manful and too trouseresque!
And habits for riding, for skating, or sliding,
With "rational" features they claim to possess;
The thought I can't banish, they're somewhat too
mannish,
And not quite the thing for a Rational Dress!

Note robes there for rinking, and gowns for tea-drinking,
For yachting, for climbing, for cricketing too;
The dresses for boating, the new petticoating,
The tunics in brown and the trousers in blue.
The fabrics for frookings, the shoes and the stockings,
And corsets that ne'er will the figure compress:
But in the whole placeful there's little that's graceful
And girlish enough for a Rational Dress!

'Tis hardy and boyish, not girlish and coyish—
We think, as we stroll round the gaily-dight room—
A masculine coldness, a brusqueness, a boldness,
Appears to pervade all this novel costume!
In ribbons and laces, and feminine graces,
And soft flowing robes, there's a charm more or less—
I don't think I'll venture on dual garmenture,
I fancy my own is the Rational Dress!

FISHING FOR A REPLY.—(From a Correspondent).—
Please, Sir, will the LORD CHANCELLOR take the opportunity offered by the present Fisheries Exhibition to show the Great Seal?

see a Gentleman anorseback comin'?" I says nothin' but looks the other way as if peering into the distint fushur. Let the old Gent cuss and swear, can't stop orl traffick for him. Who's he? He ain't a Pote. He don't come up and say, "Look here, you're a werry hard worked and zellus officer, and here's five bob for you," as the real Swells do at night down in Waterloo Place. No, no—my bismias is to tell foax to "move on," and not to keep a stoppin' traffick because a 'orsman arx me. If he's nervus what's he out ridin' for? Why can't he wait till the rode's clear?

Hallo! blessed if there ain't a 'orse down and a Lady Inkwestrine 'avin' a fit and her groom a callin' out to me and swearink. "Pleasman, here—stop the cart—take up this man—stop this 'bus—he's a runnin' over us!" No—'ow can one poor officer attend to a 'underd things at the same time? Impausible. I've 'eerd of Masterly inakshun. That's me. I looks the other way: I sees nothink: I do nothink: I let my mind wander on to potry and sublime subjeks o' that sort while I'm a waitin' for MARY HANNE as ought to ha' been 'ere a 'our ago, but she isent. Which way will she come? I'm a lookin' out for MARY HANNE, and I says to myself in the words of the Pote which I adaps for the okashun—

I let the crowd wait
Near Kumban Gate,
And no one can get through it,
I'm sent to prevent
An accident,
And this is the way I do it:

I let 'em all mix,
In a regular fix,
They'll get out as best they can,
For the Peeler on guard
Is a wanderin' Bard,
Who's dreamin' of MARY HANNE.

NEW HARNESS FOR THE EGYPTIAN DONKEY.—A Baring-rein.

"TIDDY FOL LOL."



SANDERSON

(Enquire Verse and Chorus, as sung with immense success by Lord W-ls-l-y, accompanied by General Sir Favourite It-b-rls.)

I'm the party that they know, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol,
 Too well at the W.O., Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol;
 And though no one says I'm vain,
 I'm in hopes I've made it plain,
 That I've been to Drury Lane, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol!

Chorus.

I've got some thousands a year, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol;
 I made them at Tel-el-Kebir, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol.
 I was always in the van, and so many risks I ran,—
 That I'm now a Sandwich Man, Tiddy fol lol, Tiddy fol lol!

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

BEFORE the well-earned Knighthood came death's night.
 But honoured names, though with no title dight,
 Live on in Public love's unclouded light.

THE Horse Show Exhibition is *not* another name for the "Gee-Gee"—or Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition.

ATHLETICS FOR THE EAST.

ALTHOUGH Orientals are not generally conspicuous as athletes, it is hoped that, thanks to the initiative of the Prince of WALES and Lord NORTHBROOK, they will henceforth go in freely for the use of the Indian Club.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she thinks that a good effect in a London garden is some Stuff-noses trained in a wall.



A SOLUTION.

Visitor (frequent—Scientific Young Man—he was now trying to explain the Philosophy of Positivism). "I ADMIT THE QUESTION IS ABSTRAUSE AND COMPLIC—"
 She. "WHY NOT 'POP' IT!?" [Tableau.]

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART II.—GASTRONOMIC.

BEFORE the South Kensington Building was opened, the general impression on the mind of the British Public was that, with the unbarring of the portals, would commence a new era for the fish consumer. It was assumed that the Exhibition was to "bring down" the price of salmon, soles, eels, and turbot. The masses were to be regaled for next to nothing on "the harvest of the sea," and epicures were to revel economically on all sorts of rare and expensive piscatorial *entrées*. Unhappily, the pleasant vision was merely a dream, for it is now certain that the typical cheap fishmonger is a delusion, if not a snare.

The seeker for an uncostly Greenwich dinner can at any rate soon find the dining saloons. These are to his left as, after passing the principal entrance, he walks through the gallery devoted to British Sea Fisheries. He must be careful though which department he selects, or he will be maddened with the suggestion of a waiter that he should partake of "the half-crown cold-meat dinner," or enjoy "the unlimited supply of cake," which is the principle feature of the eighteenpenny tea. Say that he finds himself in the proper room, and cheerily asks for the fish dinner.

"Fish dinner, Sir!" exclaims a waiter, in a tone which proves that the suggestion comes upon him with the force of perfect novelty. "Yes, Sir, if you like—but there's ox tail and mock turtle soup, and the beef is in first-rate condition."

"I want neither meat nor soup," replies the greedy and hungry one. "I am here to eat fish—I want a fish dinner."

"Yes, Sir?" interrogatively suggests the waiter, and then, apparently pulling himself together to formulate the required but novel meal, he adds, confidentially, "Tell you what, Sir,—take the 'Maynoo' and choose three 'follers'; that's what you can do, Sir,—choose three 'follers.'"

Thus urged, the would-be diner glances at the bill of fare, and finds that the refreshments are under the direction of a well-known firm of contractors, and that the viands, &c., set down, are those usually found in the programme of a City or West-End Restaurant. The three 'follers' are small dishes of fish—such as brill, salmon, whitebait, and cod. It has been known for a waiter (either under orders, or on his own responsibility) to offer to furnish a fourth 'foller.' The entertainment (as they say at the Theatre) to conclude with Gruyère cheese, and pulled bread. Price three shillings—waiter not included.

But if the fish dinner—so far as its cheapness is concerned—is disappointing, a thousand times more irritating is the Fish Market. At any rate, here the British Public had a right to expect something extremely economical. On entering the Annexe, devoted to the furtherance of piscatorial reform, the visitor is struck with the names of the salesmen. Familiar titles from Cheapside, Bond Street, and the Strand appear on every hand. Seemingly, the Managers of the Exhibition let out the stands in "the Cheap Fish-Market" to the highest bidders. Be this as it may, a very small reduction is effected in West-End prices, and, on the whole, quotations average lower at the Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores. And yet the Public, fondly fancying that they are purchasing fish on exceedingly advantageous terms, flock to the counters and tender their gold and silver in exchange for baskets of the regulation pattern. Towards the evening some of the salesmen shout out such bargains as "six bloaters going for sixpence," much to the interest of an excited crowd of sightseers. The market is strongly suggestive of an ordinary Englishman, in fancy dress, trying to enter into the "spirit of the thing" at a Parisian opera masked ball. In fact, the whole affair is theatrical and unreal. There is also a Foreign Fish Market situated in an out-of-the-way corner in rear of the Aquarium. However, the site of this institution is of no very great importance, for the simple reason that at present the building is used as a lumber room. Altogether, the Committee may be congratulated on performing a miracle. Their market is square in shape, and yet it strongly resembles a ring.

Lastly, before leaving the Exhibition, it is necessary, for the sake of completeness, to refer to the School of Cookery. This excellent institution is situated just beyond the hall devoted to the sixpenny luncheon (said to be very good, but, as a rule, inaccessible without a hand-to-hand fight with thousands of would-be sixpenny-lunchers), and is under the charge of a fatherly-looking individual, who puts you into a place where "you can get a good view of the demonstration" with all the solemnity of a gastronomic pew-opener. The Lady Superintendent wears a neat costume, garnished with a good deal of white muslin, and illustrates her lecture practically. She is very deliberate with her statements, and as she makes a long pause between each of her sentences, the effect is that of extreme jerkiness. The lecture is something like the following:—

Lady Superintendent (smiling). I am now going to fry a slip. (Greedy Man in the audience puts on his spectacles, and stands up.) I take the slip and cover it with some beaten-up eggs. (Old Lady on a front bench seems much surprised.) I beat up the eggs thus. (Beats them up—long pause. Masher makes a mental note of the operation.) Now I paste the slips like this. (Pastes them—long pause—little girl yawns, and is reproved by her mother.) With a paste-brush is the best. (Longer pause—Greedy Man deeply interested.) And I have some bread-crumbs in this bag. They should be sifted freely—(Long pause)—or else they become mouldy. I dip the slips into the bread-crumbs—(Exciting operation—Greedy Man all attention.)—and then I put them into this clarified fat. (Greedy Man becomes so interested that he approaches the table and smells the compound.) It seems a great deal, but it is more economical in the end. (Several Ladies in the audience make notes in their pocket-books.) And when the slips are cooked—(Long pause)—I garnish them with fried parsley. (Long pause.) Here it is. (The Slips are finished, and the Greedy Man gloats over the picture.) And now I think we will grill a mackerel with *maitre d'hôtel* sauce. I take the fish, cut it open, and remove the backbone.

[And the lecture is continued with longer pauses than ever, and to the ever-increasing excitement of the Greedy Gentleman in spectacles.]

And now, having turned aside in the Exhibition for a moment to discuss the material provisions for the body, it is most desirable to return as speedily as possible to a consideration of the ethereal food for the mind; emphatically "the mind," as we are not going to be induced to make the sole joke which is usually served up on such an occasion.

BY AN INTENDING BACHELOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE.—Lots of people will go in for the "B.N.S." ("B. an' S.") degree, if this warm weather develops in June.

A CRY FROM THE SHOP!

WHAT is this they are saying of Commons in Kent as free as the air to the poor we pity?
 With thousands of acres of golden gorse given up at the will of an opulent city?
 Is it true in the blue of the Caterham Vale they have settled a mighty estate for ever
 On the heirs to come of the toiling town, that tyrant force cannot change or sever?
 Have they driven away, with his trowel and hod, the builder of houses they call "genteel,"
 And granted a gift of the fields of God to the women and men who in gratitude kneel
 At the foot of the throne of the great King Lud, who, in regal fashion, without set speeches,
 Has purchased peace for the Epping glades, and solitude given to Burnham Beeches?
 It is well, my Brothers—these things are done, with the aid of wealth, for the good of the—
 Stop!

Just listen! For high above chorus of praise is heard a complaint—'tis a cry from the Shop!

We hear very much of the rich and the poor, of conflict of capital, class against class,
 Of Fashion that saunters in parks at the West, whilst the East may not treasure an acre of
 grass.

When a holiday comes, be it "Derby" or not, just a feast of St. Lubbock when energies sink,
 The philanthropist puts on his sanctified tone, and declares we do nothing but guzzle and
 drink.

It is kindly assumed that the sea and the sky, the woods and the fields with their emerald
 green,

Do not gladden men's eyes at the days as they are, or recall the delights of the days that have
 been.

But we never do hear when the summer-time comes of the women and men who are fettered
 to sorrow

At the tyrannous heels of a bullying trade that is all to-day and has no to-morrow;
 Of the luckless slaves in a land that is free, where the terrible traders never say "Stop!"
 For the sun may shine, and the trees may wave, but hearts they must break with despair in
 the Shop!

We see you pass, when the sultry day has changed to an exquisite afternoon,
 Away from town to pleasure and play, through blossoming May and flowering June;
 We follow your steps as the fancy leads, and hear your merriment down the street,—
 You take our thoughts to the breezes pure, and leave us here in the blinding heat.
 When the traffic outside has a lazy air, and the glaring pavement's hard and gritty,
 When business fades like the goods we sell, and we're left to groan in the lonely City,
 Do you never once think, you women and men who jauntily speed to your parks and pleasure,
 Of the weary souls you have left behind with their tedious tape and tiresome measure?
 Does it never strike any for Charity's sake one coin of thought in our tills to drop,
 That we may be free as our brothers are free, of the toil and the town, of the street and the
 Shop?

It is nothing to us that the gorse is gold, that Epping is free and the Burnham Beeches,
 We care so little that woods are cool, or the river has rest on its dreamy reaches;
 It is only in dreams that the cricketers shout in far-off meadow-lands miles away,
 It is only hope that brings to an end the terrible close of a pitiless day,
 We seize the blinds and we drag them down, to darken the cheat of the blinding sun,
 We face despair when the day begins, and sigh our thanks when the day is done.
 It were better for us if the heaven grew black, and the blue of the sky were clouded o'er,
 Than feel the hush of the silent streets, and see the Sun at the open door;
 Oh! hear us, Brothers and Sisters, too! You have hearts like ours; so in mercy stop,
 And listen a little to those who plead, in suppliant tone, this cry from the Shop!

HARLEQUIN SACRED JACKASS;

OR, THE SLEEPING BUMBLES IN THE WOOD.

THIS old, but not very popular Pantomime, has been revived at the Strand, in the height
 of the London Season, with the success that usually attends the Parochial Drama. The
 audiences have been numerous, if not very select, and the language used occasionally has been
 decidedly unfit for publication. The Opening Scene, called "CHAOS IS COME AGAIN," is a
 marvel of realistic arrangement, and quite worthy of being studied by those Stage Managers
 who are rapidly replacing the scene-painter with the stage-carpenter and bricklayer. The
 ballet of Slumbering Navigators is one of the most dreamy things ever seen out of the Land
 of Lotos-eating, and the calm of the reclining workmen, who lie on their backs, with their
 pipes in their mouths, and their caps half-drawn over their eyes, while the howling traffic
 struggles past them on either side, is perfectly statuesque and supernatural.

The Chairman of the District Board of Works, who fills the arduous rôle of Clown, has
 probably never been equalled since the days of GRIMALDI, and the part of Pantaloon is
 admirably filled by another Member of the Board—a shopkeeper, whose shop is luckily in
 another neighbourhood.

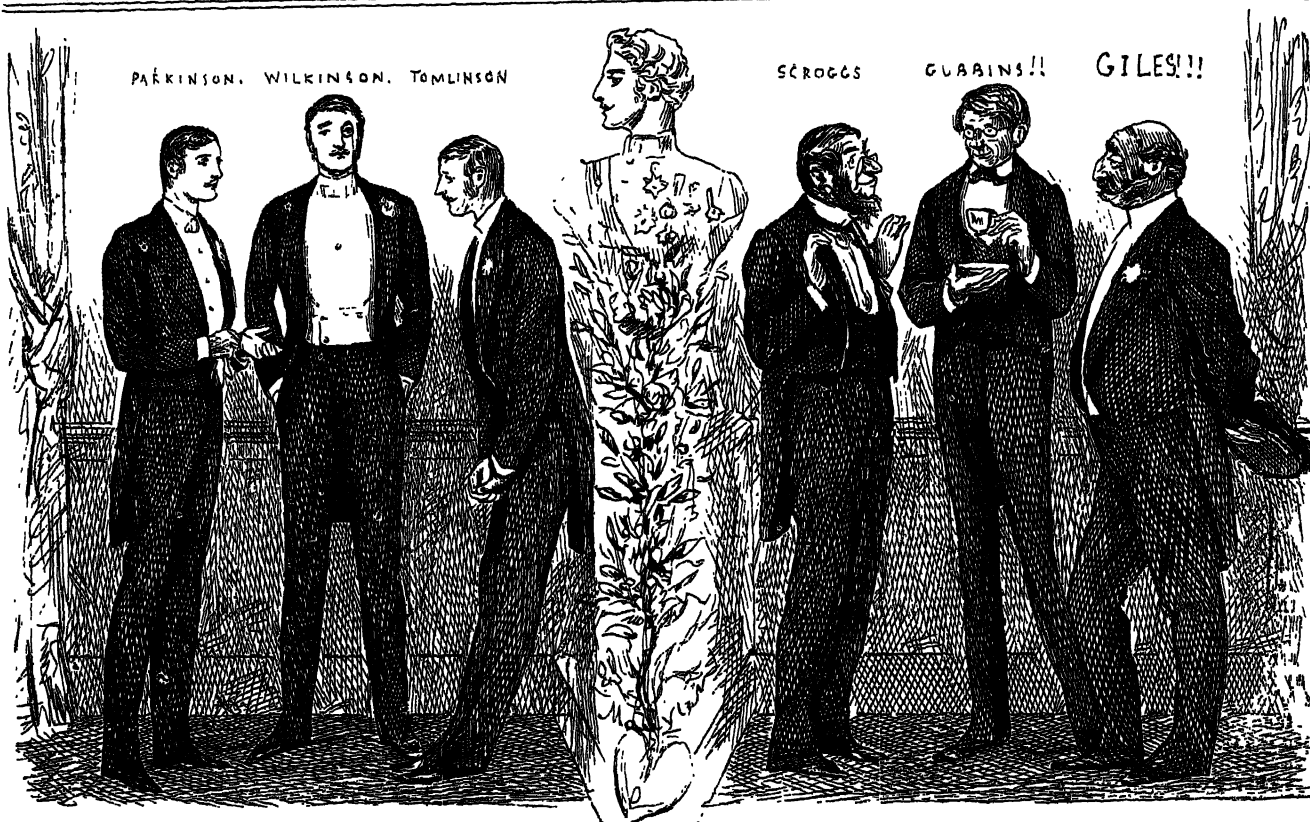
The way the water was suddenly out off from restaurants and theatres—especially from
 theatres, which are supposed to want water to put out incessant fires—was one of the funniest
 things we have seen in the whole range of pantomime.

It is impossible to grasp all the manifold beauties of this performance at one visit, but
 the broad and reckless humour is obvious at a glance. The gentleman who plays the *Demon
 Bumble*—a cheesemonger, whose name is not mentioned in the bills—is adequate in his part,
 and the Chorus of Condemned Ratepayers is a very forcible and dramatic production. The
 piece is sure to run to the end of the Season.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she doesn't often read Magazines, but she must read that Article
 of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's on *The Mantle of Eliza*, which she supposes is about the
 Rational Dress Improvement Show.

A LAY OF MODERN RUSSIA.

CZAR ALEXANDER ROMANOFF,
 By all his Saints he swore
 His Gala Day at Moscow
 Should be delayed no more;
 By all his Saints he swore it,
 And settled it for May,
 And sent his invitations forth,
 To East and West, to South and North,—
 But didn't name the day.
 To every Court in Europe
 The invitation comes,
 And thoughtfully is scanned throughout
 With frequent "Hahs!" and "Hums!"
 Shame on the doubting Monarchs
 Who fear the Kremlin's dome,
 And rather than be blown to bits
 Prefer to stay at home.
 But well the courtly footmen
 Have worked with might and main,
 While flags and incandescent lamps
 Pour in by every train:
 Till for the meanest attic
 The richest Noble strives,
 As just before the CZAR turns up,
 Great G.A.S. arrives.
 And now the splendid pageant
 Bursts on the gaping crowd,
 And in a million savage throats
 Barbaric cheers are loud;
 While through their midst, upon his steed,
 Their CZAR comes prancing by,
 And gives the Nihilistic boast
 For once, at least, the lie!
 Then up speaks, at a distance,
 Great London's mighty Mayor:
 "Well, really now, upon my word,
 I hardly call this fair;
 Here's Kalmucs, and all sorts of chaps;
 Flags, banners, and gold lace!
 Which things,—except at one big show,
 I count most out of place!
 "Yet seeing all this blaze and blare,
 Makes one reflect on fate!
 To institutions, worse the luck,
 A smash comes soon or late;—
 If so, can one die better,
 Than crying, 'What's the odds?'
 While dining like his fathers,
 And yelled at by the gods!
 "Upon my word, this Russian CZAR
 Must feel a bit like me;
 And wonder when the smash will come,
 And when the end will be.
 Perhaps we shouldn't quarrel
 If both our tales were told;
 Our little game is just the same,
 To go on as of old.
 "So let him have his Tartars,
 His flunkies,—ride his horse!
 I'll have my men in armour,
 My Mace, my Tartar Sauce!
 Three cheers then for his Russian show;—
 Be hanged if I will scold!
 The CZAR,—LORD MAYOR, we're just the pair
 To go on as of old!"
 But when the question's opened,
 And men have got the wit
 To calmly solve all problems,
 To see that all things fit;
 When the nations of the future
 All their nobler instincts rouse,
 And the peoples have grown civil
 As the despots make their bows;
 When the gimcrack of mere pageant,
 And the deeper moral gloom
 Have, with rotten things that perish,
 Gone for ever to their doom;
 Half in scorn and half in laughter
 Will the story still be told
 How a CZAR was crowned at Moscow
 Like his ancestors of old!



A CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

SPECIMENS OF THE KIND OF MAN A FAIR MAIDEN IS APT TO TIPTILT HER NOSE AT WHEN SHE'S EIGHTEEN.

SPECIMENS OF THE KIND OF MAN SHE WILL PERHAPS BE ONLY TOO DELIGHTED TO MARRY, WHEN SHE'S THIRTY.

BETWEEN THE TWO MAY BE SEEN A LIKENESS OF THE IDEAL OF HER DREAMS, WHO, YOUNG AS HE IS, HAS ALREADY SURPASSED MR. GLADSTONE, MR. TENNYSON, LORD WOLSELEY, MR. MILLAIS, MR. SANTLEY, MR. IRVING, MR. GRACE, EDWARD HANLON, AND EVERYBODY ELSE IN ALL THEIR RESPECTIVE ACHIEVEMENTS. HIS NAME IS TALBOT CECIL STANLEY DE MONTMORENCY LE VASSASSEUR—AND WE HAVE NEVER MET HIM.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

SCENE—The Parliamentary "Quiet Street." Grand Old Musician at Window with Score of "Liberal Policy." Outside, a charivari of conflicting noises. Enraged Musician loquutur—

ALAS! for my beautiful Symphony, "Liberal Policy"! Hoped to have finished it. Now, of such hopes I the folly see. Harmony? Bah! It evades all my efforts, *plus* GRANVILLE'S. HANDEL might symphonise clanging cacophonous anvils, WAGNER find *motif* for tone-poems e'en in tornadoes, But to blend Phidian friezes and stiff High-Art dados Were but the simplest of tasks as compared with the labour Of working out harmony *here*! Just as well be the neighbour Of stithy-swart Vulcan, as live midst this loud *charivari* And try to make music; noctivagant howlings of 'ARRY Are sweet to the gr-r-r of that vile monkey-organ of RANDY'S! By Jove, *how* he grinds! Oh! of all duodecimo dandies That ever played *gamin* and grinder, he is the most teasing, And look at his monkey—how like him!—it's jumping and seizing The hair—what there is—of that broad, burly, blatant big-drummer. Bang! Bang! Oh, my ears! Ah, that horrible noisy new-comer From Leatherdom's city has wrought me more harm than my foes have;

I like, I defend him? If ever my eyes, ears, and nose have Sustained keen offence, 'tis from BRADLAUGH there bumping and booming

As though he delighted my score to destruction in dooming. And then that huge organ, like some mad piano-fiend thumping, With which STAFF and CECIL the country are scouring and stumping! The shine of it! Rum-te-tum-rantara!! *Forte!!! Crescendo!!!!* With never a *p.p.* or delicate *diminuendo*. No sweetness of phrasing, no fineness of touch! It's just maddening! CECIL would slay St. Cecilia's self; but it's saddening STAFFY to see at such work; he does look half ashamed of it, Tired of the row and the rowdiness scarce to be named of it.

Then look at LAWSON there, thumbing his "musical glasses." Musical! Shrieky as brayings of heel-lifting asses, All out of tune, out of time, like cracked bells in a steeple, Swears he's my friend and admirer, too—he, of all people! Hasn't a notion of harmony; will play a solo Always in crotchets. Good gracious! Can't even play Polo Without some *ensemble*. Political Symphonies? Bless us! While this row goes on? Ah! I feel that the garment of Nessus, Spite-poisoned, enwraps me. And yet what a programme I gave them! My choir! If they won't follow me, *who* from chaos shall save them? Noise! Noise! From the foe we expect it, they think it their duty; But shindy on *our* side means smash. *Tutti, Gentlemen! tutti!*

WHAT was our Tip last week for the Derby? 'Those who rightly interpreted our Fancy Portrait, drawn by the Artist who backed the horse and gave us the correct tip of his tail, must have made a fortune. Wasn't he represented as "going like blazes"?—and who, accustomed to interpret oracles, wouldn't at once have read it "Going like St. Blaise is," eh? We don't charge commission, but, when Gentlemen have made a considerable profit, we expect them to remember the prophet who made them the *millionnaires* they now are. Nod and a wink to Dark Horse.

LOYALTY SAIRLY TRIED.—Her Gracious MAJESTY kept her own birthday very much to herself by going "book agen" to Scotland, which was not one of the Happy Returns of the Day, especially as—

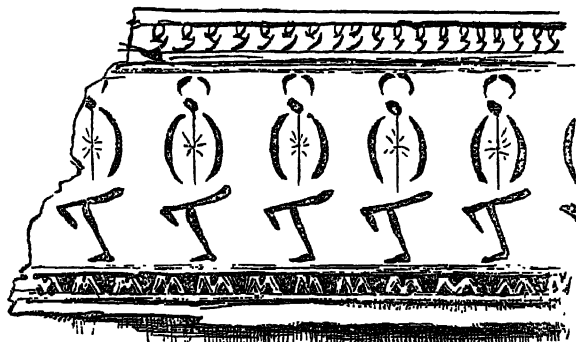
The Provost and Baillies of Aberdeen Were not permitted to see the QUEEN.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.—The punishment for the thoroughfare obstructionists who caused the block in the Strand should be the Block on Tower Hill.



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION!

WHICH WILL HE CHOOSE?



DESIGN FOR NEW WALL DECORATIVE PAPER, TO BE CALLED THE
"PAPIER MASHER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.—Business resumed to-day after Whitsun recess. Many of our young men, including our Grand Old One, absent.

Telegram from RANDOLPH, dated "Clonnabally, Co. Antrim, Monday. Shan't be in House till Thursday. Here making inquiries into case mentioned by JOSEPH GILLIS as to Adjutant who drew forage allowance for imaginary horse. Most important. JOSEPH not accurate in details, but quite enough to damage Government. Fancy we shall turn them out this time. Could have been back to-day, but since GLADSTONE stays till Thursday, think GORST will be able to manage, and keep in order STAFFY and H. W. SMITH—or is it 'W. H.'?" Indefatigable young man, RANDOLPH. Always at his country's call.

Spent drowsy evening on Civil Service Estimates. GORST did his best to make up for RANDOLPH; but a little heavy and monotonous. His tactics consist chiefly of going out for an hour or so, coming back, noting who is absent from Treasury Bench, then, when culprit returns, dropping down upon him; or if he prolongs absence, gets up and wants to know how votes for furniture in Law Courts are to be taken in absence of Secretary of State for War, or why the President of the Board of Trade should be absent at a time when Committee are asked to vote salary for the Charwoman at the Admiralty?

Little of this goes a long way, and we had a good deal of it a fortnight back when GORST protested against discussing the Transvaal affairs in absence of Attorney-General for Ireland.

"Worst of man with a flux of speech and dearth of ideas is that when he gets hold of what he thinks is a point he bores people to death with it." So HARCOURT says, and don't know anyone of more judicial mind.

JOSEPH GILLIS in great form. Doubts very much whether the Patents Bill will get through this Session, and is highly sarcastic on frescoes.

"When I was in *Parry*," he says, unflinchingly facing recollections that some might think painful, "I took my *dejeuner* occasionally *ally fresky* in the *Boy*. But there you got something to eat and drink. These here freskies for a wall I don't hold with, and if Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON wants to do 'em, let him do 'em at his own expense." *Business done.*—Voted Supply.

Tuesday.—House in pretty cheerful mood to-night. Arranged for Count Out before dinner, and whole holiday for to-morrow. Gloom of Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart. in strong contrast to general hilarity.

"TOBY," said the unfortunate Nobleman, whom I found languishing in arm-chair in Library, "what makes me unhappy is that now, as I sit here, I recall quite easily all the good things I was going to say in moving the Adjournment. CHAPLIN would have been nowhere. LOWTHER would have been lost, and DICK POWER not in it. Meant to show them that if a Scotchman can't readily take in joke, he can turn 'em out without apparent effort. But got into such a terrible funk when found myself on my legs. All the jokes got mixed up. Afraid that would happen when took ARTHUR BALFOUR's advice. Left my own place, and spoke from RANDOLPH's. 'Elijah's mantle, you know,' BALFOUR said. 'You stand there, and you won't feel bashful.' But think strange place even made me worse. Had uncomfortable sense that House could see my boots. Nothing matter with them, doncha know, but when I speak from usual place, have a bench before me. Hides a bit of you, and you can lean on back if you feel ill. Speaking from RANDOLPH's seat, one is in full view of House. Makes fellow feel queer. Wish I'd had nothing to do with it. Must get a Welshman next time."

"Yes," I say, touched by unhappy Nobleman's despair; "we'll get MORGAN LLOYD next year, then your failure will be forgotten." On the whole, not a very lively business. Oddest men appeared in what was expected to be funniment. "Like tragedy-men coming forward when the call-boy summons the comedians," said Mr. LABOUCHERE, who knows something about theatres. When Sir EDWARD COLEBROOK rose, House positively gasped, then contumeliously roared. The storm grew higher when red face and round body of JAMES HOWARD discovered below the Gangway.

"Highly irregular this," said STUART-WORTLEY. "It's like the sun rising in the middle of the night."

HOWARD not at all unlike comic pictures of the sun, as he stands below the Gangway with full broad face shining on uproarious crowd. Apparently nothing particular to say, and after struggling with clouds of displeasure, finally suffered eclipse, and solar system resumes ordinary conditions. *Business done.*—House decided by 185 votes against 85 to go to the Derby.

Thursday.—Great eruption of white hats and light clothing to-day. Mr. MONK a little out of it. For many Sessions, so Mr. DILLWYN tells me, he used to be the harbinger of summer. Possessed suit of clothes of dusty miller order with white hat to match. One day whilst House was engaged on Questions or Notices, MONK would enter arrayed in these garments. Then House knew summer was at hand, and Members going home hunted up their white hats and light clothing. "Just like Gentlemen who live in the country write to the *Times* when they see first swallow or hear the cuckoo, so," DILLWYN says, "we knew when summer was at hand by seeing MONK come in as though he had passed through a flour-mill on the way."

To-day summer burst upon us without re-appearance of swallow or warning note of cuckoo. Troubled with approaching disfranchisement of Gloucester, or from some other cause—"Perhaps," Mr. BARRAN says, "the suit's worn out. Can't have come from first-class firm"—MONK *manque*, and here we are in midsummer.

"Yes, TOBY, dear boy," says RANDOLPH, "and the dog-days are at hand when some people are muzzled."

One or two men laugh, sure I don't know what at.

Warlike night in Committee of Supply. Militia out, and the Yeomanry Cavalry paraded. Earl PERCY on the war-path. Imposing appearance.

"Must admit," says Mr. LABOUCHERE, "that blood tells. 'The Persé owt of Northumberland' is the same in the Victorian age as in the time of HENRY THE SIXTH. Never see PERCY without thinking of Chevy Chase."

And he certainly looked warlike as he squared his shoulders, set his feet firmly on the floor, waved his muscular arm, and in those deep, stentorian tones so familiar on the parade-ground of the Alnwick Artillery Volunteers, instructed Lord HARTINGTON on his duties in relation to the Militia.

"Yes. I've got my eye on PERCY," RANDOLPH said, when I described the thrill his martial bearing and tones always send through me. "When I come in, can't do better than put him in at the War Office. With GORST Lord Chancellor, WOLFE Minister for Foreign Affairs, and BALFOUR Secretary of State for India, I shall have the nucleus of a pretty strong Ministry."

Business done.—Four votes on Army Estimates agreed to.

Friday Night.—Another Count Out. Professor BYRON delivered interesting lecture on Armenia; chiefly useful as giving ASHMEAD BARTLETT opportunity for getting rid of remnant of one of old speeches on Central Asia. Then Dr. LYONS proposed to set forth scheme for regeneration of Ireland "by utilising her abundant but dormant natural resources." Keen eye of JOEY B. saw through it in instant. "If Ireland," says he, "begins to depend upon herself, and to work like Scotland and England do, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF US?" So JOSEPH laid in wait, and counted out Dr. LYONS.

Business done.—None.

THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR!

(*Ingoldsby applied.*)

He warns us in eating, he warns us in drinking,
He warns us in reading and writing and thinking;
He warns us in football, footrace, eight-oar "stroking,"
He warns us in dancing and cigarette-smoking;
He warns us in taking champagne, and canoeing;
He warns us in wearing red socks, and shampooing;
He warns us—of drains—in our snug country quarters;
He warns us—of fever—in mineral waters.
He warns us in—everything mortal may mention.

But—what gives rise

To but little surprise—

Nobody pays him the slightest attention!

EXPLORATION OF GREENLAND.—Fine opportunity for Residential Flats.

MY UNEARNED INCREMENT.

(Ballad by a Betting-Man.)

A LIVING by exertion
Is very hardly won.
It would be my aversion
Suppose it could be done.
I wish that I was thriving
In clover upon rent,
And from estate deriving
The "unearned increment."

No increment, not any,
Sack I of such a kind.
Whene'er I pay a penny,
A decrement I find.
What means to raise a sum by?
No go more money lent,
Must either work, or come by,
Some "unearned increment."

By toiling and by spinning,
No good care I to get;
Brads I go in for winning.
My business is to bet.
True, one must study betting,
To count upon the event;
But that's next best to netting
An "unearned increment."

Why, though I don't like labour,
Commit a folly, still,
By grabbing from my neighbour
His goods against his will?
'Tis safe as well as pleasant
To be a sporting gent,
And play, like me at present,
For "unearned increment."

ANOTHER subject—loyal, of course—for the Prince of WALES to take up—though this does sound as if we were speaking of His Royal Highness as a Policeman,—would be in connection with the Royal College of Music,—“Open Spaces”—for the people. [We can supply a few others when H.R.H. has an hour to spare.]

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 138.



London Illustrated Magazine May 1883.

LORD LANSDOWNE,

IN HIS NEW CANADIAN COSTUME, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO REMAINING FOR SOME TIME OUT IN THE COLD.

TO LORD COLERIDGE.

My dear Chief Justice, you made a mistake last week which I am bound to correct. For once you forgot the rule absolute which should ever be obeyed, of "never giving your reasons for your decisions." You actually explained, and at some considerable length, to Sir H. GIFFARD, what considerations had weighed with you in deciding to grant a rule. This, my dear Chief, was a big mistake. While addressing your Lordship on this subject, I will just add that there has recently been too much "talk" from the Bench, too much of that bidding for that popularity which is the very breath of an Actor's life (I believe your Lordship takes the Chair at the dinner to be given to Mr. HENRY LIVING) but which is incompatible with the dignity of the Bench.

Yours truly,

PUNCH.

Her Majesty's Inspector of Chief Justices, &c., &c.

REVISED VERSION OF SHAKESPEARE.

"A poor player,
Who struts and frets his hour on the stage,
And then—goes into Society."

"REAL JAM."—The traffic at Hamilton Place Improvement Corner; at Cumberland Gate; in Covent Garden; and in the Strand by the Gaiety.

Wellington Statue (log.). "J'y suis, J'y reste!"
Mr. Punch (with riding-whip).
No. J'y up! Move on!

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT WAR.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE Energetic Veteran hurried from Pall Mall, passed through Leicester Square, skirted Covent Garden Market, and stopped at a door under the portico near Drury Lane. It was a small door, and a number of persons of both sexes were hanging listlessly about in its close proximity. The Energetic Veteran pushed his way in, and was stopped by a Polite Official.

"You cannot pass here, Sir," said the doorkeeper, firmly but respectfully.

"But I tell you I must," replied the Energetic Veteran, briskly. "I want to see Mr. —" And he mentioned one of the best-known names in Europe.

"I have no doubt you do, Sir," returned the Official; "but the Governor is extremely busy, and you had better write to him."

"I have written to him," cried the Energetic Veteran; "and see, there is a copy of my letter." And he pointed to a placard, about eighteen feet square, which was adorning an adjacent wall.

"Indeed, Sir!" replied the Polite Official, with increased respect. "Then, if you will give me your card, Sir, possibly the Governor will make an exception in your case. I can but take it to him."

The Energetic Veteran haughtily tossed over a small square of pasteboard, and retired. When the Official returned, he found his visitor contemplating, with the greatest possible admiration, a gigantic poster representing a hand-to-hand encounter between Egyptians and English soldiers, of the most sanguinary description.

"Ah! it does so bring it back to me!" murmured the Energetic Veteran, overcome with emotion. "That officer waving the British flag, and slaughtering half-a-dozen white-coats, might have been meant for myself. Just the sort of thing I used to do, in a leisure moment, when I wasn't wanted to work on the Staff!"

The Polite Official respectfully beckoned the speaker to enter the

building, and together they passed through the door. They traversed dark passages dimly illuminated by wire-globed gas-lights, and ascended narrow staircases overlooking a huge open space with a boarded floor. Then they came to a second door, but this was made of the most costly marquetry, studded with the rarest marbles. The Polite Official ushered in the Energetic Veteran, and retired.

"Pardon me," said a gracefully-rounded figure resting in a tissue-of-gold dressing-gown tastefully trimmed with brilliants, on a sofa whose bullion-cloth and pure golden legs were half hidden by a huge rug made entirely of sable-tails. "Pardon me a moment, until I have given my final instructions to a dozen and a half of my Secretaries."

The Energetic Veteran nodded amiably, and looked round him. The chamber in which he was now seated was certainly gorgeous in the extreme, and strongly reminded him of the most luxurious passages of the *Arabian Nights*. The walls were hung with a material composed of silver thread and precious gems, and all the furniture, except the sofa already mentioned, was made of the rarest porcelain. He himself was resting on a Dresden china chair. Pictures by RAFFAELLE, and Masters nearly as celebrated, were scattered about the apartment in great profusion, waiting to be hung. There was an indescribable air of wealth about the place, which had its effect upon the visitor, although that visitor was not a man easily impressed.

"And now," said the figure on the sofa, who had been called by the Polite Official "the Governor," turning round and making a cigarette out of some Turkish tobacco and a ten-pound note, "What can I do for you?"

"I have an idea!" was the short sharp response.

"Not in the least surprised," smilingly continued the other, as he toyed with a huge pine-apple, and filled a liqueur-glass from a magnum of Chartreuse Verte. "Won't you join me?"

"No, thanks," returned the Energetic Veteran; "I never take anything except at meals, and get all I want from the Vine Club, of



DETRACTION.

The Younger Lady. "OH, AUNT, DID YOU OBSERVE WHAT A BADLY-MADE DRESS MRS. BROWN HAD ON?"
Aunt (who couldn't bear "that woman"). "AH, THAT'S HOW IT WAS IT FITTED HER SO WELL, DEAR—YES!"

which, by the bye, I should like to see you a member," and he handed over a number of circulars.

"I am sure I should be very pleased," replied the Governor, hastily, "but, to tell the truth, I don't think it would be of any use to me. You see, when I want to dine quietly, I generally accept an invitation to a State banquet with the LORD MAYOR. But, you were saying you had an idea?"

"I have got something more for you."

"What, another letter?" returned the other. "Well, thanks, very much; but I think that game is played out. Besides, my Vicar in South Kensington is getting jealous. Not that you don't write capitally. No; when I saw that first despatch of yours—the one you knocked off, you know, just after your arrival in Egypt—I said to myself, 'He shall be on my staff,' and you are!"

"And WILLING approves of me?"

"He is delighted with you, and says that you should join his profession—that with your talent, in his line you would coin money."

"Well, I find my own profession not unlucrative."

"So I told him; but he said you ought to sacrifice Arms to Art. But there, no doubt he will write to you on the subject. And, now, what is your idea?"

"What do you say to a war with the Esquimaux?"

"Not bad," said the Governor, reflectively, "the North Pole, though, has been touched at the Adelphi."

"Not as I should touch it!" cried the Energetic Veteran, with enthusiasm. "I would have real bears and a battle by night, illuminated with the Aurora Borealis."

"Not bad," murmured the Governor. "I don't think that has been done."

"Then BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR—tut, tut!—I should say ALCESTER, but I never can remember the titles of these newly-made Peers—might bombard Copenhagen, as I promised to put him into my next big thing."

"Bombard Copenhagen!—surely that has been done before?"

"Everything has been done before," replied the Energetic Veteran, irritably. "But, there, I have taken a great deal of trouble about it, and if you don't like it, you can leave it. Possibly,

by-and-by, they may want something of the sort at the Princesses', and, if the worst comes to the worst, I can always take it to Astley's."

"Don't be so impulsive," said the Governor. "But do you see your way to a ballet?"

"Of course. I get that by the capture of Russian maidens. Fair Circassians, if you like."

"Yes; that wouldn't be bad."

"Then I shall work in BISMARCK somehow—just to give HARRY JACKSON a new character."

"Yes, he would like that. He is fond of representing historical personages. And couldn't you get in the Coronation of the CZAR? I always try to have something connected with current events."

"Yes, yes," replied the Energetic Veteran, reflectively, "that might do for a Prologue. Well, I am glad that you like the notion. The Duke was rather in favour of an invasion of the Crimea."

"Done years and years ago!"

"So I told him, and suggested, instead, complications with the North-Western Powers and a descent upon Greenland. You see I had you in my eye."

"I will do it!" cried the Governor, suddenly. "I see my way to something really big, and I will do it. I will bill your first despatch all over the place, and the scenery shall be put in hand at once!"

Within six months of the above conversation the world was startled by two great events,—the first, a fresh war in Europe, the second, a new piece at Drury Lane!

New Version.

(Which suggested itself to the Special Diithyrambist of the "Times" on the Night of the Derby.)

As when a mighty people rejoice
 With the penny trumpet and the tooting horn,
 And the tumult of their shindy is borne
 From Kennington Gate, where there's crush and jar,
 To the Special waiting at the "Horns" snug bar.

MY DERBY DAY.

I ALWAYS have a book on the Derby. The amounts are not large, but it enables me to join with an appearance of grave anxiety in the



horsey conversation appropriate to May. It once, however, nearly got me into trouble when in the Witness Box, my naïve confession encouraging a facetious cross-examiner to denounce me as a Black Leg, until the assurance that I never went beyond a few shillings overwhelmed him with as much confusion as a sane man can well feel when dressed up in black stuff and horse-hair. However, upon discovering on Wednesday morning, on making up my book, that, if fortunate, I

should only lose a rifle, but under no circumstances could I possibly win, I determined to avoid the Saturnalia of Epsom, and to spend a quiet day in beautiful Epping Forest. I was induced to adopt this wise resolution from reading Lord SHERRBROOKE'S quotation from MILTON, commencing, "As one who long in populous city pent," which was evidently intended for me who have been pent in a very populous city for about fifty years.

I strolled through the People's beautiful Forest for about four hours in a perfect rapture of enjoyment, but I should venture to make to the Authorities the modest suggestion, to clear away the dirty paper instead of clearing away so many trees. Exhausted by my long stroll, I sought refreshment at a cleanly-looking booth, the property of JOHN SMITH, a name I think I have seen before, and who supplied me with the cup that cheers but not inebriates, with a sufficiency of milk and sugar, for the small charge of one penny. This, with a remarkably sticky Bath bun, constituted my refreshing and economical repast. Returning into the Forest I heard the notes of a cuckoo. Always ready to contribute my share, however small, to the constantly increasing store of human knowledge, I noticed that my cuckoo never called more than eighteen times without pausing to take breath, and that his notes are separated by a fourth. While listening intently to discover these important facts in Natural History, my cuckoo suddenly flew past me, making as much noise as Mr. Bares's first pheasant.

Finding myself now on the bank of the pleasant-looking lake, I was asked if I would have a boat, but as from my earliest days I have always liked to see which way I was going, and as I saw a kindly intimation written up, that all damage must be paid for, I bargained for a boatman as well as a boat, and spent an hour of calm delicious enjoyment.

On landing I discovered a long line of Cocoa-Nuts in tempting array, and their youthful guardian alumbering peacefully. Awakening at my approach, he besought my patronage so earnestly, that I yielded to the extent of one penny, and bringing into play the old yorkers with which in days of yore I used to spread-eagle the wickets of my opponents at cricket, I, quite as much to my own astonishment as the boy's, landed a remarkably fine cocoa-nut, which we ascertained, by violently shaking it, contained a considerable quantity of the peculiar milk which is accounted for in such a variety of ways. Scorning to take advantage of my unexpected success, I nobly returned the fruit to the youthful attendant, who, when he had recovered from his surprise, expressed his gratitude for my unexampled liberality by at once standing on his head.

I strolled away with head erect, and with the consciousness of having at one and the same time evinced remarkable skill and great self-denial. I had previously learned from the young recipient of my bounty, that the average number of "chucks" at Cocoa-Nuts before achieving success is six, and of "shies" at Aunt Sally, four; the form of our female relative's effigy presenting, apparently, a better mark than the nobbly nut that contains the fluid.

In the train from the City I found myself in company with a gentleman of remarkably healthy, if not flushed, appearance, who had just returned from Epsom. He was very communicative, but many of his expressions were peculiar, if not unintelligible. He told me, for instance, that he was down upon his luck, and should have to trouble his Uncle. Upon my venturing to express the opinion that he was fortunate in having so generous a relation to appeal to, he laughed, and said that wasn't at all bad. As the train was about stopping, he shook hands with me very heartily, and made use of these very remarkable words:—"I've enjoyed your society very much; there's a greenness about you that is quite refreshing, so I'll give you just two bits of advice. Never have anything to do with the Turf. They are all scamps alike, and would sell their own fathers to gain their ends. But if you can't resist it, like me, there's only one chance for you, and that is, to Noble the Jockey!"

AN OUTSIDER.

SCENE IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH,

May 21st, 1883.

(How it should have occurred.)

Usher. Mr. Justice HAWKINS will oblige again!

Mr. Justice Hawkins (sings)—

Excuse me, Gents! I am in a flutter,
I've been detained in that gruesome gutter
Called the Strand! Called the Strand! Called the Strand!
Search Europe through you'll find no place full
Of sheer neglect and control disgraceful
Like the Strand! Like the Strand! Like the Strand!
Its state is truly awful! Heigho! Heigho!

'Tis little short

Contempt of Court—

In fact it's most unlawful!

[The entire Court dance round to Symphony, and, much refreshed, proceed to business with renewed energy.]

A VICEROY FOR AFRICA.

"Suppose HER MAJESTY were represented in South Africa by a Viceroy carefully selected, to whom the Governors would report, with whom the Boer Presidents would negotiate, and who would, as regards natives, possess all the authority the Crown and Parliament could give him. Wielding such powers, * * * he would, we conceive, be able to remove, and frequently even to anticipate, difficulties which press severely on the Colonial Office."

Spectator.

As I've just been appointed first Viceroy and Governor-General of the Cape Colony, Natal, Pondoland, Basutoland, Griqualand West, Bechuanaland, and as much of Zululand as we haven't yet given back to CETEWAXO, must buy good map of South Africa at once, and study the numerous interesting (geographical) problems connected with that country. Must also discover, if possible, before starting, who LANGALIBALELE is. Is it the African native appellation for Bishop COLenso? Wonder if FORSTER would put me up to this. He seems to know all about the Bechuanas, and might help a "carefully-selected Viceroy" in acquiring information.

Here I am at Cape Town! Find furious letter from Mayor and chief residents at Durban, asking me why on earth I haven't settled in their Colony instead of here. They say their city has quite five hundred inhabitants, and is nearly as large as any in all South Africa.

Make my first speech. Tell people I already feel "an Afriander to the backbone." People cheer. Don't like the word "Afriander"; too obviously rhymes with "gander." But ought I to make public speeches? Shall telegraph to RUFON, I think, and ask advice.

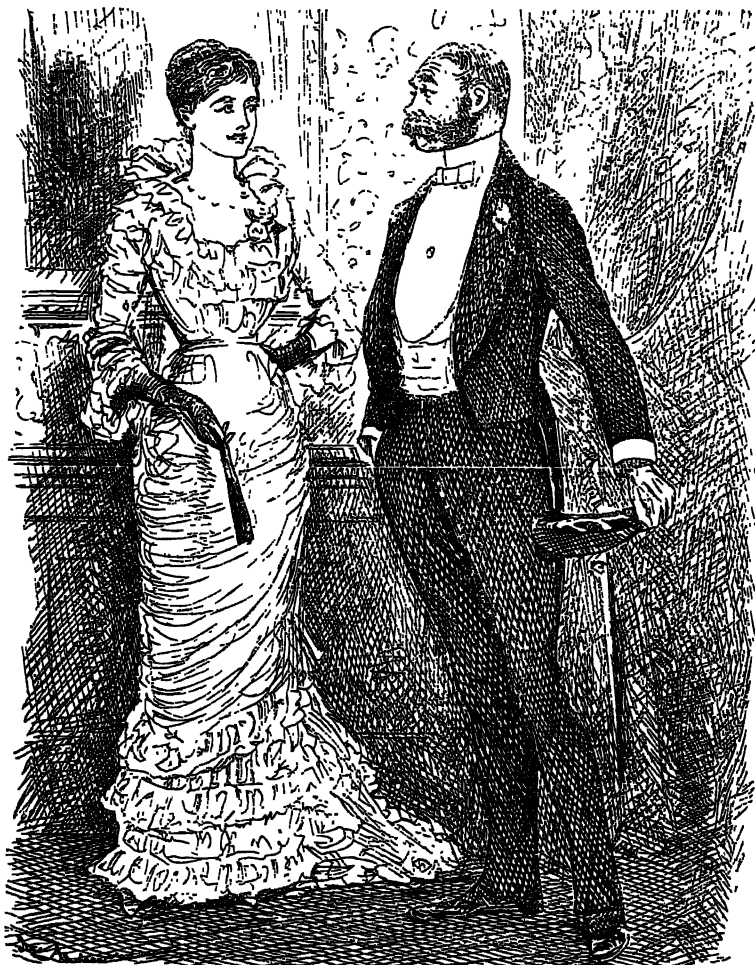
Dutchman in crowd wants to know "my opinion on the Transvaal question." Tell him I haven't formed one yet, but hope to do so in the course of a day or two. Dutchman seems surprised. Another person,—looks like an English clergyman in disguise—says he's a great friend of JOEL and JONATHAN, and would be glad to know if I'm going to let 'em be "eaten up" by LETSIE and MASUPHA? Natural for clergyman in disguise to feel hurt about men called JOEL, or JONATHAN; but why these scriptural names out here? Confuses my geography utterly.

Well, this is really quite aggravating! After several days spent in trying to induce Boers, by diplomatic efforts, to spare the Bechuanas, I now hear that they've taken all their cattle and wives, and added their territory to what they choose to call the "Dutch South African Republic."

Evidently, must follow "consistent policy." For a "supreme referee, on the spot, placed above the strife of parties, is always necessary in such circumstances." Quite feel that I'm necessary. Wonder why poor BATTLE FREERE didn't succeed. But then he was only Governor of the Cape. Now, I am also Governor of Natal, Zululand, Bechuanaland, &c., and also Vice-Suzerain of the Transvaal. So that, of course, makes my position ever so much easier than poor old BATTLE FREERE'S.

Cape Parliament has developed a spirit of its own! Refuses to vote supplies if I send army into Transvaal. Threatening telegrams from Natal, saying that if I don't, they will declare themselves independent of England altogether, and of me, too! This is an undeniably awkward situation. Must temporise.

Happy Thought. Get dear old CETEWAXO to attack Boers. Do so. After a week, hear that he's been completely defeated by the Dutch brutes, and, in consequence, has accepted position of their Suzerain. Cape Parliament is becoming unbearable, Natal has really declared its independence, and the united Dutchmen of Transvaal and Orange Free State are marching on Cape Town! Resign my position, and perform my own "happy despatch" to England, where I can, at all events, give Colonial Office some of the "local knowledge" which it so much needs.



COMPENSATION.

Snobley. "AW—AW—IT MUST BE VERY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU AMERICANS TO BE GOVERNED BY PEOPLE—AW—WHOM YOU WOULDN'T ASK TO DINNER!"

American Belle. "WELL—NOT MORE SO, PERHAPS, THAN FOR YOU IN ENGLAND TO BE GOVERNED BY PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO DINNER!"

THE MAGIC SPECTACLES.

A Peep into a possible Future.

"THE HOME SECRETARY sees democracy only as distorted by Whig spectacles, one of the most powerfully refracting media of the day. . . . Mr. TAYLOR is the true democrat, holding that democracy is the government of the whole people by the whole people, while Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would condemn democracy to the disintegration and disunion which inevitably pave the way for wire-pullers, and at last for tyrants."—*Times*.

PUNCH pops the spectacles across his nose,
As through each magic lens his keen eyes twinkle,
Shadows of eld upon him crowd and close,
He feels a spiritual *Rip Van Winkle*.
Is this the England of the Sage's youth,
This crotchet-ridden realm of topsy-turvy?
That parti-coloured Patch—can it be Truth?
That Liberty, in vestiture strait and sourvy?
The very air's asphyxia to the lungs
Used to the rapture of free inspiration.
This chaos of cramped wills and clanging tongues
Can it be worthy of the name of nation?
Men's mien hath changed, each hath a Janus look,
Each seems to be half tyrant and half truckler.
He'll swell and swagger here, there crouch and crook,
But Freedom, with still eye and steady buckler,
Watching and warding all,—where is *she* shrined?
Pooh—pooh! The old Palladium stands no longer
Midmost the city's citadel. The whine
Of philanthropic cant has proved far stronger
Than manly-fronted and frank-hearted sense.
The one and indivisible birthright, Freedom,

Has been exchanged by babblers dull and dense
For pottage-doles, and every little Edom
Has its own local spoon. The old large, divine
"Thou shalt not" has been narrowed down and
whittled,
At hest of every crotchet-monger's whine,
Until Morality itself's belittled
Into pure priggishness, the sour and tame
Subservience of small souls to little shaakles.
No stalwart champion, with soul of flame,
The many-handed ogre, Humbug, tackles.
Restriction, arbitrary, local, stiff
Cobwebs capriciously man's every action,
Vetoes his draught, and bounds or bans his whiff,
And every little fad-ring, clique, or faction
Has its own happy hunting-ground where it
May harry its opponents, who may harry
Others in turn elsewhere; check-rein and bit
Are on us everywhere. The man who'd marry,
Or buy or sell, or sport, or drink or smoke,
Must choose for each ~~some~~ nook where Local Option
Has not in that regard imposed its yoke
Of noodle-born negation, whose adoption
Jugglers with words and human rights defend
By some freak-formed, chance-gendered, blind
"Majority,"
Which, all oblivious of its righteous end,
Spreads an usurped preposterous authority
O'er the whole field of individual will,
Taste, impulse, fancy, yearning, need, conviction
So that as sequel of some prig-pushed "Bill,"
Blameless desire shall feel the dull constriction
Of Cant's snake foldings everywhere. "This life?
This liberty?" sighs the Sage. Have smart but
flabby
Round Rhodian rhetoricians thus made rife
The rule of this new tyrant small and shabby?
Have Grand—but oft Grandmotherly—Old Men
Nervelessly yielded to the newest fashion
Of mobcap tyranny? The Punchian pen
Must lay effectively a scathing lash on
The backs invertebrate that bend and bow
To the first gush-rush of fanatic folly
As the *Vox populi*. Good faith! I trow
Life will be breezy, rational, most jolly,
When England is a Heptarchy of fads,
A chaos of crass crotchets—when the noodles,
Tories, or Liberals, or roaring Rads,
Change men from freemen into chain-led poodles;
When one *may* spread a pestilence, but not
Unchallenged make the best of Nature's bounties,
When he who'd drink or smoke must scheme and
plot,
And travel into different towns and counties
To dodge the local despot; when the Law
Piecemeal is parcelled out with petty pother,
So that 'tis no high Mentor striking awe,
But a Dame Partlet, full of fuss and bother,
Hanging at each man's heels until he doubt
If he may smile or sneeze without authority,
Or yield to any wish or want without
Special permission from some one "Majority"
Out of a hundred such.

Punch dashes off

The Magic Spectacles with mighty vigour.
But is it matter for mere careless scoff
This dream of Crotchetdom's capricious rigour?
Is life's large freedom to become the prey
Of zealous zanies, shallow, sour, ascetic?
The Glasses may not show the truth to-day,
But there's one question yet,—*are they prophetic?*

The Ministry and the Mint.

It is rumoured that the Cabinet, on consideration, have determined to convert the southern portion of New Guinea into a Crown Colony. It may be hoped that this concession may satisfy the Party of Change, although the New Guinea Crown Colony will be still something under the Old Sovereign.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—It is understood that the Member for Bridport contemplates bringing out a new work on "Modern Parliamentary Procedure." It is to be called *Warton's Complete Wrangler*.

OUR PLEA FOR OPEN SPACES.

The Rhymester, musing in City Slums, indulges in Elegiacs concerning possible Elysia for the City Children.

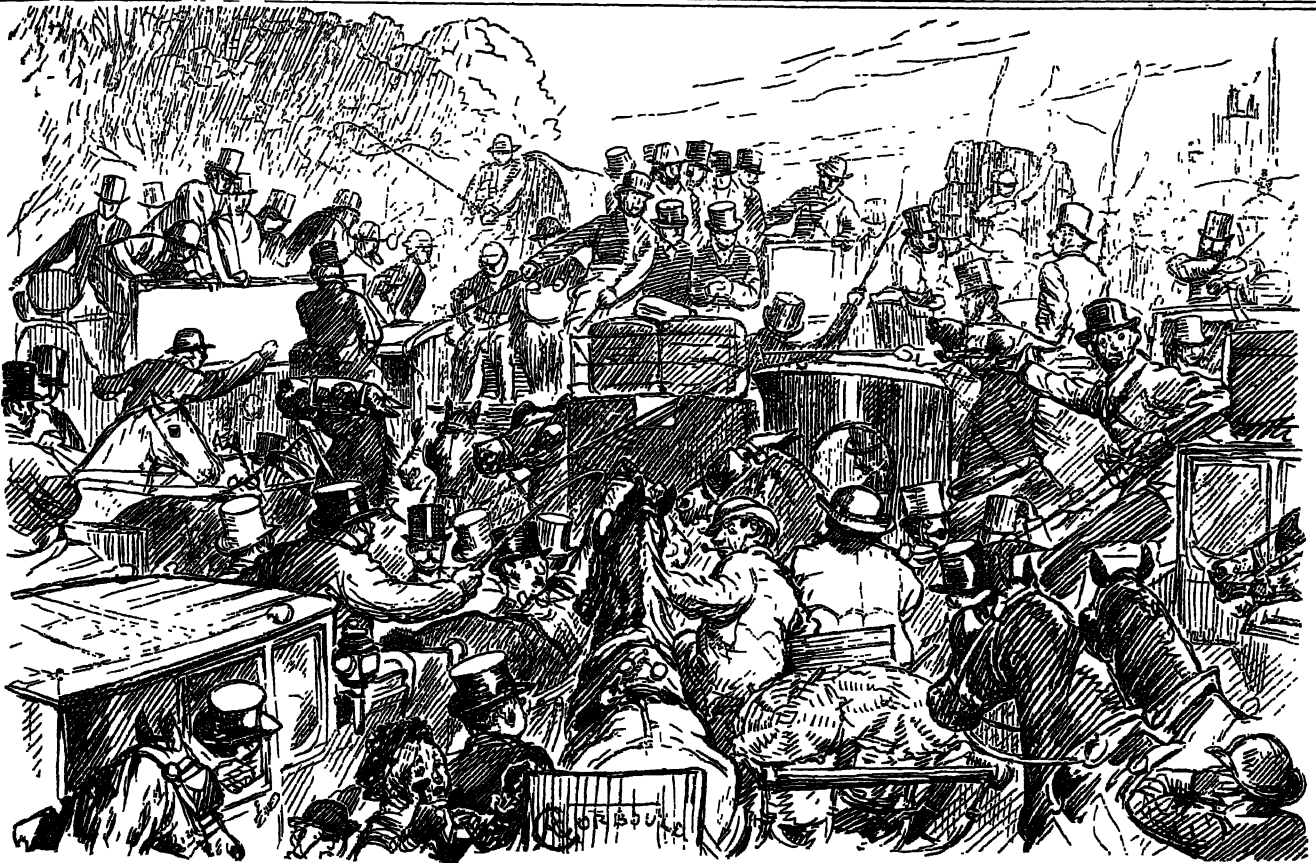
"The value of small open spaces in densely-populated districts, near the homes of working people, is increasingly recognised year by year."
Mrs. Octavia Hill, in the "Times."



"RECOGNISED!" Ay, but by whom? The wise of heart and the kindly!

Scarce by the Kings of Gold, the Lords of the Rail and Mart.
 Little by *Bumble* the bumptious, blundering coldly, blindly,
 On in the olden ways, stolid and tough of heart.

Then, whilst the Springtide burst of rejuvenescent beauty
 Breaks uponholt and hedgerow, quickens the pulse like
 wine,
 Where are the souls will list to the bidding of citizen duty,
 To claims of the City children, considerate ear incline?



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 1.

JUNE. NEAR THE MARBLE ARCH. Puzzle—To FIND THE POLICEMAN.

Spring in the City Slums! A dim and dolorous season
 Breathing nothing of Nature, dead and grey as a ghost,
 Chill, and dingy, and dank; what need any nearer reason
 To urge our hearts and hands to help of the childish host?
 Picture them, pinched and pallid, eager yet hopeless, straining
 Eyes to the barrier'd nook where there's room for ball and rope,
 Where the plague of brick and stucco, on Nature eternally gaining,
 Leaves, for awhile, some corner, object of huckster hope.

Maybe a burial plot, where the dead no more seek resting,
 Lit with a touch of green, else sombre and void and waste;
 Maybe a grassless patch which Trade in its eager questing
 Leaves for a little time unsnatched by its greedy haste,
 Dull, and dirty, and damp, shard-strewn and rubbish-cumbered;
 Yet there is room to breathe, even to romp and run.

Few, and growingly few, are these City waste nooks numbered;
 Shall they be *all* greed-swallowed, or rescued for health and fun?
 Health and joy of the children! What if they, sadly staring
 Saw a vision of Spring break through the grey of the nook,
 A figure of grace and gladness, vesture of verdure wearing,
 Bringing in voice vague echoes of music of bird and brook!
 What if a bright Spring shower of buds and blooms she sprinkled
 Down on the waste before them, there as they cluster and cower,
 Signs of the sunny meadows with shimmering dew-blobs sprinkled,
 Whiff of the nutty hawthorn, scent of the lilac-flower!

Fancy? Verily, yes. Yet that waste might win as verily
 Touch of the soft Spring fingers, sound of the sweet Spring voice.
 There where the children sigh might their laughter echo merrily,
 There in some show of Summer the waifs of the town rejoice.
 Room for such *Rus in urbe* daily hourly narrow,
 Nature nooked into neatness is better than none at all.
 Trim straight walks, smug grass-plots, shrubs, and the chirruping
 sparrows!
 Yes; but space for scampering, scope for the flying ball.

Look to it, Sages, Senators! See to it, souls unsordid,
 Snatch whilst there's aught to snatch ungulped by the gorge of
 Trade,
 Ere each scanty plot is paled, and each little waste patch hoarded,
 And Railways rattle and choke where the children might have played.

MR. PUNCH'S METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT ACTS.

To clear away the Holywell Street block.
 To make a clean sweep of Seven Dials.
 To demolish the block opposite the Criterion, and make a clear
 way to Leicester Square.
 To open out Leicester Square, leaving the Alhambra and the
 Pandora (when opened) Theatres.
 To enlarge the area of Covent Garden Market, and restrict the sale.
 To establish several Flower Markets.
 To establish Fruit and Vegetable Markets.
 To build Restaurants on the Thames Embankment, which could be
 turned into Winter Garden dining-places.
 To open Kensington Gardens to Equestrians, making rides after
 the manner of those in the Bois de Boulogne.
 To erect a central Sea-Water Bathing Establishment.
 To make as many open spaces as possible in the Eastern suburbs.
 To compel all dust-carts, &c., to work between 4 and 7 A.M., and
 then disappear. Coal-carts the same.
 Sub-Tramways everywhere for all heavy waggons.
 Dynamite might be legitimately and safely used to clear the
 atmosphere of fog.
 On every lamp-glass the number of the house facing it.
 The name of each street to be legibly printed at the corner of every
 block, at a certain height, and not sky'd.
 These will do to begin with.

A Sportsman on Rational Dress.

THEY may talk as they like about health, warmth, and grace,
 But he with plain reason is surely a player
 Who solemnly talks of improving the race,
 By making the sex a *non-stayer*!

THE ERRINGTON AFFAIR.—Lord HOUGHTON explained last week
 that "once upon a time" he had gone on an Erring-and-straying-
 ton Roaming Mission. Yes, but that Mission was a regular h'out-
 an'-h'out 'un.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE WESTMINSTER WAX-WORKS.

Monday Night, May 28.—Pleasant to hear Scotch accent again. Since the Herring Brand Question was settled, and the Hypothes Bill passed, don't have fair proportion of it. Began the evening, of course, with Ireland, and threatened to conclude with it. Mr. HARRINGTON, one of the latest gifts from that fruitful isle, has in usual way secured opportunity of making himself a personage, and, naturally, not inclined to let it sleep. Has done everything to qualify himself for prominence. Has been in prison, owns a newspaper, and is always ready to challenge Government to do its worst. Since a paper that no one ever heard of before has been seized by local police in connection with printing of seditious matter, HARRINGTON has been constantly popping up, and demanding to be led out to instant execution. "I am ready for any course the Chief Secretary will take," he says, gloomily, in imitation, *longo intervallo*, of JOHN DILLON.

The course TREVELYAN obviously inclined to take is severely to let him alone, which greatly grieves the dauntless HARRINGTON. Will no one behead him on Tower Hill, hang him from the Clocktower, or at least send him to prison somewhere in the neighbourhood of a good eating-house?

"No one, I regret to say," Mr. LABOUCHERE replies in his incisive tones. "You're a decidedly uninteresting person. Though you have the fluency of an Irishman, you're as dull as a Scotchman, as commonplace as a Welshman, and as unpicturesque as an Englishman."

It was Mr. RAMSAY's voice that was heard at midnight, complaining about subvention of disturnpiked roads. "Not enough!" he cries; so moves rejection of the lot. Consternation on part of Scotch Members.

"A people," says Mr. JAMES LOWTHER, "who are so economical that they go about in kilts to save the cost of trouser-cloth, won't stand it."

Nor did they. Quite a storm burst around the placid head of Mr. RAMSAY. With many a "Hoot, mon!" and "Hech, SANDY!" he was reminded that half a loaf is better than no bread. RAMSAY some time in seeing it; when finally grasped the idea, proposed with great stolidity to withdraw his Motion. But JOSEPH GILLIS had to be reckoned with. Here was a fine chance of harrying the Scots, and wasting a quarter of an hour. So when question put that leave be given to withdraw Motion, J. B. said "No!" and Committee divided.

Pretty to see Mr. RAMSAY walking out to support the Vote he had earlier moved the rejection of, weighed down by consciousness that he had nearly lost £20,000 for Scotland.

Business done.—A few Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—"Didn't see you at our May Meeting at the Foreign Office this morning, COWEN," Sir W. LAWSON said to the gentle JOSEPH of Newcastle.

"May Meeting, do you call it?" said J. C., carefully brushing

the nap of his new silk hat, and adjusting his lavender silk necktie. "Must Meeting is a better name for a gathering where GLADSTONE talks to you Liberals. I'm an Independent Member, who hates Causes of any kind, whether at Newcastle or the Foreign Office. I own no compulsion but that of opposing whatever GLADSTONE may recommend." And, flicking with odour-laden cambric handkerchief a speck of dust from his patent-leather shoes, the Northumbrian daintily picked his way through the throng.

"Most extraordinary man, JOE COWEN," said Sir WILFRED, pensively regarding his retreating figure. "Knows every conspirator in Europe. Has lent money to them all, and regularly pensions thirty-three seedy-looking fellows who, at various times, have knocked him up in the dead of the night, and, cautiously removing their crape masks, whispered in his ear that they had spoken disrespectfully of the Czar, are fleeing for their lives, and have not got a kopeck. Strongly suspect they chiefly come from the East-End, where the Hairy Man, the Sioux Chief, and the Tameless Savage of the Mid-African Jungle are cultivated." Truly JOSEPH has a gentle heart, and an ear always open to human distress.

May Meeting went off very well this morning. Party more united than ever. Everything going to be carried except the Government of London Bill. Thereupon, the brothers LAWRENCE publicly fall into each other's arms. Alderman FOWLER and Sir ANDREW LUSH perform a breakdown. FIFTH fumes. Sir GABRIEL GOLDNEY, whose son is something in the City, tells me Lord Mayor KNIGHT is woefully out up.

"Thought I was going to be the Last of the Lord Mayors," he gloomily confided to the Baronet GABRIEL. "Fact is, had given orders to be painted in act of leaving Mansion House for last time. Great historical picture to be presented to the nation. 'The Last of the Lord Mayors saying Good Night to his Office.' Bound to take portrait off Artist's hands; must alter inscription."

CAVENDISH BENTINCK in high spirits. Seems he holds brief in the Belt Case, and had great triumph to-day.

"They went on reading the Judge's summing-up for days," says he. "L.C.J. took a turn, DENMAN read himself hoarse, and MANISTY lost his voice. Still they went on. Prospect intolerable. Thing might last for a fortnight. Then I volunteered to read. Hadn't been at it half-an-hour when L.C.J. lays his head on the Bench; MANISTY moans; DENMAN droops. Ten minutes later, L.C.J. desperately interposes. Can't stand any more of it. Agree to take rest as read, and I go off in triumph. Pity I was born to be a Minister, TOBY. Would have made my fortune at the Bar."

Business done.—Agricultural Holdings Bill read a Second Time.

Thursday Night.—The remarkable number of recent resignations by Irish Members explained to-night. Been explained before by persons who know everything. Said Land League funds stopped. No more expenses forthcoming; gentlemen resident at Westminster Palace Hotel expected to pay their own bills. But Irish

Members very proud. Rather than do that, give up their seats. That explanation generally accepted. Real fact only now come out. It's The O'KELLY. Very last time GARATT BYRNE was in the House he made mysterious communication to me.

"Did ye ever live in a house with a Tiger, Toby?" says he.

Confess I never had. What was it like? Was it agreeable, or was the excitement too strained, and apprehension of accident too absorbing?

"Well, I have," Mr. BYRNE continued, in pursuit of his own question, "since 1880 that's been my state. All very well for PARNELL to keep a watchdog; but to have a fellow going about with pistols glaring upon you, so that you tremble every time you get up to speak, and never go home without expecting to find 'a friend' waiting for you, is more than I can stand."

Mr. BYRNE's language a little mixed, but evidently disturbed with something, and has since resigned, like half-a-dozen others of the stouter and more peaceful members of the Party. Now The O'KELLY has fixed upon McCOAN, and O'BRIEN has acted the part of a friend. JOSEPH GILLIS, when he heard of the event, called on Mr. McCOAN, and generously laying aside all differences (J. G. once publicly called him a carpet-bagger) offered to conduct negotiations with O'KELLY's friend. But McCOAN, to the infinite disgust of JOSEPH GILLIS, refused overtures. "When I levanted, I came here for a peaceful life," he said. "A man who might have been bowstrung by instructions of the SULTAN, won't stand to be shot at by an Irish Member."

Decided to tell House all about it. House roared with laughter. Only The O'GORMAN MAHON sat stern and silent, with a dark cloud on his massive brow.

"I have lived too long to see this day," the amphibious old warrior murmured. "But, thank Heaven, he's half a Scotchman. The O'KELLY's an honour to us. I'll go and take a drink wid him."

"It's a pity they didn't fight it out!" says DICK POWER.

"They should have had a duel in the dark. Ever heard of one that happened somewhere in the States? Room pitch-dark. Each man clutching a brace of pistols. One, terrible fellow like O'KELLY; other, kind-hearted fellow like McCOAN. Long pause. Each man afraid to make noise lest other fire. Kind-hearted man chiefly afraid of committing murder. At last determines to fire up the chimney, the safest place. Fires. A loud shriek, and down comes the terrible fire-eater. Pity to lose O'KELLY, but duel in dark room would have been very interesting."

J. J. O'Kelly, Esq., M.P., in his Great Duellist Entertainment, adapted from the French.

Sad news to-night. Tragedy comes treading on skirts of broadest Farce. General BURNABY is dead—dead just past his prime. KINGLAKE has a glowing page, telling how at Inkermann BURNABY, then a stripling, charged through the serried masses of the Russians at the head of a handful of the Grenadier Guards, and did much to retrieve the fortunes of the day. In him the Army loses one of its bravest Captains, and the House of Commons the companionship of a loyal and simple-hearted Gentleman.

Business done.—Passed eighteen Votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday Night.—The O'Kelly fizzle went out very mildly. Fire-Eater explains that clauses of Duello Act unfortunately not made compulsory. He offered to shoot McCOAN. McCOAN didn't seem to care about it, and there was end of matter. The O'GORMAN MAHON affected to tears. Sends his "eyard" all round the benches. "Pity the House should be disappointed. Will no one oblige?" No one will, and the Ancient Warrior by Sea and Land stalks forth, making passes at imaginary adversary.

Business done.—Report of Supply.

SENSIBLE SAYING.—Talking of the International Chess Tournament, an acute spectator observed:—"Take care of the Pieces, and the Pawns will take care of themselves."



W. E. G. as the Radicals would wish to see him, "with less choler and a more decided front."



ON A DRAG; OR, HOW THEY LIVE NOW.

Miss Crowndale. Why is it always called "Royal Ascot"?

Mr. Masher (brightly). Because the Royal Family are present.

Miss Crowndale (unanswered). But they go to other Races, and they are not called "Royal."

Mr. Masher (perplexed). No; but then, don't you know, they are not near Windsor Castle. (Triumphantly.) Ascot is; that's why.

Miss Crowndale. I see. How appropriate! Then there are no other Races near Windsor Castle?

Mr. Masher. Not one.

[Remembers the Ray Mead, and inwardly collapses.]

Lady Salford. Do look at that girl on that drag there!

Viscount Gardenia (gazing in the wrong direction). I don't think much of her.

Lady Salford (abruptly). Not there. That's Lady JULIA HERBICK, who will be the ugliest woman in England when her mother dies. The drag to the left. Mrs. WENHAM told me that that's the girl they call "Baby" at the Shakspeare Theatre?

Viscount Gardenia (evasively). I dare say. I have hardly ever seen her, and, besides, they are so very different off the stage.

Lady Salford (spitefully). Of course, when they have taken all their coatings of paint and powder off their faces.

Viscount Gardenia (forgetfully). But, I assure you, she uses hardly any make-up at all.

Lady Salford (like lightning). How do you know?

Viscount Gardenia (coming round to the wind with commendable promptitude). Oh—I have—er—read it in the theatrical papers.

Lady Salford (emphatically). I never study that class of literature. Look at her dress; it is really wonderfully handsome.

Viscount Gardenia (uneasily). These theatrical people have great taste.

Lady Salford (rudely). Rubbish! All the taste in the world won't pay for a dress as expensive as that. I suppose it is the gift of some young idiot.

Viscount Gardenia (with perfect sangfroid). More probably some old one.

Passing Johnnie. GARDY!

Viscount Gardenia. Hullo, old Chappie!

Passing Johnnie. I took you seven monkeys off STEELE. Couldn't get any more. Ta!

Lady Salford. What does that boy mean by seven monkeys of steel?

Viscount Gardenia (wishing himself well out of it). Oh, only his chaff.

Lady Salford. It seems to me very foolish. It is some of the slang of the present day, I suppose. I am so glad, HARRY, you do not indulge in slang, though you do read the theatrical papers. I could not bear to look forward to a son-in-law who was slangy. And you have a character for steadiness which any young man might be proud of. You're far above that sort of thing, I know—(pointing to the "that sort of thing," who, at the moment, is being assisted to champagne, and is pleasantly inquiring "who the antique fossil is, sitting next to our poor old GARDY?") And since you promised my VIOLET to give up betting, don't you feel much happier?

[Viscount GARDENIA wavers between the murder of his future mother-in-law and throwing himself off the top of the coach.]

Mr. Pass. I'm as chippy as can be.

Mr. Encarte. I'd give all GARDY's prospects of married bliss for an honest brandy-and-soda. But that confounded old woman glares at you so, every time you get a glass in your hand, that I nearly fall off with fright.

Mr. Pass. Capital idea, having a cottage down here to be quiet, if we had only gone to bed early, and made a good breakfast. Then we could have battled with the swine. As it is, I feel too frightened to go near the Ring. I must have a drink, or I shall die.

Mr. Encore. Split then! Who, I should like to know, kept us till six this morning?

Mr. Pass. Look at the cards I held, baccarat every time; and, as nobody wanted to go to bed, I thought I might try and get a bit back. Here's luck!

[Drinks.]

(The Royal Hunt Cup is run.)

Miss Crowndale. Oh, how fast the dear pretty horses run!

Miss Masher. I love Ascot; and a pic-nic lunch is such fun!

Young Chappie. Just what he told me in the Stalls the other night. It is always my luck at Ascot.

Lady Salford. Very interesting to jockeys and betting-men, but to my idea very dull. A most overrated place is Ascot.

Viscount Gardenia. There's that monkey; and (wistfully) how they are enjoying themselves over there. I wish I had never come to this miserable Ascot.

Mr. Pass. Now I see Goodwood looming brightly in the distance. Bless Ascot!

Mr. Encarte. This looks like Queer Street on Monday. Hang Ascot! (Hums!)—"She told me to go to Jericho;" and thinks it probable he'll have to pay a visit to that neighbourhood before settling.)



THE NEW CRAZE.

SCENE—*The Green-Room of the Parthenon, before rehearsal.*

Hard-working Baronet. "HERE'S THE DUKE, CONFOUND HIM! ONLY BEEN SIX MONTHS ON THE STAGE, AND GETTING TWENTY GUINEAS A WEEK!"

Conscientious Viscount. "YES! AND US ONLY GETTING SIX AFTER TEN YEARS OF IT. I HATE THESE BEASTLY DUKES, COMING AND SPOILING THE PROFESSION!"

Ambitious Earl. "UGH! I HATE ALL AMATEURS, HANG 'EM, TAKING THE BREAD OUT OF ONE'S MOUTH!"

"SCRATCHED!"

Trainer loquutus—

RATTLING good horse?
Sure not to flinch?
Good for this course?
Stay every inch?
Likely enough!
But—is he fit?
Looks a bit rough.
Bottom and grit
Mayn't pull him through,
If he runs green.
Time shortish too.
What *might* have been
Useless to say.
Not worth explaining
What our big bay
Stopped in his training.
But he *does* look
On the big side.
By hook or crook,
You, if you ride,
Might get him home
With a clear lead.
Doubtful though. Hum!
Pity, indeed!

Looking him over,
One must admire.
What ground he'd cover!
Shaped like his sire.
Pedigree prime,—
Reform out of *Cit.*
Well, lot's o' time;
Best wait a bit!
Win a big race
Yet, there's no doubt;
Plenty of pace,
Speedy and stout.
But think we'll run
"Tother this race,
He'll go like fun,—
Safe for a place.
At the next Meeting
Bring out the Bay.
Take lot's o' beating,
When it's his day.
Wants handling able
Horse o' this type.
Back to the stable,
Not "Cherry Ripe!"

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of excitement was witnessed on the Stock Exchange on Wednesday last on its becoming known that the Government had decided to postpone the London Government Bill. The very valuable Stock issued by the important State of Honduras, whose principal export consists of fine lively Turtle, had fluctuated considerably during the uncertainty that existed in regard to the above Bill, but when it was known that the old Corporation would remain unreformed and unmolested, the price of this valuable security steadily rose, and, after some slight fluctuations, closed at 3-8ths to 5-8ths buyers.

The demand for the fine lively Turtle above alluded to, became so lively at the Leadenhall Dépôt during the course of the day, that it was rumoured that some of the taverns had to resort to the shameful practice of substituting Irish Conger-El until a fresh arrival of the genuine article restored peace and comfort to many a corporation.

Perhaps even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with all his Statesmanlike grasp of his subject, little thought how his rash project of reform would affect the price of so valuable an investment as that of Honduras Bonds.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES dined with his Brother Benchers at the Middle Temple last Wednesday. The Festive Night Templars were ever celebrated for their Hospitality. On reading the list of names, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who made his first appearance here on this occasion, remarked that there were so many "Masters" present, it sounded like a juvenile party without any Misses. For ourselves, we back the Middle Temple against Hampton Court or the National Gallery for possessing the finest Collection of Old Masters in the world. And young 'uns, too.

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.—*Lord Mayor to Czar.* Congratulations! *Czar to Lord Mayor.* Ditto! Wish I were you!



“SCRATCHED.”

W. E. G. (*Trainer*). “TAKE HIM BACK. WE MAY GET HIM ‘FIT’ BY NEXT MEETING, PR’APS; BUT HE AIN’T IN IT THIS TIME!!”

LE CHEMIN DU PARODY POUR TOOLE MONDE.

THE Haymarket *Fedora* could not have a better advertisement than the *Stage-Dora* at Toole's Theatre. To thoroughly appreciate the latter,



Getting into the Swing of it.

it is absolutely necessary to have seen the former. The odd part of it—there are several odd parts, but this is the one *par excellence*—is that a comparatively unknown young Actress, Miss LINDEN, by closely studying Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's performance of *Fedora*, has given us an imitation which recalls SARA BERNHARDT far more vividly than it does Mrs. B. BEERE at the Haymarket. Of course, this only shows what comparatively easy work copying an original is to a painstaking intelligent Artist; and it also shows how cleverly close must have been Mrs. BEERE's reproduction. The faculty of imitation is more or less common,

but to give the imitation that subtle touch of humour which turns a portrait into a caricature is a rare gift.

As to whether a piece like *Fedora* should be an object of travesty, and whether one Actor should give a laughable presentment of another, the Orientals have one perfect word in answer to all such considerations urged by a few "very superior persons," and that is the monosyllable, "Bosh!" Of course, the object of caricature must be very well known to the public, and even generally popular, to give any relish to the humour. Don't we all chuckle at seeing the tricks and manners of our best friends comically imitated? It does not detract from our estimate of a friend's worth to see absurd prominence given to his peculiarities. There is no malice in it, though the mischief-maker of course insinuates that there is. Judicious admirers of Mr. IRVING, for example, will be amused by a genuinely good imitation of their favourite Actor's mannerisms; and it will even add a zest to their enjoyment when they see him again in the part. It is only one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous; and were the Sublime to exaggerate, he would at once render himself Ridiculous. Against the danger of exaggeration the really humorous caricature is a warning.

As to the weak points of the original play, as we have already said in our notice of it, *Fedora* will not stand ten minutes' serious consideration; but it is a proof of SARDOU's genius that he risked everything for the sake of SARA: he kept his eye on SARA, and SARA pulled him through.

That *Loris Ipanoff* should have been totally ignorant of the relations between *Fedora* and *Vladimir* is absurd; but without this improbable hypothesis the play could not go on. Then SARDOU's device is so evident, as to be even clumsy, when at the end of Act II. *Loris* defers his information until the evening; for otherwise we should not have had the situation of danger made by *Gretch* and his police waiting for him in the back garden.

Again, in Act III., when *Fedora* finds she has made a mistake, and that *Loris* is innocent, why can she not step out, or run to *Marka* her maid (who was one of those charged to obey *Gretch* implicitly, and to remain dressed on her bed all night, to be "left till called for"), and tell her to summon *Gretch*, explain the matter to him, send the police away, and let *Loris* go quietly and respectably home to his own lodgings?

And again, as *Fedora* is in confidential communication with the Russian Government, why, when she finds *Loris* is innocent, does she not send a wire to announce the fact, adding "letter to follow"?

In the sixth week of the French Plays at the Gaiety, SARA herself is announced to appear as *Fedora*. Two Richmonds in the field;—but if it is only real July weather, an extra Richmond will be delightful.

Mr. WARDE made a hit as *Jean Bancroft de Siriez*, and Mr. TOOLE looked like the sort of *Vanity Fair* caricature that Signor CARLO PELLEGRINI would make of Mr. COGHLAN. When *Loris* spoke, however, there was no doubt about his identity, and he was J. L. TOOLE and no one else.

As he leaves London for his provincial tour at the end of this month, *Stage-Dora*, or, *Who Killed Cock Robin*—(a better title, if

Miss LINDEN were as diaphanous as SARA of former days, might have been *Ill-Fed Dora*—will have a short life but a merry one in Town. Mr. TOOLE will give her a run in the Country, and bring her up to London again if 't'other *Fedora* is still going on at the Haymarket, of which there seems at present to be every chance.

The New Opera at Covent Garden.—We must defer our illustrated notes of this new work till next week, as our Artist was so upset by the "business" of one of the Acts, where all the people play at being at sea, and swing forwards and backwards in such an unpleasantly suggestive manner, that, being of a delicate organisation, he rose from his seat, staggered along Pop's Alley to the door, nearly fell down the companion, addressed the Stall-keeper as "Steward!" yelled for brandy immediately, and did not turn up again—we use the phrase advisedly—the whole evening. So we were left alone in our glory, to be nearly stunned by the shouting on the stage, and the fortissimo orchestra.

The Opera—in which we ought to take a family interest, as the music is by Signor PONCHINELLO, or PONCHIELLO, to a libretto by one "TOBIA GORRIO"—clearly a sly dog, and a connection of *Toby*—is emphatically a stunner. We fancy it will be popular. The style reminds us of VERDI, and the translation of the libretto is decidedly Wordy. There is plenty of melody in the Opera, but whether it is our kinsman PONCHINELLO's, or not, we, who are perfectly impartial, cannot at a first hearing decide.

The music, generally, struck us as being so far like the name of "SMITH" that we had a sort of recollection of having heard it somewhere before.

The plot is slightly idiotic, and the situations are hackneyed and stagey. Madame DURAND can act as well as sing. The translator of the libretto, instead of giving us a commonplace English prose equivalent, has attempted a little operatic poetry on his own account, to which anyone, when oppressed by the Opera, can gratefully turn. We have only time and space for one extract this week, which shall be the finish; and we ask our readers, who have not yet seen *La Gioconda*, to tell us what kind of an Opera they fancy it is from the specimen which winds up the entire work:—

GIACONDA "stabs herself with the dagger that she had furtively secreted while adorning herself, and falls dead, as if lightning-struck."

"Furtively secreted" is good. If she didn't secrete it furtively, how could she have secreted it all? Openly?

"As if lightning-struck" is terrific as a stage-direction.

Then Barnaba, the villain of the Opera, says, or sings—

"Ah, stay thee! 'tis a jest! Well,
Then, thou shalt hear this,
And die ever damned!"

Why "thee" and "thou" should be used passes our comprehension, as Barnaba most decidedly is not a member of the Society of Friends. But the Translator-Poet loves quakerisms throughout. Then Barnaba,—very bad man, Barnaba,—

"Bending over the corpse of GIACONDA, and screaming furiously into her ear"—

["Screaming furiously" is quite in accordance with the previous style of the Opera]—gives her, dead or not, the following startling information by way of finale:—

"Last night thy mother did offend me:
I have strangled her!
She hears me not!

[With a cry of half-choked rage, rushes down the street.]

Where, let us hope, the Bad Barnaba is collared by a Policeman, and taken before the sitting Doge, or one of the Council of Ten, next morning. But what an ending to a Grand Opera—"Thy mother did offend me." This is a grander way of putting it than merely "offended me," which any ordinary prosier would have written. And "I have strangled her." How simple! how natural! And then off he goes down the street to take a gondola to his lodgings. More of this anon.

THE Gaiety Company have left London for a couple of months, and "The Masher's Occupation's gone!" Late last Saturday night one dejected Masher asked another what town Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's Company was going to first. The "JOHNNIE," who had been attempting to drown care in copious libations, replied, "Don't know which town firsh: rather think Masherster."



Warde is it?

A FESTIVE SALE.

It is not often that such a chance occurs of acquiring a really miscellaneous assemblage of property as that afforded by an individual at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, who advertises this unique collection in the *Western Times*.

Do you want twelve fireproof safes,—here you are, though one, or at most two, would be enough for the majority of people. Do you desire a wrought-iron six-panelled door with bolts and jambs all complete, to put before the safes, we suppose,—here you are. Do you wish for sixty copper furnaces, they are ready for you. Do you long for thirty new and secondhand kitchen-stoves, this generous man will sell them to you. Do you hanker after iron-work for an oven, it is ready for you. Do you look with envy on the possessor of market-traps—here are two, doubtless cheap. Have you long wished for a handsome carriage and two sets of harness, this benefactor of his race has them on sale.

Above all, does your soul yearn for a set of false teeth, as all sympathetic souls do sometimes, here they are advertised by this genuine Philanthropist, and such a great and good man will, we feel certain, be at the trifling expense of making them fit for you.

But that is not all. A *bonne bouche* remains, concerning which we can say nothing, for it speaks for itself. After using the safes, fastening the door, roasting in the furnaces and stoves, driving the traps and carriages, fitting the harness on, and putting in the set of false teeth, the advertiser offers you a secondhand *sau-pit*!

Don't all go to Newton Abbot at once.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 139.



SIR ARCHIBALD LEVIN SMITH.

NOT LEVIN' SMITH, BUT TAKING SMITH AND A.L.-EVATING HIM TO THE BENCH, WHERE HE 'LL REST ON HIS OARS.

Anecdote.—"Is there room for another Judge on the Bench?" asked the PREMIER. "Plenty!" replied the LORD CHANCELLOR. "Give me an inch, and I'll take A. L.—SMITH." And he did.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

(By a Bewildered Bachelor.)

How may one describe the tint Of a dress? The lady in't Doubtless knows it, but what male Shall adventure and not fail? Strike the lyre with thumb or plectrum

On the colours of the spectrum, Violet, Indigo, and Blue, Green, Red, Yellow. Nonsense! Pooh!

Obsolete, you're within no range; But one tint—and that is orange—Lives from the old scale chromatic. Now Pomona's autocratic, Tints are named from ripe or raw berry,

Called "Mashed Raspberry" or "Crushed Strawberry," Damsels' lips delight to dwell on "Faded Plum" or "Withered Melon."

Any Lady you may court Will display a fruity port; And, from bonnets down to boots, Dames are now "known by their fruits."

"WYE is a very small Race Meeting," observed a mild young Sportsman, the other day. "Well—go on with the riddle. I haven't heard it," said an impatient person in the carriage. "Why is a very small meeting—like—like what? eh?" And the mild young Sportsman had to explain.

The Tale of Troy.

Success the Greeks,
At Lady FREAKS'S,
Did one and all obtain.
The *Tale of Troy*
So good, that of
Do hope they'll "Troy again."

TURF ANTICIPATIONS.—Ordering your own tombstone, with a neat epitaph on it.

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART III.—GREAT BRITAIN.

THOSE who peruse the excellent introduction to the bulky shilling catalogue of the great show, by Mr. HERBERT TRENDLELL, cannot but be struck by the lofty object the promoters of the Exhibition seem to have had in view from the incubation of their praiseworthy enterprise. We are told that they wished "to defend the natural wealth of our rivers and seas from the rapacity of greed and the recklessness of pollution, to provide improved harbour accommodation and greater facilities for transport and commerce, to render the meals of the million more palatable, more wholesome, and, at the same time, more economical." "But all these things," they observe, through their eloquent spokesman, "sink into insignificance when compared with the safe-guarding of our fishermen's lives and the improvement of our fishermen's homes." Knowing thus with what philanthropic aspirations the promoters commenced their labours, it is a little disappointing to find the principal and unquestionably most popular exhibit which attracts attention on leaving the grand entrance hall is a case full of salad bowls, fish knives and forks, and crust stands, made chiefly from the claw of the boiled lobster. It is also a trifle unsatisfactory to discover that, in a display so firmly intended to benefit the human race, a box containing a feather cloak, gratefully presented to Lady BRASSEY by some semi-cannibal potentate, has more interest in the eyes of the Public than "Division I., No. 1. A plaited herring-net, made by machinery." Still the British Sea Fishing, which monopolises no less than eighty pages of the Guide, has a certain sort of attractiveness which usually finds vent in the exclamation of a more than usually intellectual visitor of "not half

bad, but which is the way to the band?" Of course, it would be impossible to notice all the many useful little articles displayed in the fifty divisions devoted to Great Britain. However, a few may be picked out for special mention:—

No. 87. "*Steam Life-boat. Constructed not only to save life, but, from its great buoyancy (obtained by many revolving air-tight rollers acting as propellers), will help to support a ship from sinking, and tow same into port. The life-boat contains a large space for salvage, &c., also, when at anchor, would serve as a revolving light-ship.*" Thus far the official catalogue. However, to the thoughtful it must be obvious that this excellent vessel may be applied to many other purposes. With its carriage it could be used as an admirable Brompton and Islington omnibus. Turned upside down, it would make a pleasant hut for a pic-nic party in a storm. Standing on its stern, it could easily be altered into a Punch and Judy Show. And at all times the boiler might be employed in cooking eggs.

No. 111. "*Portable India-rubber Boats.*" Most useful in a sketching expedition. When not employed in assisting at the painting of a water-colour, might be used for rubbing out superfluous pencil-marks.

No. 114. "*Patent Collapsible Boat.*" Capital thing for a practical joke.

No. 169. "*Model of a Well Vessel.*" No doubt, in some future exhibition, a model of the same boat will be shown when not so well—say, when sickening for the measles, or in for the whooping-cough.

No. 186. "*Norfolk Crab Boats.*" Admirably adapted for youngsters learning to row. In these vessels they may catch as many crabs as they please.



“CROSS OLD THING!”

Wife. “I’M GOING INTO TOWN NOW, DEAR. SHALL I BOOK PLACES FOR *CASTE* OR *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*?”

Husband. “OH, PLEASE YOURSELF, MY DEAR; BUT I SHOULD SAY WE’VE ENOUGH ‘*ADO ABOUT NOTHING*’ AT HOME!”

No. 201. “*White Manilla Boat-Tie.*” Very pretty. Sure to attract considerable attention at an evening party.

No. 211. “*Collection of Rope suitable for Fishing Vessels.*” Deeply interesting, but not quite so exciting as a collection of unsuitable rope would have been.

No. 276. “*Fog Horns, to be seen in action in the Machinery Division.*” Great improvement. Much better than being heard! These silent fog-horns might be safely used in a nursery.

No. 321. “*Model of Apparatus for barking Nets by Steam.*” A very different process to biting nets by electricity.

No. 364. “*Raba, the Fish Preserver.*” Sounds like a novel by Captain MAYNE REID, but isn’t.

No. 374. “*A Life-preserving Atmospheric Helmet and Atmospheric Belt (with safety compartments) to support and protect the Head from the overwhelming effect of the Wind, Foam, and Waves of a rough Sea.*” Nice birthday gift to a Maiden Aunt fond of yachting.

No. 377. “*Some Drawings showing a Method by which Vessels cannot be injured by Torpedoes.*” Clear and satisfactory—on paper!

No. 390. “*Paddle Steamboat, earthenware, with a dark-brown glaze, from Chana Klesi, Dardanelles.*” Come, come, Lady BRASSEY, a joke is a joke, but what has this to do with fishing?

No. 428. “*Patent Soleskin Phantoms.*” Scarcely a suitable exhibit to a building to which children are admitted. Enough to frighten the poor infants into fits!

No. 470. “*Specimen of Fly Vices for Fly Making.*” Decidedly moral. We have always inculcated “Fly Vice”—but we haven’t got much further. As to “Fly-making”—we could as soon go in for Cab-making or Coach-building. As a fish always takes a fly to save itself the trouble of swimming, fly-making must be profitable.

No. 477. “*Umbrellas for Fishing and other purposes.*” The Exhibition would not have been complete without them. “Fishing—and other purposes!” Why not shooting? Capital sport on the Moors with an umbrella!

No. 533. “*Condensed Swiss Milk.*” Excellent food for very young salmon.

No. 542. “*Paysandu Ox Tongues.*” The favourite breakfast plat of the middle-aged Thames gudgeon.

No. 549. “*Gold Medals.*” Intended for presentation to praise-

worthy whitebait when they are honestly entitled to be called “Small and Early.”

No. 644. “*Medical Cod-Liver Oil.*” Excellent for curing consumptive herrings.

No. 648. “*Common Salt.*” Useful for putting on the tails of whales when you want to catch them.

No. 698. “*Printing Machinery.*” Very handy on board a fishing smack where a daily paper is published.

MR. W. G. CUSINS gives his Annual Grand Morning Concert (why “Grand Morning”? or, as it is a hardy annual, call it the “G.O.M.”—Grand Old Morning Concert) at St. James’s Hall, Friday next. Among the genuinely great attractions named for this occasion, Mr. CUSINS “has great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. KENDAL, her first appearance at a Concert in London, has kindly consented to give a recitation.” Of course, very kind; but will the attraction be intensified by its being this Actress’s “first appearance at a Concert?” It is suggestive either of an apology for condescending to a Music Hall,—we mean a Hall of Music,—or of her being so bewildered by her “first appearance at a Concert,” as to require all the support her friends can give her. We wish our first CUSINS every success, and trust that Mrs. KENDAL (who, we believe, is Professress of Elocution at the R.C.M.) will get over the severe trial which this “first appearance at a Concert” will evidently be to her nervous system.

THE BELT CASE.—Miss R. was reading the Law Report to her Aunt:—“The Learned Counsel was proceeding with his argument when the Court rose.” “What manners!” exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHEAM. “The Judges ought to know better. And how very annoying for the Learned Counsel.”

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITING PAPERS—recently invented by “J. W. & Co.”:—*Crocodile Paper*.—*Spécialité* for humbugs, on which to write sympathetic gushers. *Morocco Paper*.—For sending invitations to the Moors. August. *Leather Paper*.—The envelopes are excellent: warranted to excite and defy impertinent curiosity.

ASCOT—AS CUT BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



A-Scot Weak.



Ascot Stakes.



Going Down by Rail.



Grand Stand.



Royal Box.



The Ring.



Weightless I.



Betting on the Lawn.

UNHAPPY BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT;
OR, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

(A couple of Extracts from a coming Social Novel.)

FROM VOL. I.

THE distinguished Parliamentary Philanthropist laughed heartily. "If our little Bill, my dear Lord Bishop," he continued, still shaking with the suppressed humour that visibly infected him, "only becomes law, Sunday may possibly prove even a trifle less festive and exhilarating an institution to our self-selected friend—the Working Man—than it does at present! Still," he added, with a cheery guffaw, "there will be at least the streets to fall back upon; and, failing those, the free seat! All you will have to do, my Lord, will be to get your Clergy to put a little more go and spice into their excellent sermons."

The good Ecclesiastic smiled pleasantly. He had received reports from his energetic lieutenants of a hopeful character, and he was sanguine. The honest sons of toil under their charge had for some time been having the doors of Museums and Picture Galleries merrily slammed in their faces; and though, on their one day of recreation, they had perversely declined as yet to rush at leaps and bounds into the back places of a suburban chapel of ease, still things looked bright.

The Philanthropist continued, "Leave them nothing but their grim, dirty, and wretched homes," he said, "and then, out of sheer despair and ill-temper they surely must come! And they ought to make a large, if irritable, harvest."

At this moment the speakers were joined by a Country Baronet, drinking champagne from a soda-water glass.

"They ask for spirituous excess," said the new-comer, with a sly twinkle in his eye; "they might try a little spiritual refreshment." The joke was new, pithy, and profoundly philosophical, and the witty trio grasped it at once with a facility that sent them into paroxysms of the wildest merriment.

But, as they stood at the Club window, shaken with laughter, and holding the very balustrade for support, WILLIAM SYKES, the Mile-End cynic, was passing by on his way East, to his hovel in Shoreditch!

"What are them three coves a-larking their 'eads off about?" he asked himself, reflectively. Then he thought it out, and replied to his own question—"About nothink, I should say."

But he was wrong.

He did not know that, that very afternoon, another Sunday Bill had been smothered through the Third Reading when the unsuspecting House was at tea!

FROM VOL. III.

"Well, I think we've carried this 'ere measure, anyways; and I hear it's a working right down 'andsomely. Only yesterday a real live West End Nob got three months for being found drinking a bottle of *Soturn* by himself in a railway carriage." There was a roar of satisfaction from the earnest multitude. The speaker saw his advantage, and continued:—"And what's our duty I should like to ask yer, but to look after the morals of the Nob? For can the Nob take care of himself? Look at 'im in all these past years ago'in' from bad to wuss in them there Clubs of his, till the honest Workin' Man felt that as the 'elpless Nob could do nothink for himself, he must bestir himself and do somethink for 'im! And what 'as the Workin' Man done for 'im? I say it with pride—the Workin' Man has rescued 'im. Caucus legislation has come to his aid, and he 'as fought valiantly for that there Nob, and conquered,—though I say it."

The speaker paused a moment to take breath. Another deafening cat-call told of the deep-rooted enthusiasm that held his audience. A cool refreshing draught of gin from a pewter tankard on the committee-table seemed to give him new energy. And he proceeded—

"And what haven't we done for the Nob?" he asked, rising to a high pitch of eloquence, as he warmed with his subject. "Haven't we shut his Club for him every blessed night at half-past nine?"

"We 'ave! Hooray, Mr. SYKES! Go it, WILLIAM!" and other responsive cries of fervid Parliamentary support echoed again and again through the densely-packed building.

"Haven't we," the speaker went on, "made it criminal for him to lay down more than half-a-dozen of anything in his house at a time; shut up his Club for 'im on Saturdays at three right up to ten on Monday mornings; took away his Sunday bit of Park, and got a new Bill that's to put a settler on his gormandising himself to death at public dinners through a 'Second Reading'? In a word, ain't we a lookin' after his morals like a father?"

The thunder of a thousand throats would have answered this noble interrogatory, but at that moment the gas was suddenly turned out, and, amidst a free fight and some thoughtful, but vigorous, head-breaking, the great philanthropic meeting was hastily adjourned.

The Sunday afternoon so profitably spent was over at length, and as the shades of evening drew slowly in, the solitary Policeman in Pall Mall found a pinched and hungry figure crouched at the top of the kitchen-steps of the Reform Club.

"Tryin' to get in that way?" he said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself: and you an M.P. But you'll just come along with me."

The officer seized the trembling creature by the collar as he spoke. It only looked up at him beseechingly. "Don't be hard on me, good Mr. Policeman!" it whined sadly, "I'm doing no harm. I've only been made very unhappy by Act of Parliament!"

But in another minute officer and culprit were marching silently towards Bow Street.

An Official Answer.

(On any Subject.)

THE Member for Blank is exceedingly right:

We sympathise quite with his object—yes, quite.

Our warmest desire is to carry it out.

But really—(two columns of smug "roundabout")—

The Member for Blank will perceive that the case

Is merely a question of time and of place;

He will also perceive—for his judgment's so clear!—

That the time is—not now, and the place is—not here!

ADAPTING FROM THE ENGLISH.—France is going in for Old China.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



CANDOUR.

Pastor (who was preparing his Pupils for Confirmation). "Now, MY BOY, TELL ME, WHO IS YOUR SPIRITUAL AND GHOSTLY ENEMY?"

Pupil (after painful hesitation). "PLEASE, SIR, YOU ARE, SIR!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. X.—THE HAIRDRESSER (CONTINUED FROM P. 227).

Q. Will you describe some of the tortures and indignities experienced?

A. First there is the Ordeal of the Shroud.

Q. What is that?

A. A huge swathing of white linen or cotton print. It is "whipped" around you with a twirl which fills your eyes and nose with irritating snippets of hair. It is vigorously "tucked in," at the back of your neck inside your shirt-collar. It compresses your throat till your face reddens and your nose itches. You cannot rub it with your hands, because they are confined. If you fumblingly attempt to chafe it through the shroud, you get more bits of hair into your mouth and nostrils. You sneeze violently, your helplessness is manifest, your degradation complete. You gaze at your reflection in the mirror in front of you. A shining sheepish face, hair spiked ludicrously on end like a burlesque scalp-lock, a head helplessly punched and turned, and kneaded hither and thither, as though it were potter's clay, or an "universal joint," now cranked to the right, now crooked to the left, now with chin hoisted in the air, now with nose buried in your shirt-front! You avert your glance; you feel that resolution, and judgment, and self-respect are yours no more for ever.

Q. Is not the worst now over?

A. By no means. Having reduced you to the weakness of self-contempt, the Hairdresser seizes his desired opportunity.

Q. To do what? A. To patter and tout.

Q. What are these processes?

A. To patter is to prate aimlessly, unintelligently, obtrusively about the topics of the time and the state of the weather. Patter has two chief forms:—

1. Emphatic assertion of the obvious.

2. Vague questioning concerning the trivial.

For example, your tormentor, stooping with an oily smirk, will whisper, odorously, into your ear—which he looks, as reflected in the glass, as though he were about to bite—confident assertions that It is 'a'ot mornin', Sir, that the days are a-gettin' hout nicely, that there's lots o' people about to-day, ain't there? that we shall be 'avin' some fallin' weather before we've done with it (he doesn't say done with *what*), that we must be lookin' forward to the

winter now, and that we shall 'ave Crismus (he always calls it Crismus) upon us before we know where we har. Or he will ask you—as though you were a Meteorological Office, or a Political Oracle—wot sort of a day you think we shall 'ave to-morrer; are we going to get a bit o' summer this year? Wot you think of these 'ere Salvation Army chaps. Whether they're a-join' to "ketch" that there "No. 1" after all, and wot's to be Mr. GLADSTONE's next little game. The helpless auditor of this sort of thing is either reduced to abject imbecility, or roused to boiling wrath. Happy is he upon whom it only produces the former effect.

Q. What next? A. Patter is only preliminary to puff; talking leads up—through personal rudeness—to touting.

Q. Explain this.

A. The Hairdresser pointedly calls your attention to your personal defects or disfigurements, with a view to puff and push off upon you the high-priced mucks and messes which he proudly refers to as "hour Spesshallittys, Sir!" Patter is exasperating, but Touting is little short of criminal. It begins in rudeness to end—if you permit it—in extortion.

Q. Is it not permissible for a Hairdresser, like any other person, to push the sale of his wares in a respectful and legitimate way?

A. Certainly. But the Hairdresser pushes them in a fashion that is not respectful and is not legitimate.

Q. How is that?

A. In the first place, from your helpless position as subject of his craft, he has you at an unfair advantage. You cannot get away from his oily fingers, his greasy whispers, his fatuous cackle, his personal criticisms, his unblushing puffs. If he tells you in a tone of confident candour, that your hair is "offly dry," "going off colour," or "gettin' terrible thin a-top," the impertinence which in another case would earn kicks from your boots is regarded in his as a natural means of extorting halfpence from your pockets. If he assures you that his wretched unguents and stimulants and dyes will repair the ravages of time, the brazen and dishonest falsehood with which he insults your intelligence and assaults your purse is not recognised or resented as a fraudulent attempt at "obtaining money under false pretences," but as being "all in the way of business."

Q. Is the Hairdresser's system more unfair and offensive than that of many other trades?

A. It is; for several reasons:—

1. His facilities for impertinence and importunity are, from the necessity of the case, exceptional.
2. His mode of puffing his nasty nostrums is particularly unpleasant and unscrupulous.
3. The nasty nostrums themselves are peculiarly worthless and deleterious.

Q. Can you suggest any amelioration of the unpleasant state of things which you describe?

A. Art may perhaps, some day, devise something which will make us independent of the manual manipulations of the degenerate modern Figaro. Pending that most desirable consummation, the annoyances actually attending the necessarily unpleasant operation of shearing and shaving might be indefinitely diminished. The Hairdresser should be strictly, if need be legally, limited to the deft exercise of his legitimate functions. You wish him to cut your hair or shave your beard. You do not wish him to discuss politics with you. More emphatically still, you do not wish him to puff and push his particular wares.* Were patter rigorously limited, and touting inexorably prohibited, hair-cutting need not be, what at present it is, the most agonising and exacerbating of social ordeals.

* There are a few brilliant exceptions to the rule, but where they are to be found must remain a secret known only to the initiated few.—*Headitorial Note by the Author of the Hair and Many Friends.*

AN ANSON APOLOGY.—When Mr. WEAKLY CODLINS's ill-constructed and badly-written Play was steadily laughed at, scene by scene, last Saturday night, Mr. ANSON told the audience that they ought to pay respectful attention to the piece because it was the work of "a great Novelist." Funny argument. The Great Novelist had better remember *Ne Sutor, &c.* (no connection with R. SOUTAR of the Gaiety), and if he can't write a better play, let this be his last. It was capitally acted. But who is responsible for choosing it?



EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Prodigal Son (who has gone to the bad). "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO TALK, FATHER. IT'S PRECIOUS EASY TO KEEP STRAIGHT ON NOTHING A YEAR, AND YOU WERE THROWN PENNILESS ON THE WORLD AT FOURTEEN! I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN YOU IN MY CIRCUMSTANCES, AFTER A PUBLIC SCHOOL AND COLLEGE EDUCATION, AND AN ALLOWANCE OF FIVE HUNDRED PER ANNUM EVER SINCE!"

[Stern but just Father has to admit the force of this argument, and caves in.]

OUR OFFICIAL GUIDE.

PART IV.—COLONIAL.

HAVING disposed of Great Britain, we next turn our attention to its dependencies. In the First Exhibition it is said that the people inhabiting a Cannibal island, having nothing better to send, dispatched a primitive kind of birch-broom and the wooden idol they were in the habit of worshipping, to represent them. Some of our Colonies seem to have acted in a similar spirit on the present occasion. We find numbers of flags and mottoes, but very little fish. A rapid run through the Courts may not be uninteresting.

Heligoland.—In the Official Catalogue the Governor of this poverty-stricken spot has written an introduction, which is nothing more nor less than an urgent appeal to the charitable. In 1878 the fleet of one hundred flat-bottomed sloops were reduced to twenty-seven. A Benefit Society has been organised, which at present has only £8 in hand. The 307 fishermen, and their families, on the island scarcely ever taste meat, and chiefly feed upon haddock. There are only five exhibits in this department. The first is "a fishing-line in tray complete," the second "a lobster-pot," the third "a model," and the fourth "a buoy invented by the Exhibitor." In the summer months fishing is almost entirely abandoned, as the hardy boatmen employ their time in connection with the bathing-machine interest, which flourishes at this season of the year. In conclusion, the Governor pathetically explains that, although "yielding to none as fishermen," they are precluded from going far to sea to earn their daily bread, "because they have no harbour."

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

AWAY with all sorrow, away with all gloom,
Now may is in blossom, and lilac in bloom ; *
The golden laburnum, in gardens, is gay,
The windows are bright with their floral display ;
The air is delightful and warm is the sun,
The chestnuts are snowy, the Derby is won.
Piccadilly is pleasant from daylight to dark,
And Bond Street is crowded and gay is the Park—
So now is the time that you all ought to go
And sit on a Chair, 'neath the trees in the Row!

For only a penny I sit in the shade,
And gaze with delight on the gay cavalcade!
While countless romances I read, if I please,
In the people I see from my Chair 'neath the trees.
'Tis better by far than an Opera-stall,
A crowded "at-home" or a smart fancy ball ;
Or gazing at pictures, or playing at pool,
Or playing the banjo, or playing the fool—
When soft summer breezes from Kensington blow,
'Tis pleasant to sit on a Chair in the Row!

What studies of man and of woman and horse,
Here pass up and down on the tan-trodden course!
The Earl and the Duke and the Doctor are there,
The author, the actor, the great millionaire ;
The first-season beauties whose roses are red,
The third-season beauties whose roses have fled!
M.P.s, upon cobs, fully weighted with care,
And pets, upon ponies, with long sunny hair—
I note them all down, as they pass to and fro,
And muse in my Chair, 'neath the trees in the Row!

What countless fair pictures around may be seen,
How colours flash bright on their background of green!
A bouquet of figure, of fashion, of face,
And dainty devices in linen and lace!
The triumphs of WORTH and of Madame ÉLISE,
You see as you ponder and moon 'neath the trees.
'Tis lunch-time. I'll drive to the Club—fare one bob—
For here comes my Editor riding a cob.
He thinks I am working ; he little does know
I'm smiling on him from my Chair in the Row! †

* "Lilac in bloom" now! When Our Minstrel next applies to the Magistrates for a renewal of his Poetic Licence, he had better not refer to this poem.—Ed.

† Smiling on us! Bosh! He was nervously watching the chairman who collects the pennies, and just as the latter moved towards him, the Lazy One rose to the occasion and walked off.—Ed.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Every one will go to a Festival with a Handel to its name. It begins on the 18th and ends on the 22nd. The Company has an energetic Secretary in Mr. GARDINER, and the grounds are looking lovely, as they ought to do, with an experienced GARDINER to attend to them.

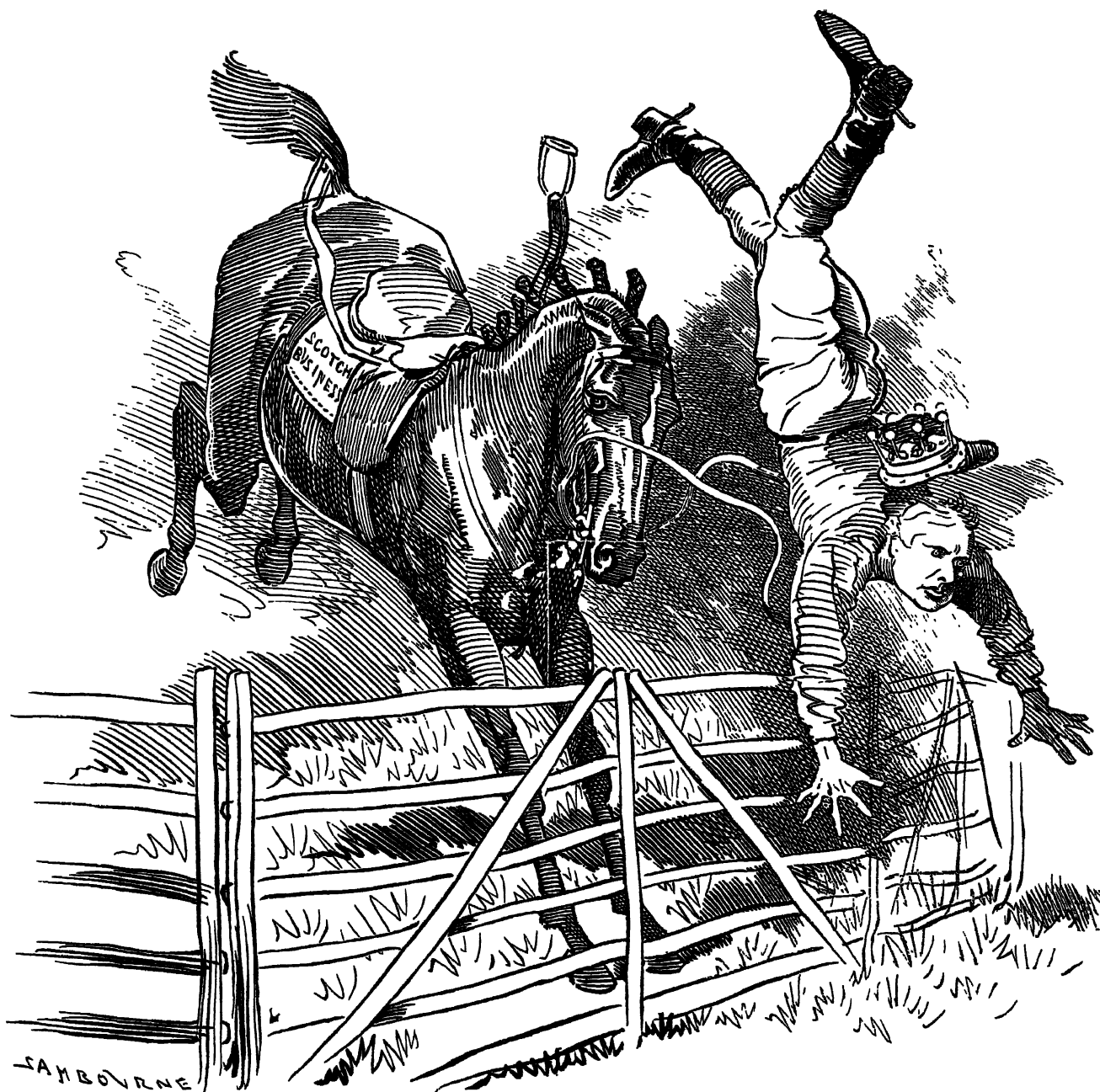
Perhaps this little display from Heligoland is the most painful feature in the Exhibition—even more heart-rending than the Bogus-Economical Fish-Market, which was to reduce the price of "the harvest of the sea," but hasn't!

Bahamas.—Again disappointing. The "Central Committee, Nassau," seem to have done their best to make the Show attractive by exhibiting, amongst a few other articles, "a pair of Palmetto shoes" and "two kegs of pickled goggle-eyes." But as pearls are found in the fisheries of this country, the opportunity is seized by a West-End tradesman to have a branch establishment for the display of his jewellery—in which, of course, pearls are introduced.

British Columbia.—Chiefly remarkable for a jovial exhibit, which would have brought tears to the eyes of Sir WILFRED LAWSON—"A number of fishes in alcohol." It is only just, however, to say that, in spite of this piscatorial display of intemperance, the deportment of the tipsy denizens of the boundless ocean is inoffensive—nay, even dignified.

Ceylon.—This interesting land is represented by a few nets and some models. One of the latter—No. 4—is indeed remarkable. We are told by the Catalogue that as prawns are used as bait from this boat, it is called "the prawn boat." It is difficult to conceive how they come to think of such clever things in Ceylon.

Newfoundland.—Ignored in our edition of their Official Guide. However, it is worth seeing if only for some specimens of "strong copper-ore"—an odd fish. Remaining exhibits chiefly ood-fish. Model of a seal-hunt, also interesting. Seals said to be very fierce creatures, and capturing them a hazardous employment. In fact, if you want to get a seal, you must keep on the watch.



"PITY A POOR OFF'UN!"

THE ROSEBERRY JOCKEY "CHUCKED" BY SCOTCH BUSINESS.

Canada.—Also contemptuously omitted in the Catalogue. The most striking object in this Court is a magnificent "trophy," happily recalling the glories of the Exhibition of 1862, which, it will be remembered, culminated in a gorgeous case of pickles. Nothing finer than this "trophy" can be seen out of the Civil Service Stores. However, there is a slight omission—the prices of the various potted fishes, &c., should have been given. The Dominion is further represented by an ice-house made of layers of "Willesden paper"—a material which, as everybody knows, is found in huge quantities in the primeval forests of the Canadian backwoods! Besides the above, there are some models of fish-breeding establishments and a few tins of "preserved salmon." Large map of the country cumbers one of the walls; the space should have been appropriately spared for advertisements. From this it must not be supposed that everything is sacrificed to "commercial purposes." On the contrary, the collection also contains a very well prepared skeleton of a cod's head!

Australia.—Also ignored by "the other Guide." The principal

exhibit is a large coat-of-arms of the Colony, which, perhaps, may be accepted as a specimen of fishy heraldry.

Having run through "The Dependencies of the British Throne," it will be as well to turn our attention next to the Foreign Courts, of which that claimed by the United States seems to be the chief. By the way, there is a so-called "American Bar," which, apparently, has as little to do with our transatlantic cousins as with the bar of the ocean. And the sustenance obtained at this bar is not to be compared with the nourishment obtained by the harvest of the sea, upon which, it is to be hoped, Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent surgeon, will shortly be induced to deliver a lecture. For, after all, the end of the Exhibition should be an increased activity in dealing with "the denizens of the mighty deep." It must be remembered that fish is not only excellent as food for the body, but is also a capital medicine (containing as it does phosphorus) for what the late Dr. FORBES WINSLOW used appropriately to call "the obscure diseases of the brain."

LA! GIOCONDA!

OR, PONCHIELLI AND TOBIA'S OPERA.

We have heard *La Gioconda* twice, and like it. There are in it elements of popularity,—in fact, the elements are so familiar that its popularity is a foregone conclusion. It belongs to the Verdi school, and is just the sort of thing that a clever musical imitator with a certain humorous talent for composition, might produce, if left alone with a grand piano, a big drum, and a pair of cymbals.

At Covent Garden, the Opera is capably put on the Stage, and the success of Madame DURAND as *La Gioconda*, of Mlle. TREMELLI as *La Cieca*, of Madame STALL as *Laura*, and of Signor COTOGLI as *Barnaba* is indisputable. The Artistes above-named can act as well as sing. The Chorus is admirable; and the pitched—the high-pitched battle they have with the orchestra, which vainly endeavours by the aid of brass, drum, and cymbals, and, we fancy, an unfairly brought in gong, to drown their voices, is won by the Chorus in the most gallant style.

The Opera, as far as the acting goes, is remarkable for the reckless disregard of the stage-directions contained in the published book. In the First Scene—

"the Grand Courtyard of the Ducal Palace"—where all the celebrated sights of Venice are so cleverly brought together, that a Cook's Tourist with a *Murray's Handbook* would see the whole place in half-an-hour, and be off by the next train somewhere else—"The Stage," says the stage-direction, "is filled with holiday folks"—Cook's Tourists of the period—"Monks, Sailors, Shipwrights, Masquers, &c., and amidst the busy crowd are seen some Dalmatians and Moors." Now, we won't swear to knowing "some Dalmatians" when we see them,—except Dalmatian Dogs which run behind carriages,—but we will take our oath to a Moor anywhere,—from Scotland to Venice,—and we deliberately assert that we couldn't see a Moor on that Stage. There wasn't a Moor there; no Moor there was. Was *Othello* a Moor or not? Yes. Was he black? Yes. Very well, then—if there was a black man in that crowd, we tell "a white one," that's all.

We looked for the "Monks," but they were conspicuous by their absence. Mind, we praise the Stage-Manager for this, as he evidently rightly said, "What should Monks be doing here when they ought to be in Church, where we shall want them presently to sing a hymn."—Right: but why leave them in the printed stage-directions, and so waste the precious time of the audience, and distract our attention from the music? We are not sure whether the audience couldn't insist legally on having their money returned: as, if someone who likes to see Monks and Moors on the Stage, purchases a guinea ticket because he has read in the officially guaranteed Opera book that Monks and Moors are to be seen on that Stage in the First Act, and, when he goes, there are none, hasn't he his legal remedy against Mr. GRY and his co-Directors for breach of contract, or for obtaining money under false pretences?



The "Moth" and her "Mother." The latter is a specimen of a Venetian Blind.

were not on that scene as they undoubtedly ought to have been. A fez or a turban doesn't make a Moor; and we want a Moor *propre*—i.e., a proper Moor, or even a property Moor. Passons! *Barnaba*, the



Enzo the Fiver; or, Only Half a Tenor. "There is a Providence which shapes our Ends" so.

bad man of the piece, ought, on the entrance of *La Gioconda* and her Blind Mother, to "hide behind a column." He doesn't do anything of the sort: first, because there is no column handy for the purpose; and, secondly, because he has to join in a trio, for which, if he is to be heard at all, he must come down to the footlights and stand in a line, *en évidence*, with *La Gioconda*, whom *Barnaba* calls the "Moth"—(but he is always alluding to people as "Gadflies" and "Moths" and "Lions")

—funny bad man, *Barnaba*—and *La Cieca*. This position of his is all right for *Cieca*, who is blind as a bat (why didn't *Barnaba* allude to her as "the bat"?—oversight of Librettist), but not for *La Gioconda*, who has to make believe very much that she doesn't see him when he is within a few feet of her in the open courtyard, shouting his asides to the effect that at the sight of *Gioconda*, "the wildest ecstasies within me waken! Beware, thee, Moth, if in my net thou'rt taken!"

They all use "thee" and "thou" in the translation, as if they were Venetian Quakers. For this reason, it might be styled a Bright Opera. Then *Barnaba* tries to stop *Gioconda*, who, being only an ill-educated street-singer, comes out pretty strongly with

"Go thou to the devil, thou and thy guitar, too!"

And after this display of temper, which has still something of the Quaker in it, *Barnaba* exclaims, "Ah, no; thou shalt not fly me"—whereupon she immediately does fly him, and makes a precipitate exit. "So!" says *Barnaba*, "the Moth has escaped me." Only because the idiot didn't run after her. The Moth, who must walk quite fourteen stone, couldn't have got far in two minutes; though, having a fine and powerful arm, she might have given him a nasty one on his ear, had he attempted to come up with her.

Then everybody returns, singing brightly and gaily one of the best numbers in the Opera. Here the Librettist becomes tired of details, and simply writes, "Enter—Chorus People, &c., bringing in triumph the Victor in the Regatta." This summary of "Chorus People, &c.," looks like the result of a row with the Stage-Manager, resulting in a compromise. No Moors, no "some Dalmatians," no Shipwrights, simply any of them brought in, *en bloc*, as "Chorus People, &c."

The boat-race has, apparently, been between a very fat man and a very slight one, with the inevitable result. *Zuane*, the fat man, who required at least another twelve months' training, is very angry, objects to *Bad Barnaba's* chaff, but honestly admits "My boat was sadly over-weighted." *Barnaba* incites *Zuane* and the "Chorus People, &c." to murder *La Cieca* as a Witch (it is a stupid story), and they are just going to haul her off when *La Gioconda* rushes in; then *Gioconda's* lover, *Enzo*, comes to the rescue, and addresses the "Chorus People, &c.," thus: "These locks, grey and scattered, Harm no longer! My sword shall protect them!" from which sentiment the inference would naturally be, that *Enzo* was a Venetian Hairdresser, whose trade was liable to suffer from the "Chorus People, &c.'s," violence towards the old Lady with the very apparent gauze over her eyes, meant to indicate blindness,—which it doesn't a bit, and only looks exactly like what it is, i.e., gauze, which is most useful when going by road to the Derby, but pointless and unsightly for *La Cieca*.

Then enter, down the staircase, *Alvise* and *Laura* his wife, followed by a couple of pages, carrying two sofa-cushions, and keeping near *Alvise* and *Laura*, as if they had contracted a habit of sitting down suddenly anywhere, or of going to sleep in the middle of the road, and so requiring a cushion for comfort at any minute, without the slightest warning. *Laura* wears a half-mask, for no reason, except for the sake of the plot, so that she may not be recognised by *La Gioconda*, in the Second Act. "Why art thou



Al-vise and Half-Vizor.



Barnaba asks Enzo to take his Number.



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 2.

SHORT CUT BY MUD-SALAD MARKET TO THE NEAREST RAILWAY STATION. *Puzzle*—To FIND ANYONE IN AUTHORITY TO GIVE ANY ASSISTANCE WHATEVER. N.B.—WILL THE NOBLE LANDLORD OBLIGE WITH A SOLUTION TO THIS PUZZLE.

kneeling to yonder people," asks *Alvise*, according to the book. To which *La Cieca* might reply, "I wasn't kneeling," which would be true. *La Gioconda*, subsequently kneeling to *Alvise* (she does this), says, "Mercy! Ah, hear me one moment! I break The ice that in fetters my soul was keeping." Isn't this poetic! She "breaks the ice" by entering into conversation with the Chief Magistrate *Alvise*, without any previous introduction. *Laura* protects *La Cieca*, and in one of the most effective passages of the Opera—the restoration of "Fops' Alley" is one of the most "effective passages" at Covent Garden—admirably given by Madame TREMBELLI, *La Cieca* thanks *Laura*, and gives her "all she has no more, tho' poor the offering be,"—not a "heart and lute" but a rosary,—whereupon the "Chorus People, &c.," who had been so eager to cut her grey and scattered locks, now express their decided opinion that "Tis evident unto her celestial aid is given." Then all yielding to a sudden Happy Thought,—such as was perpetually occurring to that character in one of DICKENS'S novels, who says, "Hallo! here's a Church! Let's go in and get married,"—hurry off to Church, except Bad *Barnaba* and *Enzo*, the Undecided Lover, who is now devoted to *Laura*. (It's a stupid story! and such an ill-constructed plot!)

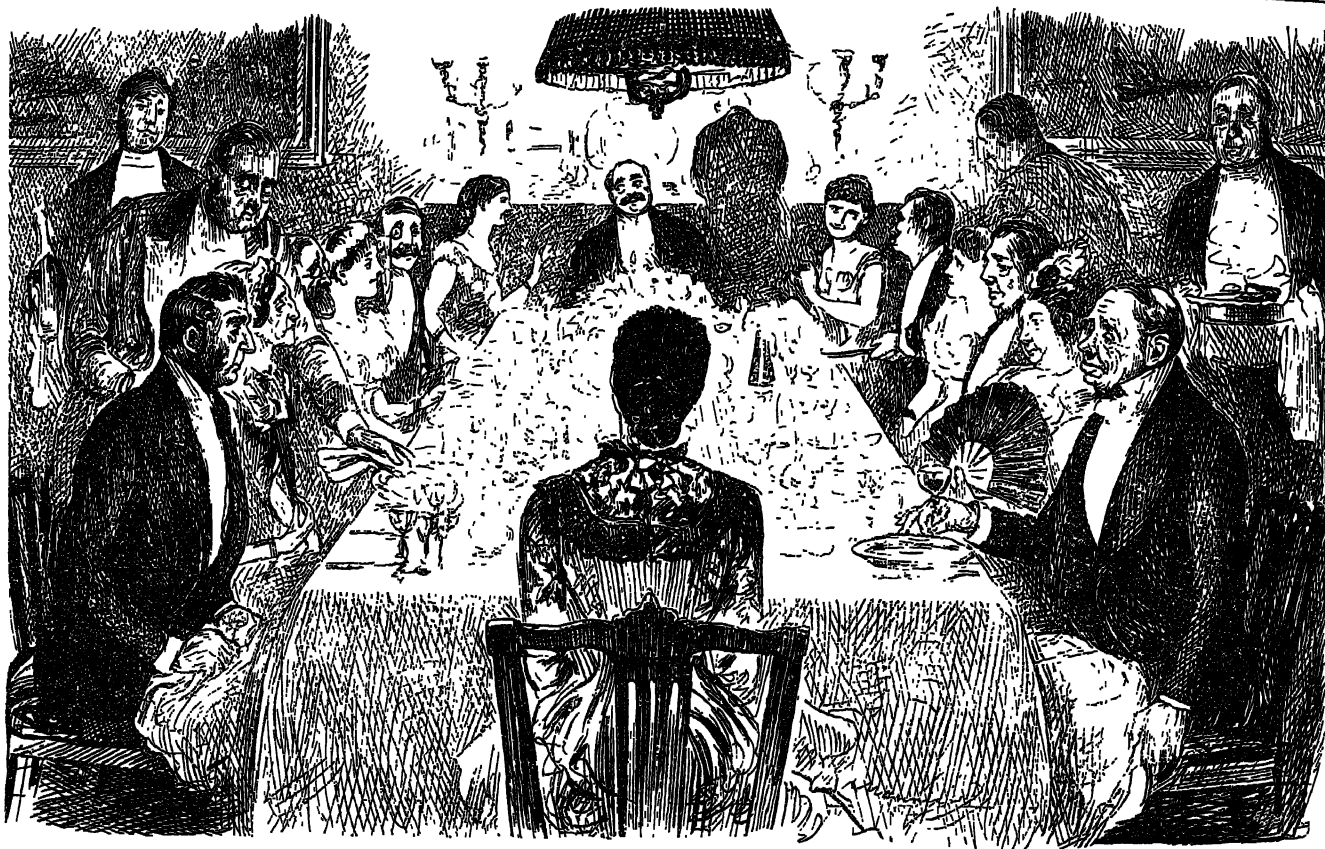
Barnaba promises *Enzo* that *Laura*, *Enzo's* wife, shall elope with him that night, and, as a proof of his sincerity, *Barnaba* opens his waistcoat, and shows "C.X." worked on his flannel waistcoat, which may be either for the instruction of the washerwoman, or to denote that he belongs to CX division of Venetian Detective Police. *Enzo* is so pleased at this, that he curses him freely, and goes off. Then *Barnaba* summons a Scribe, a sort of "Jim the Penman," and in the middle of the large courtyard dictates a letter which is overheard by *La Gioconda*. Dismissing Jim the Penman without any payment for his trouble, Bad *Barnaba* slips the letter into the Lion's mouth, and hurries away. The letter is to inform *Alvise* of his wife's intended elopement.

Then enter Masquers and Populace. They sing and dance an Irish jig, which, of course, is suddenly interrupted by the Monks (here they are at last—heard, but not seen) in Church singing a "vesper prayer,"—whatever that may be,—whereupon all the Masquers, men on one side, and women on the other, kneel down piously, with the exception of the Harlequins and Harlequins, who as their tights would

hardly stand the strain of a prayerful attitude, dance gaily off; and with this exit, and *La Cieca* blessing *La Gioconda* for no particular reason, but just to "form a picture," the First Act comes to an end.

The Second Act commences with a scene and chorus recalling a similar situation in the *Flying Dutchman*, and then the people execute a *mal-de-mer* movement, which makes everyone, not a perfect sailor, feel very uncomfortable. Then *Laura* is brought in a boat by Bad *Barnaba* to elope with *Enzo*, and, while the latter has gone to make some preparation aboard the craft, *Gioconda* comes on the scene, has a tremendous row with *Laura* (her rival in *Enzo's* affections), declares that "Fury superhuman of my wrath invades my pulses!" (Isn't this thrilling!), and then, when *Laura*, who is a married woman who has come here on purpose to elope, declares "I love him with purer love than thine," *Gioconda* can stand it no longer, but addresses her as "Blasphemer!" to which *Laura* quickly retorts, "Liar!" and so these two perfect Ladies go on through a whole scene, until *Gioconda* (she is masked this time—what a stupid story!) recognises the rosary, which the pious *Laura* is going to take with her on her elopement tour, and relents. *Barnaba* is foiled; *Alvise* doesn't find his wife out, because she has returned home in a boat; and *Enzo*, unable to elope with *Alvise's* wife, sets fire to his ship, tries to burn everybody, but makes it all right for himself by jumping into the sea, where he may be supposed to dive successfully, as he turns up in the next Act alive and well in a new suit of clothes, at *Alvise's* evening party, in time to see the Ballet of the Hours, which is a great success.

After this, poison, dagger, sleeping draught, Romeo-and-Juliet-Le-Roi-s'Amuse-Lucrezia-Borgia scene between *Alvise* and *Laura*, &c., &c., &c., everything in its proper place, very cheerful, of course, and Madame DURAND playing dramatically, and singing admirably. The end of this Opera we gave last week. Bad *Barnaba* declares that he has strangled *La Cieca* because she annoyed him, and then he rushes down the street. The Opera is successful, though not to be mentioned in the same breath with Bizet's brilliant *Carmen*, and as Mr. WAGGSTAFF says, "fortunately for us, *Carmen* arrived when we had had too much of the WAGNER." Madame LUCCA, as the heroine, is better than ever.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT FUN YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING OVER THERE, CAPTAIN SMILEY! I WISH YOU ALL SAT AT THIS END OF THE TABLE!"

FRIEND JOHN.

(A Song at a Silver Wedding.)

HERE'S a health to you, Friend JOHN!
Here's a health with all our heart!
Five-and-twenty years have gone
Since you played the bridegroom's part
To the buxom Midland maid,
Hanging now your arm upon
In a matron's pride arrayed.
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

A health to one whose soul
Has shown healthy to the core;
To a nature sound and whole,
With no humbug sicklied o'er.
To a strenuous heart and strong
That in many a fight has won,
Striking hard against the wrong.
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

Mellow voice has never rung
Round the lists of Party fray;
Sharper scorn has seldom stung.
Yet your Silver Wedding Day
Wakes good wishes near and far,
E'en from fighters who have gone
Dead against you in the war.
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

For the silver trump of Peace,
In whose sound you so delight,
Blows to-day, and bids to cease
All the brazen blasts of fight.
True to-morrow may bring blows,
And Bellona's clarion;
But to-day at least we close
Hand on hand, as friends, not foes—
Here's a health to you, Friend JOHN!

JUSTICE TO THE DOCTORS.

"OUR only General" has not done justice to the Doctors, that is to say, if we are to believe his latest utterances, for his opinions on the Medical Department in the late campaign in Egypt are strangely contradictory of each other. We all know that before Lord MORLEY's Committee Lord WOLSELEY gave evidence in no measured language, saying that he found great fault with the hospitals at Ismailia and Cairo, and, among other things, censuring the medical officers for not going out themselves and buying bread and bedsteads, though he does not say where the money was to come from, and while he must have known that it was the duty of the Ordnance Department to supply them. The fact is, that if matters were in the condition Lord WOLSELEY describes, he was himself more to blame than anyone else, for he ought to have seen that the Commissary-General of Ordnance did his duty, and there can be no doubt but that the head of the Medical Department should have been informed of the change of base from Alexandria to Ismailia.

But what is still more strange, Lord WOLSELEY has only just discovered all these things. He said, at Ismailia, he was "highly satisfied with everything in the hospital," he complimented various medical men, and he telegraphed home that the Medical Department was working to his entire satisfaction; again repeating, after Tel-el-Kebir, that everything was done that possibly could be done for the care of the sick and wounded. The same evidence, it may be noted incidentally, was given by Sir JOHN ADYNS; and it is abundantly

evident that while no one, least of all the medical officers, ever contended that the arrangements were perfect, everything seems to have been done that was possible with the means at their command.

Now, the plain fact of the matter is, that there must be a mistake in one or other of Lord WOLSELEY's statements. If things were as bad as he now makes them out to be, why didn't he say so at the time? and why did he telegraph home that he was satisfied with the Medical Department? Which account is the correct one? Upon the horns of that lively dilemma Lord WOLSELEY sits impaled; and Surgeon-General PUNCH demands justice for his friends the Doctors.

THE SCHOOL BOARD summoned a mother for not sending her son, aged thirteen, to school. The boy was earning his own livelihood and helping his mother, and, said Mr. PAGER, "I think it was an indiscreet act on the part of the School Board to interfere with the boy." He fined the Defendant sixpence, which was immediately paid by a sympathetic stranger. The School Board is getting itself disliked. Does the rising generation seem to be so very much better for this compulsory education? To learn to read and write is well enough, but what do they read? and do they right? We should like to hear the evidence of the Magistrates generally. In the meantime, thanks to Mr. PAGER for his sensible decision and judiciously expressed opinion.

CRICKET-MATCH TO COME OFF.—The Teetotallers' Eleven v. The Licensed Victuallers'.



A SILVER WEDDING.

(This week Birmingham festively commemorates her twenty-fifth year of "political union" with Mr. John Bright.)

"MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER'S WIFE,
AND MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER."

OLD SONG.

GUIDE TO SELECT JUVENILE PARTIES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 397. A Startler; or, Seeing her first Beetle. P. R. Morris, A.



No. 57. Early days of Mud-Salad Market. A Dealy-icious idealy picture. Jans M. Dealy.



No. 897. Rehearsing for Children's Pantomime. Hickstra-ordinary! G. E. Hicks.



No. 391. Playing at Police; or, On the Beat. P. R. Morris, A.



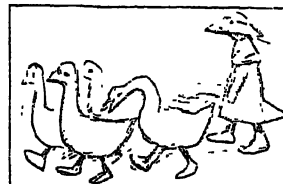
No. 742. "We ought to have been in the Grosvenor Gallery, but we must 'green' and bear it." James Sant, R.A.



No. 640. Jack's Sister and the Beanstalk. A leg-grow symphony. W. Dixon Galpin.



No. 887. "I won't be Washed"; or, the original "Dirty Boy." One of twins,—or one of a Pears' advertisement. F. B. Kennington.



No. 132. The Goose-Step. Good; —that's our Gander'd opinion. James Guthrie.



No. 413. Intents; or, Three to One. Joseph Clark.



No. 463. That's the Ticket; or, A Model for a Tailor's Dummy. J. D. Watson.



No. 277. Three Bells: two of 'em dumb ones. J. Hansen Walker.



293. Miss-Terry-ous Picture. Probably portrait of Miss E. Terry, when not more than seven. Edgar Hanley.



No. 436. Living up to it; or, The Aesthetic Miss Gamp. Cathinca Amyot.

WITTY MAGEE.

AIR—"Widow Machree."

"Every abuse is a weakness to the Establishment, and that is why the Church's enemies desire to perpetuate abuses in the Church. . . . The champions of the abuses are not Churchmen, but the more earnest members of Nonconformity in the House of Commons. . . . Her Majesty's Government certainly dare not support this measure, because they dare not irritate their great backbone (the Dissenters). . . . Those who are opposed to

the reform of the Church are not the Churchmen, but the Political Dissenters."—*The Bishop of Peterborough on the Cathedrals Statutes Bill.*

WITTY MAGEE, on the Commons you frown;
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
On your Church all its dirty Dissenters are down;

Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
How altered your air,
When that black phiz you wear,
E'en your wit's sour and spare,
Which should be flowing free.
A shillelagh why twirl,
Like a commonplace churl?
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.

Witty MAGEE, sunny Summer is come,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
When everything smiles, should a Bishop look glum?

Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
Soon the season of "pairs"
Will bring halcyon airs,
E'en St. Stephen's rough bears
Seem inclined to agree.
The Fourth Party's small fish
Can't "raise Cain," though they wish.
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.

Witty MAGEE, when mild Peace would step in,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
To be poking strife's fire all alone seems a sin,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.

Sure, we're sick of Church wrongs,
Endless hammer and tongs;
Pot and Kettle sing songs
Full of family glee;
Yet alone, with keen tongue,
You have flouted and stung,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.

And do you not know, with your eloquent pother,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE,
You hinder, not help, each right reverend brother?

Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
Whose satirical tone
Irritates like your own
That "Dissenting back-bone"
Named by W. G.?
Till, with heartier wills,
Rads will strangle Church Bills,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.

Take *Punch's* advice, witty Bishop MAGEE,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE,
It's very much best to let sleeping dogs be,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.
Suppress the desire
To be poking the fire
Of Sectarian ire,
And you'll probably see
All the "bogies" depart
From the Church of your heart,
Och hone! Witty MAGEE.

DICKY-BIRDS AT DINNER.

"The appetite of the bird (says the Rev. J. G. Wood in the current number of *Good Words*) is wonderful. A thrush will eat at a meal the largest snail that England produces. If a man could eat as much in proportion, he would consume a whole round of beef for his dinner. The redbreast, again, is a most voracious b.r.d."

You pass the blooming hawthorn hedge in Spring,
And hear thereout a very cheery gush
Of music, and, as then you hear it sing,
You recognise the sweet voice of the thrush;
No wonder that such power it should reveal,
It eats the largest snail up at a meal.

If Man ate like a thrush, it's Wood's belief—
And surely such a naturalist should know—
He'd eat at one meal a whole round of beef.
Oh, how can pretty little birds do so?
For here's the robin redbreast too, they say,
Eats fourteen fest of earth-worms in a day.

Oh, City gormandisers, when we smite,
You can retort that if you tried to eat
Like robins, in one single day and night,
Of nine-inch sausage sixty-seven feet
Would be your portion; it's quite too absurd,
To find our gluttons beaten by a bird.

LITTEARY AND SCIENTIFIC.—
The St. John Ambulance Association.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 140.



SIR R. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

THE M.R.MAN OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION. OWEN' EVERYTHING TO HIS OWEN ENERGY.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SAYS the Sixpence to the Shilling,
"Bumptious 'Bob' you've had your day!
And the Public is not willing
Any longer you to pay
For a Magazine or Novel.
I am bringing knowledge down
To the cottage and the hovel—
Silver Shilling you're done brown!

"Literature's choicest pickins
I distribute to the mob;
WALTER SCOTT, CHARLES LAMB, and DICKENS!
What d'ye think o' that,
Lord 'Bob'?
Will wit sparkle with a slacker ray
When the Working Man has got
JERROLD, SHIRLEY BROOKS, or THACKERAY
For the price of just a pot?

"Now the Cornhill's cover orange
Is to bear my conquering name;
As in price it sinks to low range
May it rise in force and fame.
Clearly Literature's banner
Will henceforth the sign display
Of the proletariat 'tanner.'
Bumptious 'Bob' you've had your day!"

DISCRETION AND VALOUR.

THE Duke of CAMBRIDGE, in the House of Lords, "expressed the opinion that the raising the standard of age to nineteen would decrease the number of enlistments." Do youth generally begin to get indisposed to become food for powder at that approach to years of discretion?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 4.—Left House at eight o'clock with prospect of Corrupt Practices Bill most satisfactory. Nearly everyone supported Second Reading. Fortune of Bill completed by opposition of WARTON and CHARLES LEWIS. Thought of saying a few words for it myself, but in circumstances unnecessary. So went off to dinner.

Coming back at eleven found ATTORNEY-GENERAL apparently delivering funeral oration, or addressing a Common Jury in a murder case. Solemnity appalling. Cadence of voice a little monotonous, but still capable of moving Jury to tears.

"What's happened?" I asked HARCOURT, who was strolling out, gently stroking his chin, and softly smiling to himself. "Going to withdraw the Bill or be beaten on a Division?"

"Neither, my dear Toby," said Grandiose Old Man. "It's only JAMES's Oxford-Circuit way. Thinks he's defending a man for sheep-stealing: that funereal manner, and that voice with a tear in it are preparatory to calling witnesses to show that the prisoner either had a dying mother at the time of the act charged, or that owing to a long series of undeserved misfortunes, his mind had become affected, and that when he took the sheep he thought it was a favourite poodle he had lost in infancy. Fact is, it's most difficult for lawyers to forget that House is not a Jury, and that SPEAKER and Clerks at Table are not Judges sitting in banco. Have

heard it said that I'm the only great lawyer who is also effective House of Commons speaker. A little kindly exaggerated, but perhaps something in it."

Bill all right, after all. Second Reading agreed to without Division.

Tuesday.—House of Lords to-night scene of tremendous dissension on Bishops' Bench. Bishop of CARLISLE moved Second Reading of Cathedral Statutes Bill. JOSEPH GILLIS in Gallery scented the row from afar. Came to see how Bishops quarrelled. From very first his keen intelligence went with Opposition.

"What do they want with more statutes in Cathedrals?" says he. "Thought you English would have had enough of statutes. Just after moving the Duke of WELLINGTON, and don't know what to do with him. Better leave statutes alone, and go on grinding the poor Irish."

Bishop of PETERBOROUGH opposed Bill on quite other grounds. Managed with great dexterity, in discussing it, to give Government several digs in the ribs. Lord SALISBURY hugely delighted.

"Fifty PETERBOROUGH took Orders," says he. "His lawn sleeves tie his hands. If he'd been a layman, and got in for some borough, he would have changed affairs in House of Commons. He would have joined the Fourth Party, or perhaps created it, and made things hot for everybody all round, especially the Government."

"Yes," Lord GRANVILLE sweetly lisped, "PETERBOROUGH's a little lost here; we can't do with a Randolph, more especially in lawn."

PETERBOROUGH stood alone, with back to the wall, having dropped tin bonnet-box of dynamite on Bishops' Bench. Pretty to see other



OUT OF ALMS WAY!

Benevolent Old Gent. "HERE'S LOVELY WEATHER, MRS. WOPPLES! AND HOW——"

Unthrifty Mrs. W. "OH, I'M ONLY VERY MIDDLIN', SIR, AND"—(whining)—"YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S A' THIS WAY——"

[But he didn't—he saw it (clearly) in quite another way, went off that other way hastily, and escaped this time!]

Bishops smiling upon him with brotherly love, though in act rather plainly showing their teeth.

"Clever, amusing, but too ingenious," said the PRIMATE, smilingly nodding his head towards his Right Reverend brother, who didn't seem to know that anybody was twittering.

"My Right Reverend brother asks me to withdraw the Bill," said the Bishop of CARLISLE, holding both hands out as if about to pronounce the benediction. "I wish my Right Reverend brother could withdraw his speech."

Right Reverend brother no such intention. Had had his fling, had fluttered the House, was conscious of great yearning of heart towards him by Lord SALISBURY, and didn't seem to care so much for opinion of Archbishop, as was expected from one who had just been extolling institutions and discipline of the Church.

"Not so sure as GRANVILLE is about impossibility of Fourth Party in Lords," said RANDOLPH. "Must have some talk with PETERBOROUGH, and see if he'll take it up. Perhaps couldn't be expected to find in Lords equal of GORST for profound legal knowledge touched with subtle humour, of WOLFF for intimate acquaintance with Foreign Affairs, or for BALFOUR for ways that are childlike and bland. But something might be done. Would be an immense lift for us to have a Bishop playing our game in the Lords."

In Commons spent cheerful Morning Sitting discussing Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill. In the evening Sunday Closing people desperately tried to make a House. But no use. Members who had sat through Scotch debate all in bed, with wet cloths round their heads.

"Sunday Closing all very well," says MR. COTES, "but I'm not sure that Tuesday Closing isn't better."

Tuesday Closing Bill accordingly brought in by Mr. WARTON, Standing Orders suspended, passed through all its stages, and at ten minutes past nine all lights out. *Business done.*—Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill read a Second Time.

Wednesday.—Another case of gross injustice to Ireland. By judicious balloting, day had been secured for Second Reading of Irish Municipal Elections Bill. Then comes Chairman of Committees with some inconsiderable proposal about British Railways, and

appropriates Sitting. Irish Members aghast with indignation at this obstruction. Captain MOLLOY-AHOY hit upon happy thought. Move the Adjournment at half-past five. Then be too late to take division on OTWAY's proposals.

"If they won't let us get on," said the gallant Captain, "they shall do nothing."

Pointed out to him that this excellent plan had disadvantages. If House didn't divide now, question come on again on another Wednesday, and Irish Members finally bowled out. So MOLLOY-AHOY did not press Motion, and OTWAY carried his Resolution.

Further grievance behind this. CAINE had second place for Biggar Relief Bill, which newspapers stiffly call Bill to Repeal Breach of Promise of Marriage Act. It was too late to be useful to JOSEPH GILLIS. But J. G. has a heart that feels for others, and had determined to second the Motion for Second Reading. Bill not reached. CAINE and DICK POWER going about Lobby gloomily, charged with jokes intended to make on moving and opposing Bill. "I'll work mine off on the Criminal Code Procedure Bill when it comes down," says CAINE.

"I'll work mine off on Army Estimates," says DICK POWER. "Question of breechloaders, you know, and work it round to Breach of Promise. A little difficult, but if Chairman objects, can argue the matter. That will get in a bit more of the speech, and can finish it on Motion to Report Progress."

Business done.—Repealed prohibition against paying interest on Railway Lines in course of construction.

Thursday.—TIM HEALY back with us again after fresh experiences of prison life. Hair more than ever like severely twisted mop.

"Do they—er—crop your hair, doncha?" murmured Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, regarding TIM with air of profound, yet nervous curiosity, as if he were animal newly imported for the Aquarium, with no guarantee that he wouldn't bite.

"No," says TIM. "Fact is always keep it like that ready for emergencies. Never know when you're going in, and hardly ever when you're coming out. If I let my hair grow in ordinary way, people would notice when I came out. But keeping it cropped

pretty close you see, always look as if I'd just come out, and as that can't be, people thrown off scent. All very well for English Member to let his hair grow. For unhappy Ireland the close crop is our only resource."

"Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed," says Mr. SYKES, re-fixing his eye-glass, and vainly endeavouring to edge round TIM so as to get back view.

TIM tells me he's busy founding new order of merit in Ireland. Only persons who have been in prison are eligible for election. Members of Parliament to be Knights of the Order, Members of which qualified to write B.I.P., and to be so addressed. Those who have been in prison more than once will be B.I.P.P.

Affecting scene at Question Time. Somebody been saying that Lord ROSEBERRY retired from Home Office because he couldn't get on with Grandiose Old Man. HARCOURT almost affected to tears. "Not only were we on terms of political friendship," says he, "but we loved each other as brothers." By mighty effort controlled himself; but there were sobs in various parts of the House. JOSEPH GILLIS ostentatiously wiped his eyes with a white pocket-handkerchief borrowed for the purpose from Mr. SHELL.

Business done.—Got into Committee on the Corrupt Practices Bill.

Friday.—Ran down to Ascot this afternoon. Long chat with Prince of WALES, who regrets duty calls him down to Ascot when he would so much rather be in House of Lords, listening to Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL.

"Shall be there on Monday, TOBY, you bet," says H.R.H. "Mean to vote for Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister—ELLEN, MARY, or whatever she be. We are winning slowly, but surely."

Observe delicacy of H.R.H.'s speech. Avoids vulgarity and absurdity of referring to "Sister Bill."

House alternating between fits of liveliness and long stretches of dullness. Bill come in on account of glorious victory in Egypt. Wrangling over it all morning. At night tried again to get it settled. Opposition went off on fresh tack. No business done. Might as well have stopped at Ascot, and better, too.

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

(From Dumb-Crambo Junior's Point of View.)



Marrow-bone Club.



A Domestic Fixture.



A Rising Player.



A Promising Young Bowler.



Trial Matches.



Batter and Bawl.

Telegram.

"Big John," Chief of the Red Skin La Crosse Players, to other Big John, of Birmingham.—"Let us smoke the pipe of Peace."

J. B. to B. J.—"Friend, dost thou mean this as a puff?"

THE PLAYBILL OF THE FUTURE.

THEATRE ROYAL, PARK LANE.

(Sole Lessees and Managers—a Select Committee of the House of Peers.)

This Evening, at a quarter to Eleven, *à peu près*, Her Majesty's Friends will perform Mr. MADDISON MORTON's celebrated Farce of

BOX AND COX.

Box (his original character) . . . The Marquis of SALISBURY.
Cox (his original character) . . . Earl GRANVILLE.

Mrs. Bouncer (her first appearance) . . . The Duchess of NEW-MARKET.

After which, at about half-past One (cold supper being served at Midnight precisely), SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy of

MACBETH.

With the following powerful and exceptional Cast:—

Duncan . . . { By kind and special constitutional } HIS MAJESTY THE
authorisation of the Folksthing, } KING OF THE
on this occasion only . . . NETHERLANDS.

Malcolm . . . { his Sons } The Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON.
Donalbain . . . { The Master of the Horse.

Macbeth H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Banquo The SPEAKER of the House of COMMONS.

Banquo's Ghost { By kind permission of } Baron HUDDLESTONE.
the Court of Appeal

Macduff { By kind permission of } His Excellency the Austrian
his Government . . . Ambassador.

Fleance (Son of Banquo) . . . Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lennox . . .

Ross . . . { By the living Representatives of their respective

Menteth . . . Families.

Angus . . .

Cathness . . .

An English Doctor { By special Dispensa- } His Eminence the Car-
tion of His Holiness } dinal Archbishop of
the Pope . . . WESTMINSTER.

Wounded Soldier . . . Lord WOLSELEY.

Lady Macbeth . . . The Duchess of PARKMINSTER.

Lady Macduff . Her Serene Highness the Princess VON STOLTSBERG.

A Gentlewoman (by desire) Her Majesty the Queen of MADAGASCAR.

Hecate . . . The Dowager Duchess of WORCESTER.

First Witch . . . The LORD CHANCELLOR.

Second Witch . . . The Hereditary Earl Marshal.

Third Witch . . . The First Lord of the ADMIRALTY.

Armed Head . { By special fiat of both } His Grace the Archbishop
Houses of Convocation } of CANTERBURY.

AND THE
Apparition Kings . { By distinguished Members of the Privy
Council.

MY KATE.

(AFTER BROWNING.)

(On Miss Kate Vaughan's quitting the Gaiety Company in order to come out in a New and Serious Line.)

HER air has a meaning, her movements a grace,
You turn from the fairest to gaze at her face;
And when you have once seen her dance, 'tis a treat
That you may encore, but which she won't repeat—
My KATE!

Renouncing burlesque, she's about to enact
The fair Amy Robsart—I hope 'twill attract.
And when thou art gone, who will here take your part,
While you're starring the country as Amy Robsart,
My KATE?

We praise you as charming, and ask if you mean
To give up burlesque and play Tragedy Queen?
The Mashers will cry, o'er this doleful event,
"The charm of her presence was felt when she went!"—
Our KATE!

AFTER a Champagne-Cup Day at Ascot, it was decided that the Heath as a rendezvous should in future be known as "the Tristan place?"

"BRIGHT Chandelier proclaims the dawn," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, when she heard a cock crowing in the back garden, as it was getting towards the small hours, after her evening party.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



THE "TERRITORIAL SYSTEM!"

OR, NOTHING LIKE ACCURACY.

*Officer (at Head-quarters). "AND WHO MAY YOU BE?"**Recruit. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE SEVENTH BATTALION PRINCE CONSORT'S OWN RIFLE BRIGADE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FUST TOWER 'AMLETS MILISHY!"*

I PURITANI.

Grand Unpopular Opera—once more in active Rehearsal.

ARGUMENT.—VERNON-ARCCOURT, an amiable political philanthropist, having in an unguarded moment been induced by the *Puritani*, a dyspeptic but powerful band of social conspirators, to make Sunday as uncomfortable as possible, has suddenly, by a subtle and arbitrary Act, deprived the populace for twenty-four hours of its beer. Growing thirsty as the summer advances, and maddened by this and other pieces of grandmotherly legislation, it at length rises in rebellion against the restrictions with which its tastes and appetites have been hampered, and seeking aid of the *Caucus*, by a terrible retaliation obliges VERNON-ARCCOURT and his order quite unexpectedly to restore to it many of its cherished enjoyments, and among others, amidst indescribable enthusiasm, its ancient and valued privilege of occasionally getting drunk on some one else's premises.

CHARACTERS.

VERNON-ARCCOURT (surnamed "IL PACIFICO"). WILFRIDO (a Jester—creature of I PURITANI). GUGLIELMO DI WHITECHAPEL (known as the "Thirsty One"). IL AVVISATORE MATTUTINO (a Daily Spirit).

Chorus of Puritani, Licensed Victuallers, Philanthropists, Costermongers, Archdeacons, Total Abstiners, Sweeps, Sabbatarians, &c.

The Scene represents a Secret Official Chamber in the recesses of the Palace of the Home Office. As the Curtain rises, VERNON-ARCCOURT, surrounded by WILFRIDO and the Chiefs of the Puritani, and standing up to his knees in Petitions from Sunday School Children with which they have presented him, is discovered listening attentively to the following subterranean chorus.

CHORUS.

HAIL! O, social legislation
Brought once more to bear on
Sunday!
Eighteen-nineteenths of the Nation,
Seeking rest and recreation,
Find it but on this—their one day!
Yet, we own, that we would tamper
Further with such joys as wait them,
And, with best intentions, hamper,

Gall, provoke,—exasperate them.
Art and Science might have shocked
them,
So we fixed the Sunday shutter,
Barred the door, and kindly locked them
Out—to contemplate the gutter.
Yet! O, Heav'n! though they've the
street,
Still they seek some fresh retreat!

Vernon-Arcourt (thoughtfully)—

'Tis strange, perhaps,—yet not surprising.
The gutter is a dreary place!

(*Con molto animo.*)

I somewhat doubt what they're advising:—

Ha! hark again!

[*He listens.*]

Chorus— In ARCCOURT'S face

We read a wondrous penetration
To value truly recreation!
The sons of toil to further cheer,
Inspire him, Heaven, to stop their beer!

V.-A. (recit.) These remarks of a nature complimentary,
Are, without doubt, to the Pacific One,

Extraordinarily agreeable.

But to speak, from the experience,

That is purely personal,

Of a Sunday made horrible

By the absence of modest refreshment,

Is, to the unutterable delight,

Of the joyous child of the Reform Club

At present—and, with rapture unbounded,

I dwell on the circumstance,

A physical impossibility.

[*He is about to depart quietly, when WILFRIDO and the Leaders of the Puritani bar his further progress.*]

Wilfrido and the Puritani (advancing on him)—

Nay! you must back the Bill at sight!

Vernon-Arcourt (con fuoco). I'm only anxious to do right.

Chorus. What's right for you—for them is wrong!

Vernon-Arcourt (maestoso). I'll think that out.

Puritani (falling back). A song! A song!

Vernon-Arcourt. I have done showy work in my time,

My views are expansive and large,

And I shouldn't like now, in my prime,

To face an unpopular charge.

Yet my friends, who entangle me here,

Should, I feel, by concession be bought:

They would mulet the poor man of his beer;

Well—I'm still doubting whether they ought.

For I cannot quite see why a measure so strong

Should in one case be right, in another be wrong!

Puritani (in triumph)—

The great VERNON-ARCCOURT is getting along!

He's now muddled up 'twixt what's right and what's

wrong?

Vernon-Arcourt. I'm compelled to look out how I tread,

A stray vote to pick up here and there;

As this Bill has been flung at my head,

'Praps a trial to give it were fair?

So I'll prove to the classes I snub

That they're saved from a beer-drinking shoal.

And that Sunday and wine at a Club

Are things that their betters control.

I think, on the whole, that that argument's strong,

"What for me may be right,—well, for them may be

wrong!"

Puritani—

He thinks, on the whole, that that argument's strong;

And he'll probably find that it is before long!

[*WILFRIDO and the Puritani prepare for a wild pas de*

satisfaction, and VERNON-ARCCOURT is about to watch

their gambols, when the wall splits asunder and dis-

closes GUGLIELMO DI WHITECHAPEL, surrounded by

myrmidons of the Advanced Party, convening a

Monster Meeting for the discussion of the Club and

Private Cellar Sunday Closing Scheme.

Guglielmo di Whitechapel (con delicatezza).

You West-End blokes who thinks yer can

Play nine-pins with the Working Man—

We'll show yer it's a game for two—

We'll eat you off your liquor!

Wilfrido (with a gesture of ecstasy). Do!

Chorus (approvingly). Hail! O, social legislation,

Prompting rest and recreation!

Thus, midst unexpected smiles,

Fall Mall mates with Seven Dials!

[*VERNON-ARCCOURT tries to escape from the situation, and*

is about to turn when the Spirit of the Licensed Vic-

tualling Interest, IL AVVISATORE MATTUTINO, appears

hovering in the air, holding out a draft of the newest

Prohibitive Measure in vindictive triumph.

Vernon-Arcourt (shuddering). Oh, Good gracious! Oh,

Horror!

[*He falls into the arms of an Under-Secretary, and all*

cower as the Curtain descends.



THE NEW CRAZE.

Manager of the Parthenon. "AND WHAT EXPERIENCE HAVE YOU HAD, MY LORD?"

Young Viscount Saltimbank. "OH—I PLAYED ROMEO, AT THE JOLLITY, LAST THURSDAY MORNING. I WAS CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN SEVEN TIMES!"

Manager. "EXACTLY. THEN I THINK YOUR LORDSHIP MAY STUDY THE FIRST SERVANT IN OUR NEXT PIECE. HE COMES IN IN THE LAST ACT, YOU KNOW, AND SAYS 'DINNER'S READY!'"

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A MARLOW MADRIGAL.

OH, Bisham banks are fresh and fair,
And Quarry Woods are green,
And pure and sparkling is the air,
Enchanting is the scene!
I love the music of the weir,
As swift the stream runs down,
For, oh, the water's deep and clear
That flows by Marlow Town!

When London's getting hot and dry,
And half the Season's done,
To Marlow you should quickly fly,
And bask there in the sun.
There pleasant quarters you may find—
The "Angler" or the "Crown"
Will suit you well, if you're inclined
To stay in Marlow Town.

I paddle down to Harleyford,
And sometimes I incline
To cushions take with lunch aboard,
And play with rod and line.
For in a punt I love to laze,
And let my face get brown;
And dream away the sunny days
By dear old Marlow Town!

I go to luncheon at the Lawn,
I muse, I sketch, I rhyme;
I headers take at early dawn,
I list to All Saints' chime.
And in the River, flashing bright,
Dull Care I strive to drown—
And get a famous appetite
At pleasant Marlow Town!

So when, no longer, London life
You feel you can endure;
Just quit its noise, its whirl, its strife,
And try the "Marlow-cure!"
You'll smooth each wrinkle on your brow
And scare away each frown—
Feel young again once more, I vow,
At quaint old Marlow Town!

Here SHELLEY dreamed and thought and wrote,
And wandered o'er the leas;
And sang and drifted in his boat
Beneath the Bisham trees.
So let me sing, although I'm no
Great poet of renown—
Of hours that much too quickly go,
At good old Marlow Town!

THE ADJUTANT'S HOSS AGAIN!

A SHORT time since quite a passage of arms took place in the House of Commons because the Commanding Officer of a Militia Regiment had sanctioned the drawing of some money in payment for the phantom forage of an imaginary charger. It was advanced that, although this particular or rather not very particular Adjutant did not usually possess a horse, he produced one once, on a special occasion, for his Colonel's inspection. It may be said generally that the typical Adjutant's horse has puzzled thousands. So, as particulars about this mysterious beast have been for many years more than vague, it would be as well in future that some form containing questions requiring answers should be filled up by the parties interested, before dealings with public money received Government sanction. The following will serve as a guide to the mode of furnishing the required document:—

FORAGE FOR ADJUTANTS' HORSES (MILITIA).

(To be filled up, and returned to the War Office.)

Question. Do you hire your horse for the training? If so, state what are his occupations during the non-training period.

Answer. I do hire my horse for the training. I believe his occupations during the non-training period are drawing a night cab, helping in fourth-class funerals, and making himself generally useful at a bathing establishment on the Margate sands.

Q. Is your horse perfectly sound? Do you know of any ailment from which he suffers, or has suffered?

A. My horse is not perfectly sound. He is a little touched in the wind, is stone-blind, and quite deaf. I believe that the knees of all his legs have been broken on various occasions, and that he con-

stantly suffers from embarrassing attacks of glanders, meagrim, and aggravated staggers.

Q. Has your horse had any military training?

A. Yes, at Astley's five-and-twenty years ago, when he was employed as "an extra"—his duty was to pretend to be dead in a corner—in the Spectacular Drama of *The Battle of the Alma*.

Q. Do you propose retaining your horse for the next training?

A. No; as I understand that he has been purchased by a purveyor of cats'-meat (the sale to take effect the day after the regimental training, by agreement with the representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), I shall have to discover his successor.

(Signed) ADOLPHUS OLDBOY DUFFER,
Captain and Adjutant 12th Battalion The
Town and Country Regiment.

(Countersigned) MONTMORENCY SNOOKS,
Lieut.-Colonel, Officer Commanding.

SOMEBODY asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM if she had heard Mlle. MENTER. "Oh! I suppose—" said Mrs. RAM., ready to show her thorough acquaintance with classic literature, "I suppose you mean a daughter of the Old Menter one heard so much about at school that we used to speak of him as Tor-menter;—you recollect, don't you? He was a sort of tutor and travelling companion to Young Telephone."

HARD-WORKING MEMBERS OF "THE COACHING CLUB."—MR. WREN, Mr. SCOONES, and other Coaches for the I.C.S. competitive examinations.



"OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?"

Punch. "THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING OF."

Gladstone. "PRECISELY. WONDERFUL!!"

Of what is the Old Man thinking
As he sits on the Treasury Bench,
From the worrying wasp-swarm shrinking?
His battle-fire nought may quench,
But the brows of the Old Man knit,
As he looks on the vulgar fray,
And he dreams of the grace and wit
Of an older, manlier day.
Now bunkum is loud, unblinking,
Now impudence doth not blench!
Oh! of what is the Old Man thinking
As he sits on the Treasury Bench?

'Tis not of his strength declining,
'Tis not of young RANDY's jeer;
'Tis not of the hour of dining,
Or LAWSON on battles and beer.
No spell these squabbles will stay,
And the Old Man's eyes grow dim,
For he thinks of his Bill-blocked way,
And the hours that are lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
He sighs, and his stern jaws clench.
Of the Session's waste he is thinking,
As he sits on the Treasury Bench.

MR. J. L. TOOLE says he is a great Thought-Reader. One condition only is necessary, and that is he must have a hand from some sympathetic person. "Give me your hands," he says to his audience, "and I'll tell you what you're thinking about." After one hearty round, he can be perfectly certain. Should it ever happen that he

doesn't get a hand, he says he can equally well tell them what they're thinking about. Mr. ANSON ought to try this before he attempts another oration to the Public.

FASHIONABLE "AT HOME."—Charity.



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 3.

NEAR HAMILTON PLACE, PICCADILLY. *Puzzle (the same as in the previous one on the other side of the Park,—TO FIND THE POLICEMAN.*

OUR OFFISHIAL GUIDE.

PART V.—VERY MUCH ABROAD.

HAVING now exhausted England and the Colonies, we turn our attention to foreign affairs. Many of our neighbours seem to have had the greatest possible difficulty in getting anything of a piscatorial character for exhibition. Under these circumstances, they have done their best, with much bunting and gilding, to hide the nakedness of the land, or rather the sea. Following the plan we have hitherto pursued, we run through the Courts, bestowing a few notes upon each.



'Eels over 'Ead.

Austro-Hungary.—A magnificent display of heraldry and flags surrounding a shelf, upon which are placed half-a-dozen small bottles containing the sole Austro-Hungarian exhibits—some specimens of the ocean parasite, or sea-flea!

France.—Most disappointing. A few boxes of sardines and some old oyster-shells. For so large a country, a perfectly miserable display. However, the collection is rendered interesting by two remarkable exhibits: the first, a "provisional map of the world," subject, of course, to the Author's subsequent alterations; and the last, "tiles furnished with oyster-spots of different sizes, dead, but can be had alive if required." GRASSY is the name of the oyster revivifier. With so marvellous a gift he ought to be promptly engaged for the "variety entertainment" at the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

United States of America.—A very respectable display, in which, however, the commercial element is in noways neglected. For instance, Mr. CHARLES ALDEN, of Randolph, Massachusetts, sends an "exhibit of goods prepared by the Alden evaporating process." Again, Mr. LORD sends an "improved ice-crusher." Of course, no Fishery Exhibition could have been complete without these articles. The hall in which they are laid out is profusely decorated with the Regimental Flags of the American Army, and here and there a

"portrait model," in wax, of a fisherman in full costume. The latter exhibits suggest the idea that tailor's dummies are as much used in the States as in London. Altogether, the collection reminds one of the varied fortune of the ocean, inasmuch as the Directors have given the main chance their most earnest and undivided attention.

Belgium.—The usual jumble of flags, maps, nets, and fishing-rods. The strangest exhibit is sent by the Messrs. FLORENVILLE of Liège. It is described in the Official Catalogue as a "Certificate suitable for Corporations and Public Bodies in water-marked paper, to be reproduced on stone." No doubt the "water-marked paper" rendered it sufficiently nautical to find a resting-place in South Kensington.

China.—Really worth seeing, well arranged, and artistically decorated. The chief attraction is to be found in the grounds rather than in the building, in the shape of an aged Chinaman in huge spectacles. This remarkable personage generally walks about followed by a large and critical throng who examine carefully his every gesture. On Wednesday last (a half-crown day) a numerous crowd assembled near the Chinese pagoda, and it was at first supposed that the spot had been the scene of some dreadful accident. When it transpired that the gathering were collected together to watch the old Chinaman while he smoked a pipe, the crowd grew infinitely larger.

Germany and Greece.—These two nations may be taken together, as, combined, their list of exhibits is a very poor one. The principal object of interest contributed by Germany is a bundle of whalebone, while the kingdom of the Hellenes is chiefly represented by some "lobster-tails from the Island of Scopelos."

Japan.—Extremely interesting, and the Court nearly as well arranged as that of the Chinese Department. On examining the Official Catalogue, however, it will be found that in spite of the brave array, the "leading articles" of the collection are a tinned oyster, a stuffed crab, and some cod-liver oil. The Japanese salesman in attendance, who is intensely European and businesslike, merits—but does not obtain—as much observation as the Chinese smoker.

Netherlands.—More nets, and tinned fishes. The Dutch seem to have devoted most of their time to curing herrings and catching salmon.

Norway and Sweden.—Remarkable for several fine sardine trophies. As these pyramids of saleable articles may look too tempting to a casual visitor with a turn for petty larceny, the Authorities have secured their safety by covering them over with fishing-nets.

Spain.—A well-arranged Court. Seemingly, the National Naval Museum has been dispatched bodily from the Peninsula to South Kensington. The exhibits come exclusively from this collection, which includes "six pieces of cork" and "two bolsters."

Russia.—Ignored by the Official Guide, but, for all that, meritorious. The usual "pleasant little gathering" of nets, preserved fish tins, and implements of piscatorial torture.

The Foreign Fish-Market.—Quite as disappointing as the British ditto. The "Market," which is held in a small room, contains a few specimens of richly-scented dried fish and some sardine-cases. Motto to be placed over the door: "A rose would swell as sweet—and sweeter!"

So much for the Foreigners, who certainly cannot compare with our British exhibitors. The Courts are rendered more attractive than they would be *au naturel* by the introduction of a very choice collection of church organs. It is not easy, however, to see what these instruments have to do with Pisciculture, the more especially as the talented individuals who at intervals perform upon them are far too advanced to have anything to do with scales.

Having now visited the chief objects of interest in South Kensington, Home, Colonial, and Foreign, a rapid run through "the Machinery in Motion," and a necessarily hurried visit to "the Six-penny Fish Dinner," will bring our "Official Guide" to a mechanical *plus gastronomique* termination.

A "WARHAM CORNER" IN THE STRAND.

SILVER Guilt, at the Strand, intended for a travesty of *The Silver King*, at the Princess's, is first-rate fun at the commencement, but it becomes rather wearisome when it wanders into other melodramatic subjects, such as *Drink* and the *Lights of London*. Mr. RIGHTON is more like Mr. JOHN CLAYTON than Mr. WILSON BARRERT, but Mr. BROUGH's imitation of Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is simply perfect. It is for the most part very smartly written, and, up to a certain point, Mr. WARHAM has done his work capitally. The "business," as long as the original play is being fairly burlesqued, is genuinely funny.

MISS LAURA LINDEN gives a clever caricature of Miss EASTLAKE's mannerisms; but, occasionally, her tone far more closely resembles Miss ELLEN TERRY's than that of the person she is burlesquing. The duet and dance between Miss LINDEN and Mr. RIGHTON is very neatly executed, and obtains a hearty *encore*. The songs and choruses,

having very little and occasionally nothing to do with the piece, only delay the action, and mystify the audience.

Mr. HAWTREY's make-up for Old Father Christmas is also very good, and the idea of the Detective, who says nothing, but only comes on to look puzzled, to scratch his head, and to change the scene with a stroke of a harlequin's wand, it should have been a prompter's whistle, was immense at first, but it palled on frequent repetition. The fact is, if *Silver Guilt* were cut down to forty-five minutes, instead of playing over an hour and a half, as it now does, and if the action and dialogue were strictly confined to the travesty of *The Silver King*, its success would be as lasting as that of its original. The mechanical changes of scene are really marvels of ingenuity, and the music is so well selected that it is a pity there are not better voices to sing it, and better dancers to dance to it,—the duet, already mentioned, being the one bright exception.

On the first night the Actors were called before the curtain, as also was the Author, Mr. WARHAM, who must have been delighted with—as he would probably term it—the very Warham reception accorded to him.



Little All Right 'un.



Miss Laura Linden as Miss Eastlake,—a clever Actress, but not a Jenny Lind 'un.

Of *Vice-Versé* we have spoken some time ago. The Messrs. HAWTREY are excellent in it, and so is Miss LAURA LINDEN.

The other Burlesque, produced on the same night at the Adelphi, and, as part of the joke, called "a Drama," by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, will probably have come to an end ere this appears, so let us shed a passing tear over the unfortunate *Rank and Riches*, which thoroughly

deserved all the peppering it got from the Critics, and the jeers with which the Public received it on its first representation. We rather fancy that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS—first-rate, in his own peculiar line, as a Novelist, though even there not up to the Frenchman GABORIAU in plots,—excepting always *The Woman in White*,—has never been successful as a Dramatist, except when he has had the assistance of some practical Stage-Manager or Actor to suggest what was required for stage-effect.

We may be wrong, but it seems to us that, left to himself, he fails, as Poet WILLS fails when he is left to himself; but, with Mr. IRVING, or Mr. HARE at his elbow, what better acting plays, on the whole, have we seen in our time than *Charles the First* and *Olivia*? Mr. WILKIE COLLINS was successful at the Prince of Wales's under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, and with



Anson defying the Critics.

Mr. COGHLAN as the repulsive hero. Mr. CHARLES READE also will be remembered by his novels, not by his plays, and we feel sure that for a Novelist to be a successful Dramatist, he must have the aid—more or less—of some practical *collaborateur* experienced in stage-craft.

A LILLYPUT LYRIST.

Lines in a Newdigate Calendar.

THERE was a little poet
In a little lyric way,
Who scribbled most industriously
For very little pay.
He was tall, but not good-looking,
With a most romantic name,
And the Ladies dearly loved him,
And he took their praise for fame.

In days gone by at Oxford
He'd gained the Newdigate,
And his career was settled
From that auspicious date.
For Oxford's got the contract
To supply one Bard a year
Even though divine afflatus
May be flatter than their beer.

And he read his little lyrics,
As they circled him about,
And they sighed and softly asked
him,
Would he kindly write them out.
And they flattered him past
measure,
Till this little bard began,
To consider ROBERT BROWNING
Was an overrated man.

And he trilled and twittered feebly,
In a tiny tender treble,
Though at times the sense grew
vague,
And the rhythm would turn
rebel.
So he scribbled hour by hour,
And he toiled on day by day,
Piping onwards towards Parnassus,
On his little lyric way.

But the path is rough and bitter
To the Muses' high abode,
And such little wand'ring minstrels
Get few coppers on the road.
So he left Parnassus' Muses
For the muses of Mayfair,
Turned lecturer and grew to be
A Knight and *millionnaire*.

And he writes for weekly papers
Where his inspiration makes
Verse as mild as MARTIN TUPPER's,
Or as mad as BILLY BLAKE's.
And his fame became so world-wide
That fair LILY LANGTRY smiled
No more upon the sonnets of
His rival, OSCAR WILDE.

And ASHBY STERRY sings no more
Of frills, and in despair
Poor OSCAR WILDE has cut his
throat—
No; not his throat!—his hair.
And our little Poet munches
His daintiest Gallic *gâteau*,
While his little "Tea-Tray Trio-lets"
Is the last success with CHATTO.

Take warning, then, ye Bardings,
By the career of boys
Who think that they are MILTONS
If they only make a noise.
It's better to be butchers,
And not to sing at all;
But if you must be Poets,
It's better not to BALL.



TODESON TO THE RESCUE!

ON HIS WAY NORTH, WHERE HE WAS GOING TO SUPPORT MR. BRADLAUGH, TODESON SUCCEEDS IN PRESSING HIS SERVICES AND COMPANY ON THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF MULLINGAR (WHO VAGUELY REMEMBERS HAVING SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE), AND HER DAUGHTER THE LADY NORA CREINA. THE NOBLE COUNTESS, WHOM RECENT EVENTS IN IRELAND HAVE SADLY IMPOVERISHED, LEARNS THAT TODESON HAS GREAT EXPECTATIONS FROM HIS AUNT IN MARGATE; AND LADY NORA CREINA, WHO HAS JUST BEEN BASELY JILTED BY YOUNG GORGIOUS MIDAS (FOR WHOSE SAKE SHE HAD JILTED POOR SOPELY, THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER), THINKS THAT EVEN TODESON MIGHT BE LICKED INTO SHAPE.

AT ALL EVENTS, DURING THE JOURNEY, THE FASCINATIONS OF THESE TWO LADIES INDUCE HIM TO GIVE UP MR. BRADLAUGH FOR THE PRESENT, AND HE SECRETLY RESOLVES TO JOIN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, OF WHICH THEY ARE DEVOUT MEMBERS.

CLEAR THE WAY!

Punch, to certain Obstructive Old Persons:—

STAND aside, if you please! Very worthy old souls,
But indulging to-day in obstruction vexatious.
The world, struggling onward to common-sense goals,
Must give hearing to counsels more cool and sagacious.
A singular pair, in chance company thrown;
Both hotly and blindly intent on imposing
For ever the shackles that Man has outgrown,
Keeping open old wounds which sound sense would be closing.

Stand aside, if you please! Though you eye with chagrin,
And with fussy affright, what you deem an intruder,
Mere uninspired Man's manufacture of sin
Breeds a tyranny neither the Turk nor the Tudor,
In essence, e'er equalled; and Law that would lay
On our lives a whim-bred artificial restriction,
Is the law of an ancient and bitter-bad day,
Built on private caprice, not on common conviction.

Why, MANNING, turn back on the sense of your prime?
Why, BENSON, turn face from the dawning of daylight?
Why brand honest need as unnatural crime?
Why block blameless gleams that humanity's way light?
These Bogies of Bigotry weaken the guard
Of the Right's truer sentinels all would fain strengthen.
Each vain prohibition pure heart may discard
Forms a link in the chain only tyrants would lengthen.

Stand aside, if you please! Here Society's sense
Than mere clerical cant speaketh clearer and stronger.

Kept back over-long by sophistical fence,
Plain instincts of Nature should truckle no longer
To vetoes non-natural, working sore pain,
Or impurity sore. Though your skirts you upscramble
In peevish disgust, your resentment is vain,
Vain anathemas fervent and wild skimble-skamble.

"THOUGHT-READING."—It is the simplest thing in the world. Anyone with the command of a shilling can acquire the power, and outdo Mr. IRVING BISHOP. The latest edition of *Happy Thoughts*, illuminated by the glow of a FURNISS, may be purchased for the ludicrously absurd sum of one shilling, and so any possessor of this coin may become at once a Happy-Thought Reader.

IN THE SEASON.

"REST!" cries the Business Man, mid toil and strife;
"Rest!" mid her balls and parties, cries his Wife;
But neither gains it mid the whirl of life.

THE Fish Exchange (Blackfriars) Bill was thrown out by the Select Committee on Wednesday last. What prospect could there be for any Bill at this Season, which, in consequence of its locality being Black-fryers, was understood to exclude Whitebait?

THE HALF-HOLIDAY GUIDE-BOOK.—Advice: buy *two*, and make it a whole holiday at once. Much better.



“BY YOUR LEAVE!”

BOY IN CHARGE (LORD D-LH-S-E). “NOW, THEN, OLD LADIES—OUT O’ THE WAY!!”

GROSVENOR GALLERY GEMS.



No. 56. Setting the Thames on Fire near Windsor. A Dynamiter in Boat. Two Detectives, disguised as Swans, considering the effect of the first explosion. Notice the smoke on the water. Where there's smoke there's a fire. Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A.



No. 30. "Got her Head screwed on the wrong way," and Old Gentleman trying to alter it. Haynes Williams.



No. 65. "Shan't play any more," or, a new version of "The Enraged Musician." Herr Joachim interrupted in a solo, tries to see who the deuce is making that noise at the back of the Shilling Gallery. H. Herkomer, A.R.A.



No. 165. "Good morrow to your Nightcap!" or, the Gay Old Dog Baffled for Once. "Three such pretty girls," said the Old Boy to himself. "I'd speak to 'em if I hadn't come out in this confoundedly absurd nightcap." Quite a little "Holiday."



No. 49. How Long? or, to be continued in our next.



No. 32. The Exhausted Laughter, after a real side-splitter. "The best thing I ever heard in my life."



No. 59. Cakes on the top of a green apple. "When this you see, Remember me." Doctor Watts.*

* This Picture is called "Study on Brighton Downs." But who on earth would build a study on Brighton Downs?



No. 60. "Her First Note." Very youthful pupil of the Royal College of Music learning to become a Concert-singer. J. E. Millais, R.A.



No. 231. The Lyons Mail. Nemo me in punning lacescit.

Wycliffe Taylor.



No. 237. Dress Rehearsal for Amateur Theatricals with the Properties,—two fans and a property white and gold chair. Young Lady is afraid she has "made up her arms too white, eh?" Better ask the Artist who painted 'em. Weedon Grossmith.



Our own Portrait of the Artist himself who painted No. 237—Grossmith—not the Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, but a Wee Don.

No. 1. "The Mercenary Musician." She holds out her hand—"Twopence more, and I'll play you another tune." MURRAY.

No. 82. *Without a Bet*; or, *The Eve of the Derby*, and "Nothing On!"

No. 87. "Up a Tree"—like a Bird.

No. 111. "Till all's Blue!" "Nothing left but one colour!" exclaimed the unhappy Artist, "so, like Mr. Eccles, in *Caste*, I'll 'blue it.'" J. M. WHISTLER.

No. 115. Puzzle Picture. Puzzle—To find its artistic merit. J. M. WHISTLER.

No. 119. *Practice makes Perfect*. Young Lady learning how to balance a glass of wine on the tips of her fingers.

No. 172. *Open Confession*.

No. 175. *A Warning*. The greedy sickly girl. Already very unwell, but she will take another sweet from the wicked old Boatman. E. SPENCER STANHOPE.

No. 204. "Oh, Scissors!" Probably a portrait of "Scissor Anne."

AT OXFORD.—"Aunt," said LAVINIA, reading the *Daily Telegraph*, "what does this mean?—The Duke of ALBANY in his D.C.L. robes? What does 'D.C.L.' stand for?" Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thought awhile, and then replied, "Why, of course, my dear, London, Chatham & Dover. Depend upon it, the Duke is one of the Directors, and on State occasions wears the official robes." Miss LAVY was quite satisfied.

FRANCE'S MOTTO.—"Mistress of Tonquin though China squall."

"CORRUPT PRACTICES."

[In the debate on the Corrupt Practices Bill, Mr. WIGGIN said he was a nervous man, and he should like to know whether, under a certain clause, he could meet old political friends in a social way.]

Oh, how hard 'twill be for Members, if, before election time, We are told our English virtue, hospitality's a crime; And that in election contests you can never be a winner If you ask your friends to breakfast, or to luncheon, or to dinner.

So no wonder HENRY WIGGIN, of East Staffordshire, declares That he's nervous when intent upon all hospitable cares; And he asks, in piteous accents, if he gives his friends good eating, Will the Judges frown upon him and declare that he's been treating?

May you give a friend a sandwich, but not ask him in to dine? May you treat him to cold water, but deny him any wine? And regard as contravention of this most Draconic code a Glass of sherry and a seltzer, or a brandy and a soda?

You can't ask the little children of constituents to tea, Without feeling a petition the direct result would be; Buns and muffins—now, 'tis painful, but we fear it quite the fact is—Will be looked upon by Judges as corrupt and evil practice.

MR. FORSTER says that "Every man can leave the world better than he finds it." True; but in some cases only by leaving it.

A WORD IN THE SEASON TO THE NEW PICCADILLY WATER-COLOUR WORKS.

EVERYONE is delighted with the New Water-Colour Exhibition when they get there; but as, to arrive at the Galleries, necessitates a terrific ascent of no end of a staircase, such of the visitors as resemble *Hamlet* in being fat and want of breath, or who are like *Mariana* in the Moated Grange, "awearry,"—in which case we strongly recommend strawberries and cream at the Moated Grange's, not many doors off, before attempting the climb—bitterly complain of the extra exertion in search of High Art. The Art shouldn't be so high, specially as the *raison d'être* of this new Society was to bring Art within reach of all. The advantage of course is that scarcely any one of the Public can visit the Piccadilly Water-Works without puffing violently, and of course a young Institution requires an occasional puff. For ourselves, we shall always be delighted to "give them a lift," as long as they deserve it. But, in this instance, the Managing Committee would do well to set the example by giving themselves a lift, or a double lift—no charge for carriage—which should take the visitors up to the Galleries on the second floor, and deposit them safely. Depend upon it, this is sound advice, though it may seem to be rather a long-winded—but therefore impartial and disinterested—way of putting it.

ONE great advantage of being able to marry your Deceased Wife's Sister is, that you only have one Mother-in-law.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 141.



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

BUT IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS
TO A LOT OF OCCUPATIONS,
HE BECAME A MIDSHIPMAN.

NOTES AT COMMEMORATION.

An Oversight.—When the Public Orator, the Rev. W. W. MERRY, commenced his Commemoration Oration, the Under-graduates who, in the Gallery, were Over-Graduates, forgot to sing out—

"We are a Merry family;
We are! we are! we are!"

An opportunity for a chorus lost for ever, or, at all events, for some time to come, unless they serenade the P. O. before the end of term.

That was a neat *mot* of the "Merry Professor's" when the march from *Scipio* was played, and he remarked that this illustrious Roman was noted for being a very temperate drinker of African wine, whence his *sobriquet*, *Sippy-o' Africanus*.

Mr. NICHOLS, of Balliol, won the Newdigate with a poem about "INEZ DE CASTRO," who, it was understood, was a relation of the notorious Claimant. "But," as the "Merry Professor" said, letting off a real side-splitter, "Ought'un to choose such a subject?" When his audience remembered that the Claimant's name is ORTON, they were convulsed with laughter, and it was some minutes before they recovered their equanimity.

"THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS."

—In reply to numerous Correspondents, wanting to know whether these frauds have anything to do with the Transit of Venus, or with the provincial tour of some Operatic or Dramatic Celebrity, we can only refer them to the Astronomer-Royal and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Gaiety Theatre.

A BUMPER AT PARTING.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES to sea is gone,
On the *Canada's* deck you'll find him;
Before him fun and hard work well done,
And loving hearts behind him.
Here's the Royal Middy's jolly good health,
As he travels the big world round again!
May he lay up good store of professional wealth.
Ere the *Canada's* homeward-bound again!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, June 11.—House of Lords crowded to-night. Question is, "May we marry our Deceased Wife's Sister?" Lord DALHOUSIE says "Yes." Lord CATRNS says "No." House apparently pretty equally divided; that is, if we take in the Bishops who crowd their benches. Prince of WALES on cross-benches, so is Duke of CONNAUGHT and Duke of ALBANY. Princess of WALES from Gallery above smiles impartially upon the just and unjust. Prince GEORGE and Prince VICTOR by her side. Both thoroughly convinced in favour of Bill. "Tell you what, TOBY," said Prince VICTOR, "When I'm King I'll make those Bishops sit up. If I catch 'em interfering with legislation in this style, blocking the way when majority of House of Commons, and majority of Lay Peers in favour of a Bill, it won't be Seven I'll send to the Tower, but Twenty-Two." Nice straightforward, outspoken young man, Prince VICTOR. So is GEORGE. Wanted to swap knives with me. Quite surprised to

hear I never carried one. Pressed on me bit of twine, two alley taws, an old thimble, and bit of cobbler's wax. Said there was awful fun to be got out of the latter. Mentioned possibility of secretly approaching Speaker's Chair and accidentally leaving compound there. Told him I would look up precedents.

Young Princes, like everyone else, chiefly delighted with speech of Lord BRAMWELL.

"Most remarkable person," said the PRIMATE, turning round to gaze upon him. "Like a bull in a china shop. Not my idea of a judge at all. COLERIDGE nearer the ideal."

Lord COLERIDGE himself deeply shocked at his learned brother making jokes on such a subject. Didn't quite go the length of reproving him, but with half-closed eyes, tone of melancholy in his voice, and head gently oscillating, lamented his levity.

"Remember old *Pecksniff* shaking his head over *John Westlock*?" young VICTOR whispered to brother GEORGE.

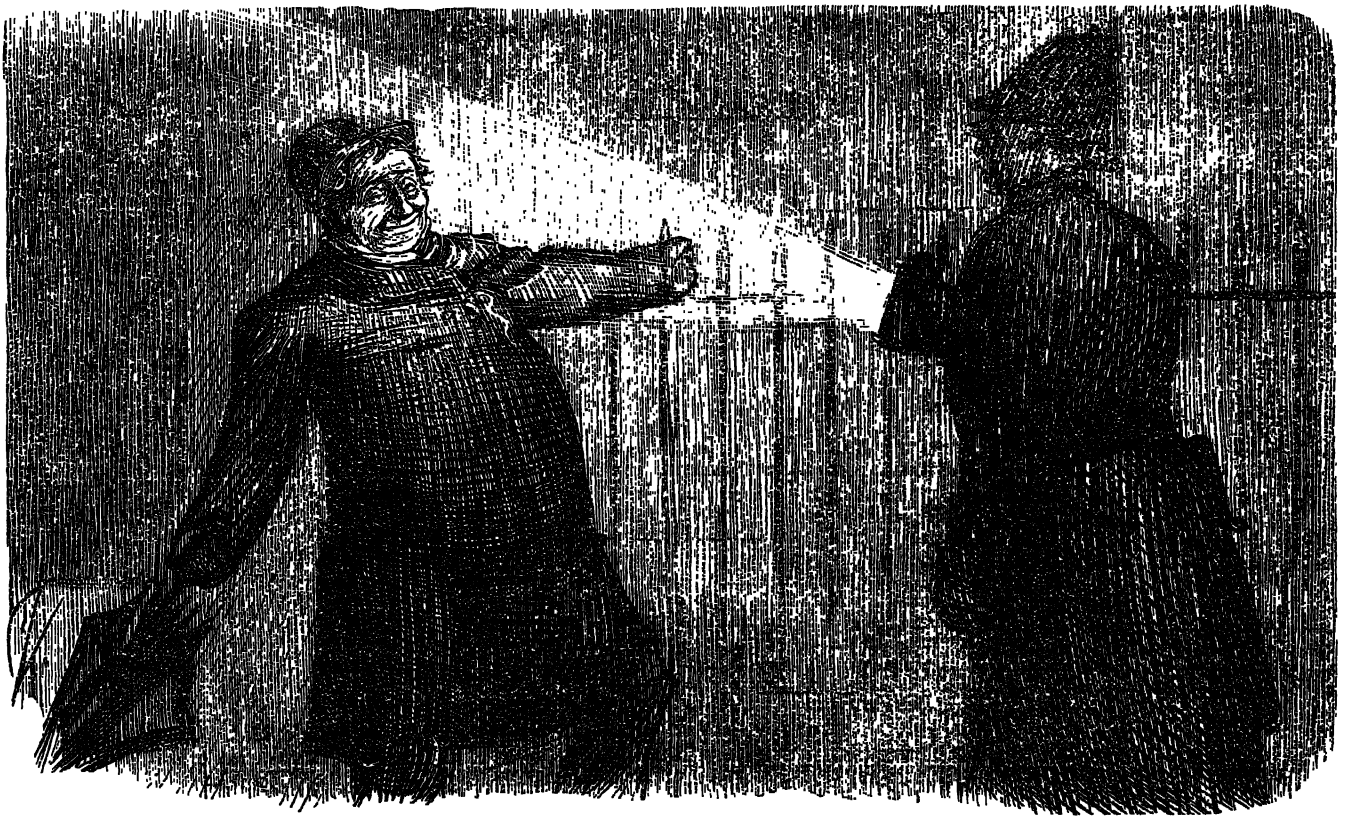
Great cheering when figures announced, showing Second Reading carried by 165 votes against 158. Barring Bishops, this is good working majority of twenty-seven.

Lively night in Commons, RANDOLPH broke loose again. Accuses Government of complicity in judicial murder of SULEIMAN SAMI.

"Managed that pretty well, TOBY, doncha think?" he asked me later. "A little bothered at the outset. At one time thought the Government would interfere to save this infamous Pasha, who smokes his cigarette whilst Alexandria is burning, and goes whining and fainting to the scaffold. Meant to make it hot for GLADSTONE con-ning at escape after full trial. Then they hang him, and I had on short notice to recast speech. But would do anything for my country and my party."

Business done.—Annuity Bills for ALCESTER and WOLSELEY wrangled through.

Tuesday.—Not having had anything relating to Ireland more



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Old Gentleman (returning from City festivity). "PLEASHM'N, WHERE 'SH M'SH'E BROWN LIVE?"

Constable (recognising him). "WHY, DEAR ME, SIR, YOU ARE MR. BROWN!"

Mr. B. "AW RIGHT! BU'—WHERE DO I LIVE?"!

recently than yesterday, to-day been chiefly devoted to that interesting country.

"Ireland," says Sir CHARLES DILKE, "was clearly foreseen in JOSEPH's dream—not JOSEPH GILLIS, but the earlier Statesman. Ireland is the lean kine which swallows up all business in the House of Commons, and is no better after the meal."

To-day began with Belfast. Private Bill on, to do something to harbour. JOSEPH GILLIS complained of constitution of present Harbour Board as being too aristocratic. Seems they wash their hands and face more than once a week, put on clean linen on Sunday, go home sober, issue no threatening notices, and were never known to shoot a landlord or stab a jurymen. J. G. would hurl these haughty placemen from power, and make general qualification of constituency similar to that which recently elected Mr. JAMES CAREY on Dublin Corporation.

Discussion continued for two hours. All eyes fixed on SPEAKER. Momentary expectation that he would discover evident sense of the House, and put stopper on JOSEPH.

"If *clôture* ever to be used, we shall see it now," Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE whispered to Grand Cross, whom I always forget to call Sir RICHARD.

But SPEAKER made no sign. Ventured to hint to Right Hon. Gentleman as we were smoking a cigar together after half-past seven dinner what had been expected of him.

"All very well for you fellows, TOBY," says he, "to fret and fume. But there is something due to me. I am here day after day, hour after hour far into the night, and must have my recreation sometimes. Nothing more soothing to me than voice of JOSEPH GILLIS. Feel invigorated and wound up for night's work after couple of hours' conversation by JOSEPH and his Brethren on such subject as Belfast Harbour. Of course, it's little awkward for public business; but we must average that. I must live; and if I find rest and recreation in this way, what does that matter to you?"

SPEAKER a little cross, I thought, but day hot, and House sure to be made at nine o'clock. He's quite right; and, though we can't understand source of enjoyment, too much to grudge it to best Speaker known to this generation.

Business done.—Three lines of Corrupt Practices Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—Quite a quiet afternoon, although first Bill was an

Irish one. McCOAN moved the Second Reading from bench below Gangway on Liberal side. Used to settle national affairs from front bench below Gangway opposite, but thought it judicious to move.

"Don't care to have a fellow like O'KELLY behind me," he says.

"Never know what may happen. Sitting here, can keep my eye on him. If I see him feeling for a pistol, can at once rise on point of order."

Mr. RAMSAY took advantage of absence of interesting topics in House to devote hour or so to HOME-SECRETARY. Remarkable sight to see Grandiose Old Man button-holed, or led about by RAMSAY. 'Twas not always thus. Was a time when the Member for Falkirk was treated as ordinary Members, particularly Scotch Members. But Mr. RAMSAY not to be easily shaken off. One afternoon Grandiose Old Man, strolling out of House, stroking his chin, and giving other evidence of being sunk in profound thought. RAMSAY, just entering, accosted him. G.O.M. passed on as if he were bodily in the clouds. But RAMSAY not a man to be trifled with. Old Covenanter blood up. Seized HARCOURT by sleeve, and, forcibly pulling him up, said—

"Aye, aye! surely a Scotch Member may speak to a Secretary of State."

And he did. Since then, pretty to see Grandiose Old Man, when entering Lobby, anxiously looking round to see if RAMSAY's about. Will take any bye-way to escape him; but, once those shaggy eyebrows bent upon him, and those well-known accents in his ear, becomes docile as a child, and yields without a struggle.

RAMSAY, having conquered, is merciful. Kept him only an hour this afternoon, whilst sketched plan for new Scotch Ministry.

Thursday.—At work on the Corrupt Practices Bill. Soothed and inspired by presence of Mr. CHARLES LEWIS. Not seen much of him of late Sessions. Been usefully employed in United States. Mr. MACARTNEY tells me, in interests of his constituency. Back again now, and buckling to work with old energy. Has always come out strong on question of purity of election. His famous White Waistcoat first dazzled House of Commons nine years ago on question of issue of writ for some peccant borough. Now, when Bill is proposed for enforcing purity of Election, Mr. LEWIS naturally to the fore, though the White Waistcoat is a thing of the past.

"Gone away in the *Ewigkeit*," Captain O'SHEA says.

Don't know what *Ewigkeit* is. Suppose it's Celtic for washer-

woman. But though White Waistcoat flames no more, all the grace and culture of which (taken in conjunction with the square-cut black coat and trousers to match) it was the emblem, remain. All very well for ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is in charge of Bill, and resents delay, to state openly in the House that Mr. LEWIS is representative of Solicitors who are threatened with diminution of bills of costs by operation of the proposed Act. Everyone knows that Member for Derry is influenced by no other motive than the desire for purity of Election, and the prevalence generally of the Good and the True.

Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE tells pretty story in support of his Amendment. Parson writes to him on behalf of congregation, intimating that they think Liberals and Conservatives much the same thing, specially Liberals. What they regard as of much more importance, is to free their chapel from debt. "Those who give most," writes this model Pastor, "are regarded as our best friends, and thereby will be influenced about two hundred votes."

"Now, that," said Mr. GIBSON, "is a style I like. No beating about the bush, but comes direct to the point. Two hundred votes going to the highest bidder. Boxes will be held at the door, and voluntary played on the harmonium whilst competition goes forward."

Committee inclined to take matter seriously, and Sir TREVOR LAWRENCE's Amendment, designed to check Pastors with evenly-balanced minds, likely to be accepted.

Business done.—Carried Clause One of Corrupt Practices Bill.

Friday.—Corrupt Practices all afternoon. Question of what is undue spiritual influence. Have valuable ruling on the subject from JOSEPH GILLIS. Mr. CALLAN also contributes to general information. Began on page 1, line 26. Left off at 26th line of first page. "This Committee," mused The O'GORMAN MAHON, "is like the farmer and the claret. You get no forrader with it."

PLAYS UPON PLAYS.



Impulse.



Rip Van Winkle.

A CHARITABLE THOUGHT-READER.

ABOUT three thousand persons were assembled last week in the Great St. James's Hall to benefit, by their guineas, five-shilling-pieces, and half-crowns, that excellent Charity, the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children. These three thousand would-be benefitters of the afflicted infants had also another aim in view—they had come to see a really genuine good stand-up "row" between Mr. BISHOP, an American, and the Senior Member for Northampton.

Mr. BISHOP, when he appeared, was self-possessed, but indistinct. Finding this, the half-crown benefitters of afflicted childhood seated in the back gallery shouted savagely to him to "speak up." Mr. BISHOP did "speak up," and proceeded to form what he called "a Committee." He nominated Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA and the Bishop of NEWCASTLE to belong to this indefinite body, but neither of the "inseparables" just mentioned condescended to put in an appearance. However, a Volunteer Colonel, an ex-Chief Constable, an innocent-looking old Clergyman, and last, but unquestionably not least, Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P., did step up, and take their seats on the chairs which Mr. BISHOP said he had reserved for them. Then the "Thought-Reader" had a good deal to say about Messrs. LABOUCHERE and FIRTH, of an uncomplimentary character, and the charitably-disposed towards suffering babyhood yelled with delight. But when he proceeded to expose some well known "spiritualistic tricks" the audience were less satisfied.

"We have paid our money to see the Thought-Reading!" shrieked an infant-soother, "and we don't want anything else."

Then what the newspapers usually call a "scene of indescribable confusion" ensued, until oil was poured upon the troubled waters by the election of Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P., to be Chairman. From this point the talking was incessant. The Chairman, having once broken the ice, seemed to be never tired of taking the audience into his confidence. He walked from side to side of the platform, smiling through his spectacles, and holding up his hand to the now very noisy and very angry friends of the children, to demand their attention. At length Mr. BISHOP said he would find a pin, and Mr. LANE FOX was deputed by the rage-maddened audience to hide it. He did conceal it—in an opera hat.

Mr. BISHOP, after being blindfolded, seized upon the "Eminent Electrician," and, casting aside all considerations of personal dignity, hurried him hither and thither about the hall. At last the "Thought-Reader" stopped, and, after declaring he could do nothing with his companion, slapped his (Mr. BISHOP's) forehead, dived down under a chair (accompanied by Mr. LANE FOX), and returned (accompanied by Mr. LANE FOX) holding the opera-hat in which was sticking the now safely-recovered pin.

The fickle friends of invalidated childhood roared with applause. For the moment Mr. BISHOP was the popular hero, and everyone regarded Mr. LANE FOX (again, only for the moment) as a personal enemy of several years' standing. The "Thought-Reader" returned to the platform, and again Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P., resumed his harangue. But an earnest sympathiser with the exalted objects of the Victoria Hospital in the body of the hall objected to anything further being done until Mr. BISHOP had discovered the number of a "fiver" of which he (the earnest sympathiser) proudly declared himself to be the owner. His suggestion was received with howls of execration.

Then Mr. WADDY, Q.C., M.P. (whose flow of talk seemed to be interminable), with uplifted hand and eyes smiling through spectacles, suggested that Mr. BISHOP should guess the number of a bank-note which, although belonging apparently to Mr. RUSSELL, Q.C., had, somehow or other, got into the possession of Professor RAY LANCASTER. Mr. BISHOP wavered. Upon this, the not-to-be-too-greatly-trusted-alleviators-of-the-pains-of-infancy turned upon him like one man, and savagely jeered at him. Then Mr. RUSSELL, Q.C., angrily left the Hall. This proceeding caused fresh shouts of hate, which only subsided when it was found that he had left his note behind him. Professor LANCASTER explained that he was the happy possessor of the valuable tissue-paper in question, and refused, on any consideration whatever, to part with it. And as this bold and determined announcement seemed to cause the Entertainer much annoyance, the audience applauded the Professor to the echo.

I heard subsequently that Mr. BISHOP *did* tell the number of a note belonging to a Gentleman who was rather coldly received as "the friend of Mr. STANHOPE, M.P.," after a great deal of bickering and arrangement. But let that pass. For, in or about the time of the "Lancaster incident," our Entertainer announced that any of afflicted childhood's wealth-bestowing friends who wanted their money returned might have it back on applying at the Office. Acting upon this suggestion, I rose stealthily and left the Hall. And now a most remarkable specimen of "Thought Reading" occurred. Just as I imagined I had a guinea (the price of a stall) well within my reach, the attendant at the door discovered that I was turning it over in my own mind that I, personally, had not paid for admission. Well, well, I did not get the money. What of that—the Victoria Hospital is an excellent Charity!

APPROPRIATE REWARD OF MERIT.

ON *DIT* that Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN and the energetic managers of the Fisheries Exhibition are to be made Honorary Fellows of All Soles College, Oxford.

THE IRISH JUROR BOYCOTTED.—Poor Mr. FIELD! His is a very hard case, and we trust the subscriptions will come in handsomely to start him in a new country. As a Juror he showed himself "a fair FIELD," and unfortunately he gets "no favour."

THE DUE OF BEN NEVIS.—An Observatory.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."



Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., as
Horatio Sparkins.

University Matches.

As the old-established Colleges at the two great Universities have produced the College Don, why shouldn't the new feminine foundations of Newnham and Girton develop the College Donna? And then, barring statutes in special cases imposing celibacy, what cause or just impediment will there be why those two personages should not be joined together in holy matrimony?

A CARDINAL POINT.—When an Ecclesiastical Dignitary tries to be all things to all men, he generally ends by being "Nothing to Nobody."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE WESTMINSTER WAX-WORKS.—THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 18.—Mr. BRIGHT "been saying things" down at Birmingham. Mr. JAMES LOWTHER shocked. Lord RANDOLPH horrified. Mr. CHAPLIN indignant. Agree that Sir STAFFORD must do something. Sir STAFFORD not quite sure about wisdom or safety of course suggested.

"People living in glass-houses throwing stones, and that sort of thing, you know," he murmured. But Truthful JAMES insistent.

"If there's one thing I can't bear," he says, "it's strong language. Let us, above all things, be moderate. We differ from Gentlemen opposite on matters of opinion; but don't let us therefore accuse them of maltreating their mothers-in-law. BRIGHT's example might be followed by younger Members like RYLANDS and DILLWYN, if left unrebuked. Practice might spread. Might reach even our side, and then think of disgrace to our cause!"

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE still doubtful, but yields to argument, and here's Mr. BRIGHT to-night dragged up for judgment.

"Brought a sheet with you, JOHN?" the waggish WILFRID said as the Birmingham Heavy Weight appeared. "Got a candle in your pocket? You'll look well standing at the Bar doing penance."

Turns out to be a mistake somewhere. Penance last idea in JOHN's mind. "Seems," as Sir CHARLES FORSTER says, "leg's on other boot." The Conservative Party are had up for punishment, whilst the Irish "rebel" Party get a slogging, under which they shout and toss in impotent pain. Even the blameless RANDOLPH is seized by collar, and roughly shaken. Grand CROSS in terrible trepidation. Almost piteously begged for "something the House could accept as apology."

"I thought we'd better have left him alone," says Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, wishing it were over.

In excitement of moment no one answered Mr. MARUM's conundrum. Mr. MARUM a gentleman with red face and inoffensive manners. When he suddenly sprang up in interruption of PREMIER, House painfully surprised. Didn't expect such a thing of him. But MARUM once aroused not easily quelled. Insisted on right to speak. House yelled "Order!" Mr. MARUM defiantly shook his head. Irish Members cheered madly. SPEAKER rose. PREMIER resumed seat. MARUM still on legs sternly facing uproar. A lull. Then MARUM speaks.

"Is it in order," he says, amid silence appalling by contrast with recent uproar, "that the PRIME MINISTER should assume that no one should speak from these benches when they have not got the opportunity of speaking as they are prepared—or not?"

House paused a moment, trying to master this remarkable problem. Giving it up, burst into a roar of laughter, that lasted several minutes.

"Captain Bunsby, by gad!" said Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. "The bearings of this observation lay in the application on it."

An alien Legislature might laugh; but Mr. MARUM had posed them. Let them answer his conundrum, or honestly give it up.

Business done.—Agreed to one Amendment on the Corrupt Practices Bill.

Tuesday Night.—LYON PLAYFAIR (whom really don't know

whether I ought to call Sir LYON) delivered another interesting lecture. Subject not attractive. Small-pox, in fact, which, on the whole, is a little worse than vivisection. But the lecture so fascinating that unpleasantness of subject lost sight of. Lecture lasted Professorial hour. Benches rapidly filled up. Students most orderly. No shuffling of feet, coughing, or other noises, though plenty of applause. PETER TAYLOR sat on back bench, shaking his head, and taking voluminous notes. Pretty to see the pitying smile of Mr. HORWOOD, as he regarded the applauding crowd.

"Wonderful simplicity about this House, TOBY," he said to me, afterwards. "A little learning goes a far way with them. Will believe anything, if figures are quoted, and scientific illustrations introduced. I could have rolled up PLAYFAIR in ten minutes. But wasn't worth while; and perhaps House wouldn't have heard me. They don't like real erudition."

Great hue and cry after Mr. MAYNE. Gone off with Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat. Sir ARTHUR, worn out with departmental work, and attendance on House, falls asleep in Library. Puts his hat on table; new one last week. Cost guinea-and-half. Rather proud of it. Division-bell rings; wakes up; seizes hat; fancies it's limp. Looks again, and discovers it's positively decrepit, and hung round with habiliments of woe, in shape of crape band. Police inquiry. HOWARD VINCENT comes down. "Who was in room when you fell asleep?" "Only Mr. MAYNE." Examine hat. Find A. M. written inside lining. Cordon of Police thrown round the House. Police boat off the terrace reinforced. Search for MAYNE. Can't be found. Look out for him next day. Doesn't turn up. Suspicions deepen. RICHARD POWER, threatened with arrest as accomplice, confesses he's gone to Monaghan on Electoral business. This looks serious. Question whether to canvas votes in new hat of Minister of the Crown is not corrupt practice.

"Anyhow," says Mr. O'SULLIVAN, "it's a very Mayne trick. I Hayter thing of that sort."

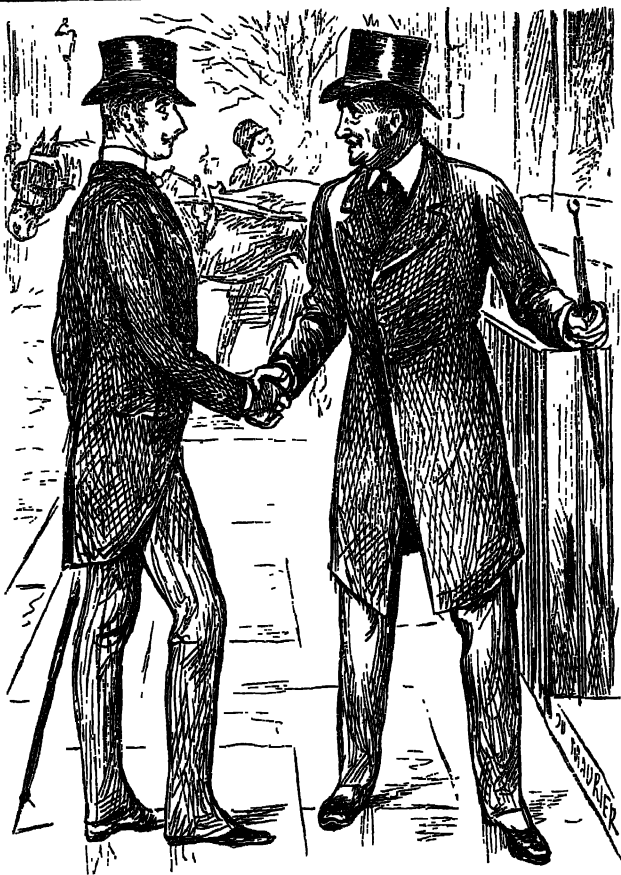
Sir CHARLES FORSTER, soon as he heard of it, called to pay visit of condolence to Sir ARTHUR. "I know what it is to lose a hat," said the Hon. Baronet, with tears in his eyes.

Business done.—Anti-Vaccination craze received death-blow.

Wednesday.—More conundrums from Irish Members. Mr. SHIEL wants to know what section of Irish Party O'DONNELL belongs to. This worse than MARUM's. House gives it up on the spot. O'DONNELL himself quite taken aback. Thinks SHIEL should have given notice of question. Answering off-hand, he should say he represents FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL; in brief, he's the Fifth Party.

Terrible young man when once roused, is young SHIEL. "Looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth," says JOSEPH GILLIS, admiringly, "and yet he goes for O'DONNELL. Neat hit that about using the stationery of the Irish Parliamentary Party to write letters to newspapers. Must cultivate SHIEL's acquaintance. Wonder if he's partial to mild breakfast-bacon. Looks as if he was. Shall send him half a side." Business done.—Irish.

Thursday.—Criminal Code Bill dropped. Been dropping for some



SOME PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING THINGS.

"NOW DO LET ME PROPOSE YOU AS A MEMBER."

"BUT SUPPOSE THEY BLACKBALL ME?"

"POOH! ABSURD! WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S NOT A MAN IN THE CLUB THAT KNOWS YOU, EVEN!"

time. Fall precipitated by strategic action on part of Mr. WARTON. Got up early this morning. At door of Committee before twelve. Whenever Conservative Member approached with intent to enter room, WARTON offered him pinch of snuff. Member took it. Curious effects follow. Great drowsiness came over him. Began to yawn. Showed strong disposition to sit down on floor. Mr. WARTON offered arm. Gratefully accepted. Led Member off to neighbouring Committee-Room not in use. Helped him to a chair, and left him there. Turned key in door. Went off to watch for another Member. Snuff-box again, with same result, till he'd got from fifteen to twenty Hon. Gentlemen sitting on chairs fast asleep.

Meanwhile, Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY (no relation to elderly ROBERT) sitting in chair waiting for quorum. ATTORNEY-GENERAL's usually sweet temper ruffled by mysterious delay on part of Members accustomed to put in appearance. Went to door to look out. Nothing to be seen but Mr. WARTON pensively surveying the ceiling of the corridor. "Late in coming, ain't they? Take a pinch of snuff, Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL."

JAMES glared at him. Went back. Half-past Twelve; no quorum. Twenty minutes to One; twenty Members just made up. WARTON softly unlocked Committee-Room Door. Honourable Members began to stretch their arms and yawn. WARTON sitting in seat and listening with interest to Mr. LABOUCHERE's calculation of how long it would take Committee to finish Bill. Presently Members began to stroll in. Come in twos and threes, looking horribly sleepy, complaining of closeness of day. Exhausting labours in House; up late at night. Quite sleepy at middle of day; must have Committee-Room better ventilated.

Too late to save Bill. If Members won't come in to make a quorum, what's the use of struggling with it? So Bill abandoned, and Mr. WARTON, carefully emptying snuff-box in grate, fills it from another packet, and helps himself to congratulatory pinch.

Business done.—Passed Clause 3 of Corrupt Practices Bill.

Friday.—Some mistake about Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat. MAYNE

back from Ireland, indignantly denies accusation. Produces his own hat, which, as JOSEPH GILLIS says, is quite "on royle."

"That's all very well," says Sir ARTHUR HAYTER, a little crossly; "but who's got the hat?"

Horrible suspicion seizes the mind. *Can it be Sir CHARLES FORSTER?* Happy thought. Try his hat on, and see how it will fit. Sir CHARLES FORSTER tracked. Seen to deposit his hat in locker accidentally left open in corridor. Goes away and forgets where he put it. When out of sight, Sir ARTHUR tries it on. Comes down to his ears. Plainly, Sir CHARLES is innocent. But who is the culprit? In white band-box, hanging on hook in cloak-room, is the venerable deposit with its covering of rusty crape. But where's Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat?

All afternoon at Corrupt Practices Bill. Made precious little progress. At night biter bit. WARTON delivering interesting speech, when JOSEPH GILLIS counted him out. J. G. says only his fun, but WARTON wrath. Prospect of coolness between these eminent men.

THE BRITISH ARMY—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

(In three short Essays.)

ESSAY NO. I.—ON THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE PAST.

EVERY Regiment was filled with the outcome of the gaols, and the country depended for a second line of defence upon a compulsory Militia. The men spent their whole lives with the colours. They were either kidnapped, or decoyed into the Army. They joined wearing bonds of drink, or chains of penal servitude. For all this they won Blenheim, Plassey, Alexandria, and Waterloo.

ESSAY NO. II.—ON THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE PRESENT.

The constitution of the Army, nowadays, is changed annually. For the moment the recruit is enlisted for short service, then passed into the Reserve, then recalled by a large bounty to the colours to fill up vacancies. By this simple means the Reserve is turned into a farce, and long service is re-established at a considerable additional outlay. Recently, all *esprit-de-corps* has been destroyed by giving the Regiments new titles, and thus crossing out with a stroke of the pen the memories of a long list of British victories. But the names have not only been altered. The colour of the uniform is to be changed from red to drab, and the standards, once proudly borne aloft, are to be permanently abolished. Moreover, the Militia are neglected, the Yeomanry ignored, and the Volunteers laughed at. The men of the Regular Army are treated like slaves—they are passed from the Regiment they prefer to the Regiment they dislike, without the smallest regard to their feelings, and everywhere the Queen's livery is accepted as a badge of disgrace. In fact, the British troops of the present day are mismanaged, overworked, and insulted. In spite of this they were defeated in South Africa.

ESSAY NO. III.—ON THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE FUTURE.

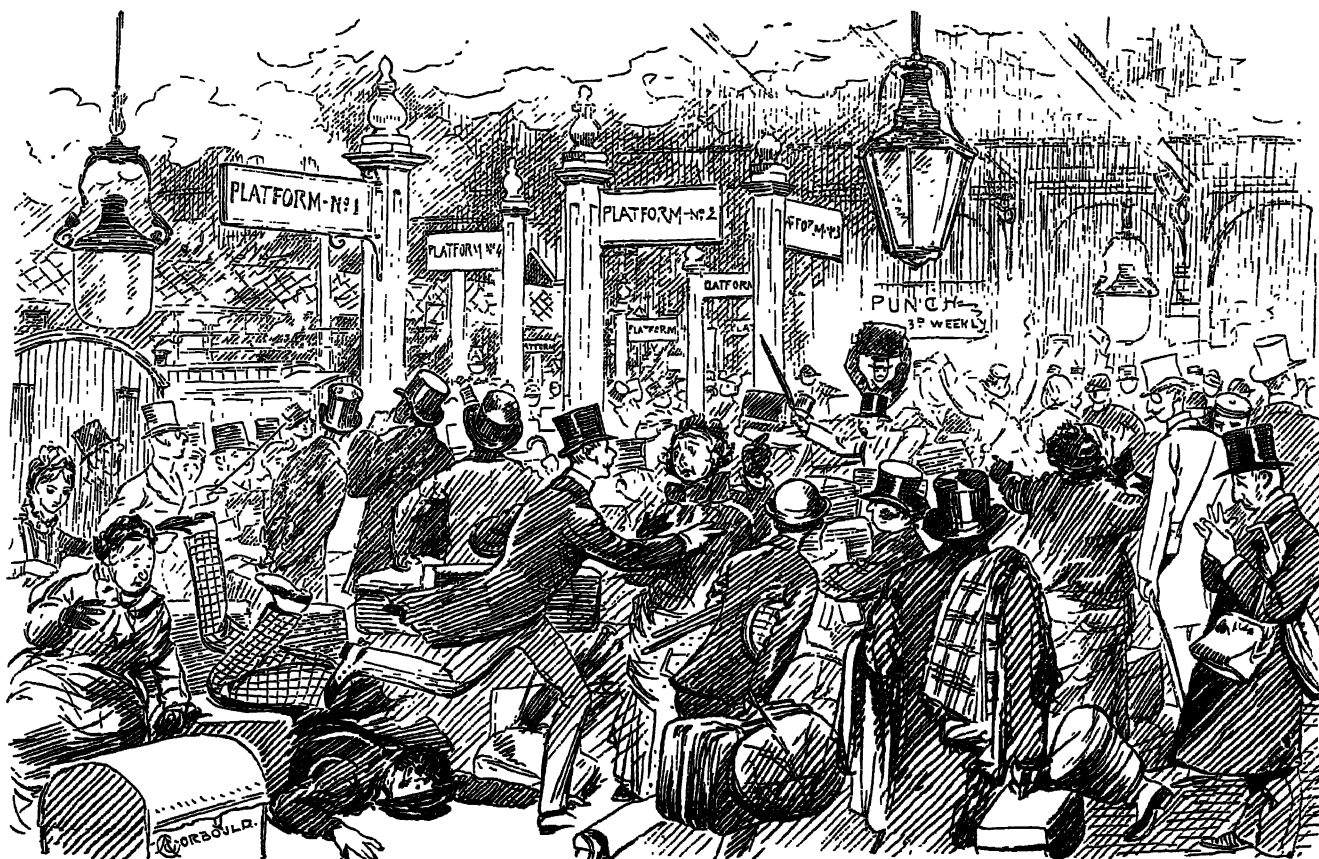
There will be no English soldier in the future!

OUR OFFICIAL GUIDE.

PART VI.—CONCLUSION.

BEFORE leaving the great Fisheries Exhibition, it is the duty of every visitor to partake of the celebrated Sixpenny Dinner. This obligation is generally admitted, as the crowd standing before the barrier in front of the economical refreshment room amply proves. All that is required by the would-be diner is patience. However, as a guide should be, if not "a philosopher," at least "a friend," it may be as well to describe the process, *pour encourager les autres*, who, on this occasion, may be said to be represented by the luxurious, the impatient, and the wasteful.

Golden rule—"First get your sixpence." Have it ready in your right hand, so that it may be tendered at exactly the proper moment. Armed with your coin of admission, you can join the struggling throng of miscellaneous humanity who continually press onwards towards the door leading to the plates of cheap fish and boiled potatoes. You will have ample leisure to study that grandest of subjects (according to POPE), your fellow-man. By degrees you will get nearer to the long-looked-for portal, and then the rumour will reach you that the Public are being admitted in batches of twenties and thirties. By-and-by you will work your way to the spot sacred to the presence of a conversational Policeman. Then you will obtain your first glance of the banquet which is the object of your greediest aspirations. How you will hate the dawdlers who play with their bread, or trifle with their beer! Unless you are qualified by natural sweetness of disposition for canonisation, you will mutter a curse as you watch old women taking five-and-twenty minutes to discuss a fried slip, and twice as long to tell a seemingly uninteresting story to their kith and kin. You will find the presence of the conversational Policeman quite an acquisition. With a little encouragement, he



METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 4.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION. Puzzle—To find the train you want, or anyone able to give you any information.

will tell you all his sorrows; how long he has to stand at the door, how hot it is, or how cold, until at last you will almost be compelled to force a shilling into his honest hand. Restraining yourself with a mighty effort, you will not tip the blue-coated representative of the Law. In spite of your virtue thus honourably exhibited, the Policeman will not become more reticent. Nay, it is possible that, on the contrary, he may even describe to you the terrors of the pangs of thirst. But all things must come to an end—even a wait before the doors of the Sixpenny Dinner, and the sorrows of a conversational Policeman. Of a sudden a Gentleman will appear at a turnstile, and, with the permission of the perspiring representative of the Law, you will enter with a rush, after hurriedly exchanging your sixpence for a refreshment-ticket. You will sit down at a table with a dirty cloth, and, after several attempts to claim attention, at length catch the eyes of an overworked young person in a cap.

"Boiled or fried?" the overworked young person in a cap will ask, as she hurriedly passes you. You will reply, and if then you answer "Boiled," you will be supplied with a mass of fish covered with melted butter; if "Fried," you will receive a gigantic helping of something brown. But not at once! Oh, dear, no! You must wait your turn; and, when the smoking dish is set with a jerk on the dirty cloth in front of you, you may rest and be thankful! However, while you are still dinnerless, an occasional glance at the weary faces outside the barrier will cause you to thank your lucky stars that you have at least "got in." But, when you have eaten your sixpennyworth of fish, bread, and potatoes, it may possibly occur to you that the game may not have been exactly worth the candle. On leaving, you will be possibly told that the dinners are supplied at a loss, borne by the Baroness BURDETT-COURT. Of course, this is satisfactory, so far as it goes—but, emphatically, no further. Sixpence for a hot wait, a dirty cloth, and a plate of fish is extremely cheap. It will be as well to bear in mind, however, *à propos de rien*, that some things which are cheap are also nasty!

And now our task is done. Among the miscellaneous articles of interest in the Exhibition may be enumerated some stuffed fish in cases and a very good sort of custard-powder. There is also a pleasant bookstall, where you can buy paper-covered novels. Besides these exhibits there is an Aquarium, which has but one fault. To quote a

Lady's opinion anent it, "The tanks would be charming if they didn't contain fish!"

One word of advice in conclusion. Don't try to see everything, but be satisfied with what seem (in the eyes of the Public) to be the principal objects of interest. And here is a model programme, which if followed, will secure the desired result:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 10 A.M.—Entering the Exhibition. Sit down and rest. | 1 P.M.—Ditto. |
| 10 15 A.M.—Looking at Lady BRASSEY's feather-cloak. | 2 P.M.—First mouthful of Sixpenny Dinner. |
| 10 30 A.M.—Examining the fish knives and forks made out of lobster shells. | 2 5 P.M.—Last ditto of ditto. |
| 10 45 A.M.—Glimpse at the Prince of WALES's Pavilion. | 2 10 P.M.— <i>En route</i> for the Bandstand. |
| 11 A.M.—Waiting for admission to the Sixpenny Dining-room. | 2 15 P.M.—Arrival in the Horticultural Gardens. |
| 12 noon.—Ditto. | 3 P.M.—Still waiting for the Band. |
| | 4 30 P.M.—Enjoying the Band. |
| | 7 P.M.—Home. |

In conclusion, as a general rule you should avoid nets, shun life-boats, ignore fishing-rods, and give a wide berth to tinned provisions. If, however, you are perverse, and *will* try to master thoroughly the various entries in the Official Catalogue, why then, unless your brain be bother-proof, you will run a good chance of qualifying for admittance to the excellent establishment so honourably associated with the name of Dr. NEWINGTON. Briefly, if you *will* attempt too much, you will commence with "sunny ocean," and end with "lu-na-cy!"

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord WOLSELEY have pronounced decidedly against the Channel Tunnel. They consider it dangerous. Both are excellent soldiers—*Cela va sans dire*; and the above expression of opinion goes to prove that they must be also first-rate sailors; as, if they were not, but are still fond of a run over to Paris for a little holiday, they would probably be all in favour of the Tunnel, and dead against the short (1) sea passage—which is such a sad passage in the life of most of us lubberly Islanders.

A TURN AT THE HANDEL.

A MARVELLOUS sight! Four thousand singers, and an Orchestra of four hundred and forty-one performers! Why forty-one? Why couldn't he have left it at a round number, and stayed away? But



"A Manns a man for a' that"—
and so he has proved himself.

some people never know when they are not wanted. I fancy that forty-first man—the "odd man out"—must have been the performer on a side-drum who broke loose (quite enthusiastically) twice on the first day, getting well away from the chorus, and keeping two bars ahead till pulled up by Mr. MANNS. If Mr. MANNS had had another conducting-rod by him, that forty-first man would have known it. What could have induced this extra performer to present himself when the round number of four hundred and forty had been arrived at? There are some people who never know when they are in the way, and here was an instance in point.

While all the approaches to the Palace by road and rail are thronged, the Palace gardens are deserted. At a side-door an idle waiter is smoking a quiet pipe. On the approach of our party he tries to look as if the pipe had got into his mouth much against his will, and turns away from us as if to admire the view. He, at all events, does not seem in the least excited by the grandeur of the occasion. Our party of three enters by a way leading into the Aquarium, up a damp and melancholy staircase, where are some old ragged and half-faded advertisements on the walls, and some mouldy-looking submarine rocks in a glass case,—suggesting the idea of neglected fish having lived and died there, in sheer despair of ever being noticed by anybody. Evidently this staircase is not much used. On the landing there are the usual turnstiles, and a man in authority who appears surprised at seeing us. He narrowly scrutinises our party, and carefully examines our tickets before committing himself to the assertion that it is "all right." Having obtained permission, which, by the way, is grudgingly conceded, we enter the building by the Conservatory, and suddenly find ourselves between two lines of people drawn up in military fashion to receive somebody of importance. There was a murmur of "Here they come!" as we strolled in, followed by a dissatisfied antistrophe of "No, they don't!" accompanied by such looks of resentment and such expressions of disappointment as convinced me at once that it wasn't our party which had been anxiously expected.

In the distance I catch a glimpse of some persons, not, apparently from this point, many, and I begin to wonder what has become of



The Hand-all Festival.

the Handel Festival, when my ear catches the last notes of "God Save the Queen," which, from the Conservatory door by which I am still standing, sounds as if it were being sung by one person to a weak violin accompaniment. The Royal Party, expected to arrive here (or, if not, why these two rows of spectators marshalled by occasional police?), have, as a kind of practical joke, entered by another way, and have taken their seats, where I subsequently get a good view of them, in a sort of magnificent Doll's House, beautifully furnished, with the front part open and no staircases inside. Here they sit, looking in the distance (everything from where my central seat is, in the distance, more or less, to me) like the dolls themselves, elegantly dressed; the Prince of TECK being very much *en évidence* as a very round, com-

fortable, fresh-coloured doll in morning costume, such as may be seen in any model gathering in the window of a big toy-shop in Regent Street, or at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli.

The first part has commenced as I pass in and am searching for my chair. I turn round and take in everything at a *coup d'œil*. There is Mr. MANNS conducting, with his face to the Chorus, and his back to a bust, presumably of HANDEL. The Sculptor had evidently taken the great Composer unawares just as he had got out of bed, apparently after a hard night of it, for the bust looks dreadfully bilious, and the nightcap has a rakish, devil-may-care sort of air—suggestive, in fact, of anything but the sort of air we are accustomed to associate with the name of HANDEL.

On Mr. MANNS's right sits Madame TREBELL in a morning dress, without a bonnet, looking as if she were quite at home, and intended making a day of it. Next to her is Signor FOLI, who, when not vocalising, appears to be amusing himself by making faces at no one in particular. On Mr. MANNS's left sits Mr. MAAS, looking as much at his ease as a gentleman at a banquet who, unaccustomed to public speaking, has been informed that, in the absence of some popular individual, he may be called upon by the Chairman, at any moment, to return thanks for the Ladies.

A polite official whispers something in my ear as to the position of my chair. He repeats it. I cannot catch it. Once more he repeats his information louder. "My dear Sir," I reply to him, "if you will only stop that Chorus"—which at this moment is singing a jovial sort of air, the words of which sound to me something like "Bob merrily" repeated over and over again—"if you will only get that Chorus to be quiet for one second, I shall be able to hear what you are saying." The Polite Official smiles, shrugs his shoulders, bows, points to block B, and, referring to my ticket, I pass on, and arrive at my destination.

Signor FOLI rises in his place, and sings "*And I will shake*"—which he does to any extent. The effect conveyed to me by this *basso profundo* shake is the notion of a convivial Gentleman who having come away, in a very happy state, from a late supper, and having somehow lost his way in an underground passage, is trying to make the best of the situation by attempting as much as he can remember of a jovial chorus in which he had recently been joining.

It occurs to me that Mr. MANNS is considerably annoyed by a screen, placed between himself and the elevated Organ-man who is perched up aloft like "the sweet little cherub who keeps watch for the life of poor JACK"—(*Happy Thought*—suggestion for a Kate Greenaway Fishery picture)—over the top of which appears from time to time the head of a Policeman in a helmet, reminding me of the scene in *Macbeth* when "the apparition of an armed head rises." The Policeman peers about cautiously, his movements, as far as I can judge from the head and shoulders, being very much like those of a Punch doll worked from below, or of one of those dummy figures employed, also behind a screen, in Lieut. COLLE's Ventriloquial Entertainment. Once I think he catches Mr. MANNS's eye, and so energetic is that eminent Conductor's action, that the probability evidently occurs to the Policeman of his catching something else—Mr. MANNS's *bâton*—at his head, if he doesn't disappear; and so, discretion being the better part of valour, he does disappear accordingly. He comes up again, however; only the head and shoulders, of course—surreptitiously, but being invariably detected, and immediately baffled by Mr. MANNS's energy in any attempt at giving an entertainment on his own account (just to lighten the Festival), he instantly makes a sort of apologetic bow towards the Conductor—who is not to be softened by this—and vanishes.

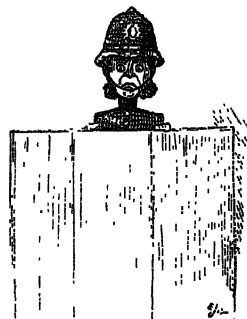
Between the parts there is a tremendous run on the buns, ices, teas, coffees, and sandwiches. Waiters do marvels in the way of carrying heavily-laden trays through obstructive crowds. They remember that "Who breaks, pays,"—and I don't hear a smash



"When lovely woman stoops to Foli."



"A sweet little Cherub sits perched up aloft, to keep watch for the life of poor JACK."



On the Beat, or Waiting for the Conductor's Bâton.

anywhere. After a few refreshment-bars' rest, the second part commences, and we are "all in to begin."

I come to the conclusion that the repetitions in an Oratorio are tedious. After a grand Chorus, enter on to the platform Madame ALBANI. Applause from audience, chorus, and orchestra. She wears a bonnet and elegant walking dress, and has quite the surprised and pleased air of a lady who, happening to be passing

by the Crystal Palace at the moment, heard some music going on, and has just looked in to see if she could be of any use. Finding a few thousand persons here, she has kindly consented to give them a song, but steadily refuses to join in a chorus.

Mr. SATTLEY uproariously greeted—that is, uproariously for a Handelian audience—sings magnificently, and then we all rise for the "*Hallelujah Chorus*," and, I think, most of us, carried away by the "go" of it, join in festively—Handelfestively, of course—with all the old spiritual and physical fervour which Eton boys used to throw into their rendering of a popular psalm-chaunt in their College Chapel,—a custom which, as I hear, is nowadays more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Which quotation sounds suggestive of the punishment of Cane—I mean Swish.

I am so carried away by the "go" of the "*Hallelujah Chorus*" that, finding myself in the train, I don't return, but, escaping the crush, come up comfortably to Town. Glad I've heard it. Don't think I shall trouble an Oratorio again. Prefer taking it in selections. But, thanks to everybody generally, and Mr. MANN'S particularly, it has been a big success.

THE SONG OF THE STATUE.

FOR many long years I confess I've been out of it,
Atop of my Arch in the smoke of the town;
But now I've descended, there's not the least doubt of it,
'Twas really high time that at last I came down!

I find there's a riot,
No order nor quiet,
A tangle of traffic that's quite a disgrace!

I'm not a believer,
My dear SHAW-LEFEVRE,
In all your arrangements at Hamilton Place!

Policemen are scarce, and their movements are blunderful,
And all is confusion, one hardly knows why;
The perils of passengers, frequent and wonderful,
If crossing the roadway they venture to try.

They get in a muddle,
And stand in a puddle,
They're terribly frightened when drivers shout "Hi!"
And lucky's the rover,

Who sometimes gets over—
Without a smashed hat or a shaft in his eye!

See broughams and Victorias, O, it is pitiful,
And horsemen jammed in as they go to the Row;
And busses packed tight on their way to the City full,
With pole upon panel and wheel upon woe!

If you're in a hurry,
It's no use to worry,
And if you grow frantic, you'll find it in vain;
You've this consolation,
On reaching the station,
You'll find you've succeeded in missing the train!

When hopelessly blocked in the traffic vehicular,
And coachmen each other begin to abuse;
And blatant 'bus-drivers are scarcely particular
In choice of the language they frequently use!

When horses are sliding,
And drags are colliding,
And carriages crawling at scarce a foot pace—

My dear SHAW-LEFEVRE,
You're scarce an achiever,
Of glory and order round Hamilton Place!

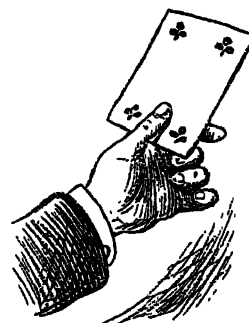
"How happy could I be with one of those lovely Miss BULLOCKS!" exclaimed an enthusiastic juryman. "I could live happily with her for heifer!"

FASHIONABLE FIXTURES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



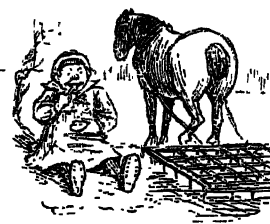
One hears a good deal just now about Regimental Dinners. This is clearly a misnomer, for the real Regimental Dinner is only a Kettle-drum in the Cavalry.



Four in Hand Club.



La! Cross!



Eatin' v. Harrow.



Play at Lords.



Hen-lay.



Hurling 'em.



Pole-low.



A Fancy Fare.



Crick-it.

A Putty Good Entertainment.

THE War Office Authorities propose to fire the Eighty-one ton guns on the turret of the Admiralty Pier at Dover on July 2nd. It is supposed that the inhabitants will take a holiday and go far away into the country on this occasion. On July 3rd, special trains will run to Dover laden with crates of window-glass, an army of glaziers, and casks of putty, "Tis true, 'tis putty, putty, 'tis, 'tis true."



BOWLED FIRST BALL!

Algy (just home from School, and about to escort his Sister to a dance.) "BY THE BY, MOTHER, I'VE QUITE DECIDED TO GO IN FOR SANDHURST!"

Mamma. "THE ARMY IS SUCH A POOR LOOK-OUT, ALGY. SCPOSE YOU SHOULD WANT TO MARRY SOME DAY!"

Algy. "POOH! MARRIAGE IS AWFUL ROT! I SHALL NEVER MARRY!"

Algy (next morning, after breakfast). "I SAY, MOTHER, WHAT AN AWFULLY JOLLY GIRL MISS BATES IS! I DANCED SIX TIMES WITH HER!"

Mamma. "POOR CISSY BATES! YES—A VERY NICE GIRL, BUT VERY BADLY OFF, I FEAR!"

Algy. "LOOK HERE, MOTHER, I'VE QUITE DECIDED TO GIVE UP THE ARMY, AND GO INTO THE GOVERNOR'S BUSINESS!"

THE DARING DUCKLING.

Oh, where is he going, and what will he do?
And will he to warning give ear and turn back?
Or will he prove deaf to the hullabaloo,
And make his own choice between cackle and quack?

Cluckitty-cluck!
Audacious young duck!
Is he off, prematurely, to try his own luck?

He seemed pretty docile, whilst callow, but, lo!
He has fledged very fast, his wing-feathers are strong;
And look at him! Chicks are not apt to do so,
True chicks that to genuine Partletts belong.

Floppitty-flop!
Hi! paddler, stop!
What a broad bill! What a precious plump crop!

And then such an appetite! *Wants*,—oh! no end.
A true *Oliver Twist*, always "asking for more."
Not content with the food that the farmyard can lend,
He is off on the forage afar from the shore.
Splashitty-splash!
Terribly rash!

Looks quite suicidal this desperate dash.

A web-footed *enfant terrible* like him
Is likely to flutter the best-managed brood;
He might cackle and strut at his pleasure, but *swim*?
An unnatural freak that can end in no good.

Wobbly-wobble!
Oh, what a gobble!
Better return, or you'll get in a hobble.

Won't? What a wrong-headed youngster it is!
Leads the old hen, oh! no end of a life.
Something not right in his feathers and phiz
Bothers the brood, and keeps stirring up strife.
Quackitty-quack!
Off! Ah, good luck,
That we could stand, but—how will he come back?

A CRUEL FASHION.

How is it that Fashion and Cruelty so often go hand in hand? We are not speaking of the Cruelty with which fashionable women treat themselves by screwing up their waists and displacing many of their internal organs, but of the manner in which they wear birds and the plumage of birds, and thus cause wholesale slaughter of the fairest denizens of the air. The latest horror in this way, according to a fashion article in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph*, is "white doves' wings," of which the writer says, "Fashion has produced nothing so chaste [Faugh!] for some time": and considerably adds, that it would be better taste only to wear two or three, as "half-a-dozen is the average number now chosen!" We speak of the "gentle sex" when we mean the fairer portion of humanity, but Ladies will not deserve the epithet if they cling to these cruel fashions, and despoil the pretty doves for their adornment.

A SLY DOG'S MAXIM (from *Toby's* collection, entitled "*Forty Winks*").—Don't let somebody else's right eye know what your left is doing. (N.B.—This may be also applied pugilistically.)

NOTES FROM THE DIVORCE COURT.—(1) There are two sides to almost all questions, and there is a BUTT in every case. (2) A new moon every month. But this does not apply to Honeymoons.



THE DARING DUCKLING.

GRAND OLD HEN. "COME BACK—COME BACK! GOODNESS GRACIOUS—WHERE EVER IS HE GOING TO?"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS;"

OR, SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,
UNDER EXALTED PATRONAGE.

THE LORD MAYOR, assisted and supported by

THE ENTIRE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON, will give

A GRAND MEDLEY ENTERTAINMENT, introducing elog-dancing, double back somersault throwing, daring feats on the inverted trapèze, ditch-dredging, the African high jump, deep-sea diving, and other miscellaneous feats of skill and strength, the whole concluding with a mid-night steeple-chase in Epping Forest, for the purpose of raising a fund to provide

A PERMANENT UMBRELLA-STAND for the use of Students frequenting

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC. Tickets, seven Guineas, five Guineas, and a few places still vacant on the Mansion House roof at £1 15s. 6d.

THE MUSICAL OMNIBUS COMPANY Limited.

THE MUSICAL OMNIBUS COMPANY. Extract from abridged Prospectus:—"This Company, formed for the purpose of supplying suitable means of communication between the outlying suburbs and the *Royal College of Music*, has entered into a contract with a well-known firm of mechanical piano-makers, for the construction of twenty of their new recreative vehicles. As they will all at each revolution of the wheel rapidly repeat an elegant and original melody arranged for not less than three strings, and as a distinguished European Conductor will accompany each journey, it is confidently believed a recourse to their use will materially stimulate the musical taste of both inside and outside passengers. N.B.—The attention of investors is specially directed to the fact that as the hind wheels of the Company's Omnibuses have, with a view to the practical illustration of an occasional *perfect cadence* and *inversion at intervals*, been left purposely loose, there is every reason to believe that when the scheme is in full operation, the annual turn-over will be considerable. For further particulars apply to the Secretary."

SINGING IN THE EARS.—Persons desirous of contracting this elegant and melodious malady in a perfectly incurable shape, can communicate with A. B., College Flats facing the College, where a few vacant sets of apartments may still be had on early application.

TO THE MEDÆVAL AND ECCENTRIC.

A GENUINE MINSTREL, who has for seventy consecutive years taken the First Prize in the Annual Harp Competition at the *Royal College of Music*, desires an engagement in a quiet and romantic family, where the services of an aged but accomplished Bard would be considered an adequate return for board, lodging, carriage exercise, and the use, if required, of a coffin. As the Advertiser, who has a long flowing beard, and is of effective appearance, will be ninety-seven on his next birthday, a speedy answer is solicited. N.B.—Would be glad to hear from the Proprietor of the "Welsh Harp" at Hendon.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH has been specially designed for the use of bald students attending

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH is composed of the finest selected Sebastian Bach Hairs.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH should be used at normal intervals *con fuoco*.
THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH gives tone to the head.

SIR GEORGE GROVE says, "I like the look of it. Send one to MACFARREN."

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN writes, "The Handel is quite a Creation. Send one to GROVE."

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has already received several anonymously in registered envelopes.

THE ORPHEUS HAIR-BRUSH.—Keep ordering of your Musical Publisher till you get it.

WASHING WANTED.—A Graduate, who has taken high honours in Harmony at the *Royal College of Music*, having, owing to the unexpected return of an Oratorio, several suspended chords in his back-garden for which he has no further use, will be happy to make arrangements with families for taking in their washing.—Address, B. PIPER, Mus. Doc., Nightingale Lane, E.

TO THE INFIRM AND AGED.—A Powerful and accomplished kettle-drum player (Savage-Club Student, Chinese-Gong Medallist, First-class Prize-man in *Streptibus Inhumanioribus*, Mus. B. & S. of Oxford and Cambridge) is desirous of meeting with an aged couple a little hard of hearing, to whose declining years his constant performance on two full-sized Bavarian kettle-drums might prove an agreeable and stimulating solace. Can do thunder-salvos, double-side tattoo, the Styrian surprise, flog-beating, and give a capital imitation of the Storming of Rangoon. Open to any offer. Would not object to taking turns with a fog-signal on a Channel steamer.—By letter, X., Post Office, Deafenhams.

ZOOLOGICAL AND URGENT.—An Indian Rajah anxious, in response to the appeal of a distinguished personage, to assist the Royal College of Music, has, through a mistaken translation of the list of wind instruments, presented it with a large consignment of full-grown Cobras. As the Secretary is greatly hampered by the presence of these fine but deadly creatures, who are now loose in the dormitory, and greatly excited by the practice of the Violoncello Class, he will be happy to part with them on easy terms for the purpose of founding a Scholarship on the proceeds.

MUSICAL PITCH.—A large Surplus Stock of this useful commodity now on hand, and to be disposed of at less than cost-price. As the Pitch is in very fine condition, Amateur Yachtsmen who have been hitherto unable to go to C comfortably, should order without delay. Apply, enclosing remittance, to the Secretary, as above.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is a fine diatonic beverage.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is much stronger than Treble X.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is far superior to Double Bass.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is more sparkling than Monday Pop.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE can be had in barrel organs.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE may be ordered in octaves.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ALE is supplied in reputed counter-pints.

THE LANCET says, "We have tested the Royal College of Music Ale, and for dancing purposes consider it equal to Hop Bitters."

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT writes, "I prefer it to Meyer-beer."

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

GRADUATES IN DIFFICULTIES from having been unable to dispose of their own musical compositions, can by applying to Mr. F. Sharp, be assisted in effecting one on easy and harmonious terms with their creditors, as above.—Ledger Line Row, E.C.

WHY NOT HAVE A MUSICAL FUNERAL? Anyone sending three postage stamps to "MAESTRO, care of the Secretary, at the College," will receive by return an exhaustive pamphlet satisfactorily answering this trite and cheerful little question.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLING FELLOWS. The Peninsular and Oriental, Orient, White Star, and National Ocean Steamer Companies, give notice that on and after the First of next month they decline to carry in any part of their vessels, under any pretence whatever, holders of Travelling Fellowships of the Royal College of Music, without receiving a written undertaking that they bring with them no ophicleide, bassoon, double bass, piccolo, triangle, cymbals, side-drum, trombone, or other dangerous instrument, and are willing, if desirous of practising their scales at sea, to be let down into the hold with sealed hatchways.

A RURAL DEAN in a large and populous neighbourhood, to whom it has been intimated that an exalted Royal personage would be gratified by his making some special effort to raise funds for the Royal College of Music, will, on the termination of the Evening Service on Wednesday next, endeavour to stand on his head in his own pulpit. As it is his first essay at any feat of the kind, it is confidently hoped that the attendance will be proportionately large, and that his parishioners will contribute to the Offertory on the occasion, which will be devoted solely to the establishment of a Triangle Scholarship, tenable for life. Further particulars will be announced shortly.

A BROKEN-DOWN QUEEN'S COUNSEL, requiring immediately a few Bars' rest, will be glad to hear from the Secretary, 94A, Lower Serjeants' Inn.

CLERICAL DISCRETION.

On the part of "the opponents of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," a morning paper declares that "they have great reason to complain of the trick which has been played them by its promoters." That trick, so called, is simply the introduction into the Bill in Committee of a clause enabling (not compelling) Clergymen to solemnise the marriages which the Bill sanctions in churches. What is the objection to this most fair and equitable provision? That "it will throw on every parson who may object to officiate, the onus of justifying himself in not doing that which an Act of Parliament says may lawfully be done." But how much can that onus weigh? His justification will be that the law allows him to officiate or refuse, as he thinks right. The clause complained of is a conscience clause for him, and surely the onus it imposes on him is not an ounce—indeed, is less heavy than a scruple, or even than a grain. Besides, what is the permission of Clergymen to celebrate the marriages which an Act of Parliament appoints Registrars to effect, but a just allowance of the liberty to use their own discretion, if they have any, as probably very many of them will be found to have, with respect to a ministration which they conscientiously account not only lawful but right? In fact, it is a sort of Parliamentary Dispensation Clause.

READING the *Cornhill Magazine* is taking real pleasure with a great deal of PAYN.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 142.



LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE,

A FOREIGN OFFICE UNDER SECRETARY—BIRD AT QUESTION TIME.

THE TOOLE BIRTHDAY BOOK.

AN *Irving Birthday Book* has just been published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS. Its immediate success justifies the compilation of the *Toole Birthday-Book*, dedicated to the hero of *The Birthday of Podgers*, unique farce, in one Act, by JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. We are enabled to give the following extracts:—

For every Day in the Year.—"I'm a working man, and I've only a hour to get my dinner."—*Podgers.*

Excursion in August.—"I like to go as near Nature as I can for sixpence."—*Caleb Plummer.*

Fire-side Amusements in November.—"I'll have a game of Bolo and Kachorka."—*Artful Cards.*

December.—"Still I am not happy"—(but when not "still," I am).—*Aladdin.*

Masher's Motto when offered a Glass of Port.—"Not before 'the Boy.'"—*Aladdin.*

"Excuse my glove."—*Spi-talfields Weaver.*

For Tennyson's Birthday.—"Give it to the Bard."—*Chawles.*

A North-East Wind in March.—"It does make me so wild."—*Steeple-chase.*

Wedding Day Anniversary.—"I married a girl from Warsaw, and she became warsaw and warsaw."—*Stage-Dora.*

Disappointment.—"He never could catch the Speaker's eye."—*Guffin.*

Domesticity.—"He always came home to tea."

DULNESS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—Old Joes quoted at a discount.

A PLAYFAIR TO THE RESCUE.

If there is one scientific fact more certain than another, one that has been proved beyond the reach of cavil or controversy, it is the efficacy of Vaccination as a preventive of small-pox. Thus, when Mr. PETER TAYLOR got up in the House of Commons, one day last week, and said that there was a mass of testimony to show that Vaccination was a failure, he stated that which was not the fact. And when he added that small-pox had increased since Vaccination had been compulsory, he said, with all due respect to the Honourable Member, that which was not true. We are not sorry, however, that these monstrous mis-statements were made, for it gave Sir LYON PLAYFAIR an opportunity of drawing his lancet, so to speak, and smiting Messrs. TAYLOR and HOPWOOD hip and thigh. A man, as he said, had a perfect right to procure for himself an attack of small-pox, if he lived entirely isolated; but he had no such right, if he was a member of a community, to make himself, either in person or by deputy, a focus of contagion.

Well might Sir CHARLES DILKE say that, after the speeches of the Anti-Vaccination fanatics, his own feeling was one of astonishment that, having been frequently vaccinated, he was still alive; and the House showed its full agreement with Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, for only sixteen Members sided with Mr. TAYLOR—crotchety Radicals most of them like Mr. COWEN, for example, who belongs to one party and always votes with the other. The large majority of 270 has, it is to be hoped, settled the question for the present generation at all events, and the terrible scourge of small-pox will still continue to be successfully combated by the immortal discovery of JENNER—one of the greatest gifts bestowed by Providence upon suffering humanity.

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

THE POLITE POLICEMAN AT HAMILTON PLACE.

(Sings.)

What will you do, Ma'am, when you are going—
With smart dress flowing—towards the Row?
What will you do, Ma'am, with all the hurry,
The crush and worry?—I don't quite know!
When people scurry, and cabs advancing,
With horses prancing their course pursue;
Don't take alarm, Ma'am; you'll take no harm, Ma'am;
But take my arm, Ma'am—I'll see you through!

What will you do, Ma'am, when Hansoms clatter,
And panels shatter, and drivers swear?
What will you do, Ma'am, with horses sliding,
And drags colliding?—You're in despair!
But gently chiding, with voice seraphic,
I stop the traffic, at once for you!
So come, you see, Ma'am, in charge of me, Ma'am.
I want no fee, Ma'am—I'll see you through!

A REAL HARPY THOUGHT.—Mr. JOHN THOMAS's—the Bard's—Concert, with an Orchestra of Harps. What an entertainment! for the "Welsh Harp" at Hendon, if he had only happened to think of it at the time.



ACADEMY Guy'd (The), 244
 Additional Verse to an Old Song, 145
 Adjutant's Hoss Again! (The), 290
 Advertising Suggestion (An), 81
 Affirmation Debate in a Nutshell (The), 228
 After the Private View, 217
 Amateur Actors off the Line, 117
 Amateur Play-bill (An), 217
 Annexation made Easy, 207
 Another Little Holiday, 92
 Anson Apology (An), 277
 Ap-py Thought, 168
 Arriving at Amateurity, 198
 'Arry on his Critics and Champions, 180
 Art too much at Home, 52
 At Fow Street, 201
 Attractive East at the International Fisheries, 288
 Avis in Terris, 98
 Baby in the Train (The), 128
 Back to the Play, 48
 Bank Notes, 98
 Beautiful Danube (The), 90
 "Bells" (The), 252
 Biographical Bogle (The), 12
 Blessings of the Budget, 192
 Board-School Accomplishment (A), 156
 Bobs and Badges, 41
 Boiling Pot (The), 149
 Bold Roman Hand (A), 242
 Bombastes Bobadil at Home, 184
 Bound for Moscow, 243
 Bracing Atmosphere (A), 240
 British M.P. (The), 141
 Broken Reid (A), 178
 Bumble and the Troglodyte, 119
 Bumbledom Again, 78
 "Bumbledom Again"—once more, 86
 Bumper at Parting (A), 298
 Bumptious Boy (The), 174
 CACKLE, 147
 "Caste" in our Eye (A), 100
 Cast-Iron Editor (A), 191
 Cave Felem! 174
 Charitable Thought-Reader (A), 300
 Charity Balls and Concerts, 5
 Cheek and Colour, 205
 Chess; or, All on the Square, 228
 Children's Fancy Cotton Dress Ball at the Mansion House (The), 14
 City Intelligence, 270
 City of Dreadful Dirt (The), 8
 Clear the Way! 294
 Colloquy on Army Economy, 173
 Colombia, &c., 196
 Coming Ribbon (The), 185
 Companion to the Weather Forecasts, 28
 Complete Letter-Writer on the Nile, 238
 Conspirators' Chorus (The), 219
 Corporations and Quittances, 97
 Correct Chord (The), 118
 "Corrupt Practices," 297
 Crinoline, 158
 Cruel Fashion (A), 306
 Cry from the Shop! (A), 257
 DARING Duckling (The), 806
 Declaration and Davy, 202
 Diary of the Premier Abroad, 54
 Dicky-Birds at Dinner, 286
 "Dictionary of Common Wants" (A), 27
 Dies Non, 9
 Discretion and Valour, 286

Disclaimers (A), 10
 "Distribution," 150
 Dix's Land, 149
 Dix-tinction (A), 142
 Doctor's Dream (The), 36
 Doing the Grand! 183
 "Doubtful," 210
 Dowager Duchess's Caprice (The), 168
 Dramatic Notes, 217
 Dramatic Tonic (A), 78
 Drury Lane and Elsewhere, 4
 Dutehman's Big Dog (The), 157
 Duties to Dumb Animals, 226
 Duty on Doctors (A), 206
 Easter Holiday in Paris (An), 156
 Easter Review (An), 138
 Echo on the Situation, 111
 Empire in Danger Again (The), 129
 Encore Verse (An), 28
 Enraged Musician (The), 258
 Epitaph by a Fellow, 89
 Epseom Epigrams, 249
 Esmeralda, 177
 Essence of Parliament, 75, 87, 102, &c.
 Expelled Fraternders, 21
 Extraordinary Play-Bill (An), 195
 Fancy at the great Fish Show, 287
 Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House, 41
 Farewell to the "Festive Season," 14
 Fedora on the "Tappy," 282
 Festive Sale (A), 274
 Fisheries Exhibition (The), 202
 Flora's Protest, 214
 Flotow, 61
 Fog on the Brain, 11
 Foiled! &c., 184
 Foolish Forty, 25
 Footman's Grievance (A), 204
 For Joe! 188
 Forlorn Hope (A), 96
 For Royal Musical Collegians, 185
 "Frater Alfred atque Vale" 1:0
 Free Trade for Farmers, 204
 French Andromeda (The), 66
 Friend John, 282
 Gaiety Gossip, 28
 Gaiety Novice (The), 70
 Gambetta and Chanzy—Statesman and Soldier, 18
 Gammon of Bacon, 83
 Getting Out of a Scrape, 36
 Ghosts' Benevolent Association (The), 25
 Ghoulish Railway (The), 189
 Glad New Year (A), 10
 Gleanings from the Papers, 283
 Golden Words from a Man of Metal, 221
 Good Fairy Competition (The), 22
 Good "Impulse" (A), 186
 Good New Times (The), 168
 Grand Opening of the New Piccadilly Water-works, 216
 Gustave Doré, 52
 HALF SEAS Under, 214
 Handbook of Knowledge (A), 130, 227, 277
 Handel Festival, 278
 "Happy Family" (The), 153
 "Happy Hydropot" (The), 87
 Harcourt's "Rapid Act," 186
 Harlequin Sacred Jackson, 257
 Harvest of the Sea (The), 284
 Hat that Braved (The), 84
 Heard on the Hill, 254

"Hidden Hand" (The), 102
 Hints from the Hindoo, 45
 His First Budget, 158
 His Own Prescription, 80
 History of the Next War (The), 262
 Holiday Haunts, 252
 Holiday Plots, 250
 Home Comforts, 159
 Home-truths from Abroad, 169
 Honours Undivided, 63
 Hope for All, 191
 How Bull-Apis went up against Tel-el-Kebir, 53
 Howl from the Hansom (A), 59
 How to Amuse the Children, 17
 Hygieia Victrix, 72
 Hysterical Religion, 18
 Indiscreet and Idle Warriors (The), 142
 In Earnest, 190
 In my Easy Chair, 63
 Interesting Discovery, 111
 In the North Country, 154
 Invalid's Notes (An), 39
 I Puritani, 259
 Irish Ideas, 118
 Italian in Covent Garden, 189
 JEREMIAH (A), 96
 John Brown, 168
 John Richard Green, 129
 John to John, 45
 Jolly Young Rifleman (The), 135
 Justice Out in the Cold, 72
 Justice to the Doctors, 282
 KNEPPE'S Pocket-Book (The), 182
 King Mob, 170
 "Knights at the Play," 162
 Know ye the Land? 88
 LA! Gioconda! 280
 Lakes and Locomotives, 96
 Law and Equity under one Roof, 118
 Lawn-Tennis in Winter, 58
 Law v. Honey, 213
 Lay of Modern Russia (A), 257
 Lay of the Armed Burglar (The), 83
 Lay of the Ichthyophagist (The), 42
 Lays of a Lazy Minstrel, 278, 290
 Le Chamin du Parody pour Toole Monde, 278
 Legal Delights, 85
 "Les Malades Malgré Eux," 46
 Letter to the Editor, 51, 99
 Lillyput Lyrist (A), 293
 Little Abroad (A), 64
 Little Sarah and her Youthful Sallies, 169
 Little too Late (A), 130
 Local Option, 228
 "Look at the Clock!" 222
 Lord Mayor's Nest (A), 138
 Love and Law, 125
 Magic Spectacles (The), 265
 Magnate and the Silver Streak (The), 166
 Making a Mountain of Monte Carlo, 180
 Making of a Magazine (The), 141
 March Madrigal (A), 180
 Married Woman's Property Act (The), 21
 May-Day, 229
 Mayor's Nest (The), 146
 Medals and Muffs, 168
 Mems. of a Distinguished Amateur, 1
 Midwinter Annuals, 9
 Ministerial Statement (A), 106
 Ministry and the Mint (The), 265
 Mistaken Impressions, 208

Modern Goths (The), 28
 Modern King Pest (The), 18
 Modest Spread-Eagle (The), 142
 Molly-Coddling Legislation, 183
 More Light! 47
 More Remarkable Statements, 197
 More Wax than Honey, 194
 Mr. Greenhorn's Experiences, 155
 Mr. Punch's Metropolitan Improvement Acts, 267
 Mrs. Gamp on the "Royal Red Cross," 229
 Mrs. Genius, 178
 Musical Note, 219
 "Music hath Charms," 809
 Musician of the Future (The), 228
 My Derby Day, 284
 My Kate, 218
 Mystic Rite (A), 66
 My Telescope, 36
 My Unearned Increment, 262
 NAMES! Name! 113
 Napoleon pour Rire! 42
 Neglected Musical Instruments, 120
 New Baronet (The), 288
 New Colour for the Army (The), 161
 New Departure in Criticism (The), 22
 New Lamps for Old, 145
 New Passenger (The), 6
 New Piccadilly Waterworks, 198
 New Theatrical Regulation Bill (A), 215
 New Trial (A), 84
 New Version, 268
 New "Whip" (A), 114
 Night of Waterloo (Place) (The), 226
 No Ball! 287
 Notes Ambrosianus, 229
 Not Dead yet! 51
 "Note of Busy Preparation" (The), 33
 Notes at Commemoration, 298
 Notes by Plesman X. at Cumberland Gate, 244
 Notes from a Whistler, 128
 Notes from the Diary of a City Waiter, 190
 Notions for the New Year, 10
 Novelty (A), 78
 Nursery Rhyme (A), 142
 One to Spring, 266
 Official Answer (An), 276
 "Of what is the Old Man thinking?" 291
 Old "Stroke" (The), 114
 On a Certain Debate, 218
 On a Drag, 269
 On the Highest Authority, 83
 On the Trail, 40
 Opening of the New Fish-Market, 280
 "O Tempora!" 243
 Our Academy Games, 2:0, 237
 Our Advertisers, 57
 Our Agreeable Birthday-Book Series, 9, 49, 97
 Our Dark Blue Line, 186
 Our Futuro Lord Mayor, 121
 Our Glut of Great Men, 39
 Our Music of the Future, 132
 Our Official Guide, 242, 246, 274 &c
 Our Opening Day, 51
 Our Plea for Open Spaces, 246
 PAINFUL Dentistry, 24
 Pair of Spectacles and Different Sights, (A), 16
 Passenger-Duties, 185
 Pen and the Petticoat (The), 129
 Pigeon-English, 182

Plaint of the Plumber and Builder (The), 27
 Playbill of the Future (The), 288
 Playful to the Rescue (A), 810
 "Play's the Thing" (The), 86
 Plimsoll's Pean, 159
 Plimsoll's Petition, 166
 Plon-Plon in Chains, 37
 Plon-Plon in England, 19
 Postical Licences, 76
 Poetry and Pathology, 249
 Poetry of the Scottish Peasage, 118
 Poor Duke (The), 74
 Popular Superstitions Explained, 110
 Prattle from the Provinces, 120
 Preparations for the Academy Banquet, 205
 Primrose Day, 203
 Princes and the Fishmongers, 251
 Private and Confidential, 110
 Private Bills and Projects, 55
 Proclamation (A), 47
 Programme and Progress, 113
 Prosecuting—a Search, 192
 Psalm of Death (The), 89
 QUESTION of Colour (A), 274
 Question of Wind (A), 143
 RARE Artistic Opportunity, 96
 Rather Crafty, 190
 Rather Irregular, 210
 Rational Dress Show (The), 254
 Ready! 62
 Real Domestic Bliss, 29
 Real Easter Holiday (A), 157
 Reckless Writing and Careless Puffing, 125
 "Regular Owd an' Owd 'Un" (A), 168
 Reports of Our Own City Commissioner, 17
 Research with Humanity, 298
 Reynard's Diary for 1893, 139
 "Richardson's" Revived, 137
 Richard Wagner, 92
 Robert's Christmas Story, 12
 "Robert" Interviewed, 108
 Romance of Journalism (The), 88
 Rough and the Rail (The), 136
 Round about the City Courts, 58
 Round about the Law Courts, 40
 Round of Amusements (A), 151
 Royal Society of Painters in Water-
 Colours (The), 218
 Sage Green, 156
 Sarah's Sale, 84
 Sauce for the Goose and the Gander, 84
 Scene in the Court of Queen's Bench, 264
 School-Board (The), 282
 "Scratched!" 270
 "Seasonable Weather," 22
 Sensible Advice, 250
 Shakespearian Meditation (A), 131
 Short Commons, 42
 Show Sunday, &c., 178
 Shy at the Sticks (A), 249
 Signs of the Season, 350
 "Silver Sreak" (The), 216
 "Silver Thames" (The), 70, 187
 Silver Wedding (The), 107
 Sixpenny "Wire" (The), 161
 Social Revolution (The), 34
 Society Dramatist (The), 160
 Solitary Weeper (The), 61
 Some Day, 138
 So Much Improved! 241
 Song of a Centre, 154
 Song of Sixpence (A), 286
 Song of South London (A), 78
 Song of the Sheep-Farmer (The), 25
 Song of the Statue (The), 305
 Songs of the Streets, 310
 Sortes Derbyane, 250
 Sportsman on Rational Dress (A), 267
 Sportsman's Exhibition (The), 65
 "Spring's Delights," 202
 "Starving Doctor" (A), 122
 Stave for Easter Monday, 142
 "Stay" Not! 73
 Step by Step, 61
 Stray Sunbeams, 194
 St. Stephen's Ferry, 162
 "Supply," 198
 TALE of Troy (The), 276
 Teaching the Young Idea, 69
 Telegram, 288
 That Dreadful Doctor! 261
 That Kirby Green! 96
 That Three Ha'pence! 173
 Theatre of the Future (The), 188
 Theatre Royal, Westminster, 109
 "Thin Red Line" (The), 179
 Three Fishmongers, 249
 Threefold Security, 142
 Thoughts on the New Primate, 11
 "Tiddy fol loi!" 255
 To Aquarius, 99
 To "Hubert" from Toby, 147
 Tollers and Spinners, 178
 To Lord Coleridge, 262
 Tokens Up There! 59
 Toole Birthday Book (The), 310
 Trial by Judge, 3
 Trying it on, 239
 Turn at the Handel (A), 304

Two Hundred (The), 190
 Two Lights, 158
 Two Queens of Beauty, 50
 Two Roses (The), 154
 "Two to One on the Field!" 214
 UNHAPPY by Act of Parliament, 276
 Unrequited Advance, 186
 Up a Family Tree! 6
 "Uprouse ye, then, my Merry Men," 26
 VENETIAN Dinner Song (A), 148
 Ventilating Questions, 97
 Venus and Mars, 288
 Very Private View of the Grosvenor (A), 213
 Viceroy for Africa (A), 264
 Vindicating the Law, 48
 WALL from the City (The), 86
 Waiting an Answer, 76
 Wanted, a Test Act? 202
 Wanted, a Water-League, 85
 Wants to Know, 130
 "Ware Heroes!" 292
 "Warham Corner" in the Strand (A), 288
 Watt's This? 166
 Way the Money Goes (The), 155
 What shall We do with it? 117
 What They will Come to, 180
 "What will be Do with him?" 76
 "Where are the Police?" 174
 Whistler in Venice, 107
 Whitley-Browning Society (The), 192
 Why Brighton is Chosen for the Easter
 Review, 70
 Will and the Way (A), 161
 William Chambers, 255
 Will it all End in Smoke? 107
 Witty Maec, 285
 Word for the Doctors (A), 170
 Word in the Season to the New Piccadilly
 Water-colour Works (A), 298
 Word with Bismarck (A), 25

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

BUMPTIOUS Boy (The), 175
 "By your Leave!" 295
 Daring Duelling (The), 207
 "Doubtful" 211
 Dream of the Future (A), 199
 Easter Review (An), 139
 Exit Caliban, 228
 French Andromeda (The), 67
 Harvest of the Sea (The), 235
 "Hidden Hand" (The), 103
 His Own Prescription, 31
 Momentous Question (A), 259
 Napoléon pour Rire, 43
 New Passenger (The), 7
 Old "Stroke" (The), 115
 On the Trail, 91
 Our Opening Day, 78, 79
 Our "Vigilance Committee," 55
 "Police Intelligence," 187
 Republic is—Peace (The), 19
 Rough and the Rail (The), 127
 "Scratched!" 271
 Shy at the Sticks (A), 246, 247
 Silver Wedding (A), 283
 Spolling the Spoilers, 151
 St. Stephen's Ferry, 163

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMY Sketches, 220, 237, 244
 Agriculture on the Floods, 94
 Alfred Austin, Esq., 107
 Algernon Bertram Mitford, C.B., 59
 Amateur Painter in Water-Colours, 174
 Aphrodite and Alexandra, 50
 Aristocratic Amateur and Provincial
 Manager, 223
 Aristocratic Amateur's Experience, 290
 Aristocratic Banner-Bearer (An), 243

Artist who Sold his Picture (The), 217
 Ascent Sketches, 276
 Barber's Opinion of a Crack Regiment, 159
 Battle of Waterloo Station (The), 203
 Big Dog that likes Bones (A), 66
 Binks's Black Gloves, 239
 Bishop and the little Yankee, 51
 Boat-race Sketches, 182
 "Bronzes" and "Bluenettes," 83
 Butler and Oil-Painter, 179
 Cabby and the Blue Ribbon, 13
 Cabinet of "Bric-bats" (A), 131
 Carrier and Artist's Picture, 167
 Cestwayo as Paul Pry, 15
 Chief-Superintendent Williamson, 190
 Childers returns Throo-halfpence, 171
 Conscience-stricken Elder (A), 239
 Cricket Prospects, 288
 Crowd at Hamilton Place (A), 292
 Cruise of the Crews, 101
 Cuckoo without the Clock (A), 157
 Dancing Lady's Indifferent Partner, 186
 Daughter or Grandmother? 99
 Design for New Wall Paper, 261
 Difference between Printing and Pub-
 lishing, 71
 Dr. Andrew Clarke, 34
 Drop of Essence (A), 75
 Dr. Richardson retorting, 86
 Ducal Lord Mayor (A), 82
 Effie and her Nurserymaid, 100
 Egyptian Staff v. Crutches, 45
 England's Invisible Army, 161
 Equestrian in Vehicular Throng, 215
 Euclid's Trustworthiness, 207
 Fashionable Pictures, 305
 Fisheries Exhibition (The), 189
 Fond Mother and Good Son (A), 150
 Francis Knollys, Esq., C.B., 22
 Frank Holl, Esq., R.A., 166
 French Washerwomen and Gladstone's
 Collars, 79
 George returns home tipsy, 95
 German Lady on English Complexions,
 162
 Gladstone and Northcote at Monaco, 46
 Going to book Places for a Play, 275
 Grandmamma's "Miserable Table," 119
 Grand Old Giant (The), 29
 Grigsby as a Wine-Merchant, 249
 Grosvenor Gallery Gems, 258, 297
 Hairdresser's Waterpipes (The), 230
 Harrington dyeing Army Uniforms, 153
 Hats in the House of Commons, 165
 Impressionist Pictures, 208
 Inebriate's Opinion on Whiskey, 212
 Invitations to Dances, 85
 Irish Car-Driver's Thin Horse, 23
 Irish Officer and the Late Train, 35
 James Nasmyth, 89
 James Stacks Forbes, Esq., 73
 John Morley, Esq., M.P., 154
 Jolly John Bright's Song, 98
 Jones's Compliment to Mrs. Quiverful, 54
 Judkins's Fresh Horse, 25
 Juvenile Sketches from Royal Academy,
 285
 Ladies retiring from Dining-Room, 30
 Lady and Scientific Young Man, 256
 Lady Midas and the Railway Train, 102
 Lady's Ideas on Foxhunting (A), 155
 Lay Figure in Amateur's Picture, 133
 Leaning against a Soft Head, 106
 Lewis and the Public Prosecutor, 182
 Lieut.-Colonel James R. Farquharson, 70
 Life-boat Man (The), 62
 Little Ducks, 29
 Lively End of Dinner-Table (The), 282
 Lives of Plutarch (The), 93
 Living in a Menagerie, 135
 Long Parliamentarians and Short Com-
 mons, 203

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, 307
 Lord Henry Lennox, M.P., 178
 Lord Lansdowne, 262
 Lord Wolsley and Sir F. Roberts, 255
 Mamma and Athletic Daughters, 234
 Mamma's Opinion of Euclid, 3
 Marlborough Street and Bow Street, 123
 "Masher's" reason for coming Home
 late, 14
 Maud's Account of the Play, 74
 Mayor's Nest (The), 146
 Miss Masham objects to Blue Ribbon, 24
 Miss Robinson meets Lady Friend, 254
 Mr. Brown Seeking his Own House, 299
 Mr. Justice Chitty, 130
 Mr. Justice Field, 118
 Mrs. Brown's badly-made Dress, 263
 Mrs. Smith leaving Jones's Party, 114
 Murphy's "Mixing" in Society, 169
 Musical College Nursery Rhyme, 69
 Musical Notes, 163
 Northampton Valentine (The), 82
 Old Gent and Female Calig, 287
 Old Gent and Income-tax, 156
 Old Lady and Briefless Barrister, 52
 Opening of the New Law Courts, 26
 Orleanist Princess's Dismissal (The), 111
 Oxbridge Coxswain and Dandling Lady, 126
 Painting Dukes and Duchesses, 183
 Pantomime of the Future (The), 21
 Paris v. Maidstone, 83
 Parliamentary and Theatrical Celebrities,
 124
 Parliamentary Chess-Board, 87
 Paying the Cook's Fare, 206
 Peculiarity of the Tortoise, 81
 Photographing a Poultry-Dealer, 6
 Piscator hooks a Fryng-Pan, 58
 Plays upon Plays, 300
 Policeman and Armed Burglar, 96
 Preparing Pupils for Confirmation, 277
 Prince George of Wales, 298
 Prince of Wales playing to Fishes, 231
 Prodigal Son and Stern Father, 275
 Prospects of the Brighton Review, 113, 137
 Punch, Gladstone's Thought-Reader, 291
 Punch's Premier Puzzle, 60
 Queen of Hearts and the Ace, 117
 Reading Snuggery (A), 11
 Reading the Belt Case, 47
 Reading the Lancet, 43
 Reason for not being Blackballed, 802
 Reasons for a Bottle of "Piper," 194
 Recruit Describing his Brigade, 289
 Rector's Wife and Greengrocer, 172
 Red Nose and East Wind, 141
 Rejected Sultor (A), 37
 Result of Algy's First Ball, 305
 Returning Love-Letters, 251
 Night Rev. Edward White Benson, 10
 "Robert" and the Yankee, 108
 Rosebery Jockey thrown (The), 279
 Royal Academy Maypole Dance, 218
 Sending and Accepting Invitations, 210
 Shakespearian Commentators, 84
 Shaving Up or Down? 147
 Shelley Birthday-Book (A), 27
 Shooting at Terra-cotta Plates, 89
 Sir Archibald Levin Smith, 274
 Sir George B. Airy, 214
 Sir Gorgius Midas in the Chair, 198
 Sir Gorgius's Display of Plate, 90
 Sir James T. Ingham, 236
 Sir R. Cunliffe Owen, 286
 Sir Spencer Walls, Bart., 288
 Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, 202
 Sketches from "Box," 160, 300
 Snobbery and American Belle, 265
 Specimens of Marriageable Men, 258
 Spill in Mud-Salad Market, 281
 Spring and the City Children, 266
 Spring Cleaning (A), 191
 Steam Demon (The), 194
 Stock Exchange Joke (A), 109
 Straits of Macassar (The), 170
 Sunday or Wednesday? 195
 Titled Actors in Green-room, 270
 Toodles Carries a Countess's Luggage,
 294
 Tommy's Talk with the French Cook,
 18
 Treading on a Lady's Foot, 219
 Triumph of Sir Pigeon! 138
 Twelfth-Night Characters, 2
 Two Men met on Academy Stairs, 227
 Turf Guy'd (The), 241
 Universities' Boat-race (The), 121
 Vaccinated Lady-Love (A), 110
 Vehicular Block near Marble Arch, 267
 Viscount Ranelagh and Baron Jones,
 142
 Wegstaff's Creditors, 61
 Wedding Dinner Failure (A), 88
 Westminster Waxworks (The), 268,
 301
 Why Little Ida didn't Laugh, 129
 Why the Soullery wasn't White-
 washed, 83
 Why Tommy hadn't Washed, 143
 Winner of the Derby (The), 250

